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COURT OF CHANCERY:

No. II.

WERE we to take English equity, under its existing dispensation, as the beau idéal of all equity, we should mistrust the proof given by Montesquieu of the barbarism of his fabled Troglodites, when he tells us they were "*si méchants et si féroces qu'il n'y avoit parmi eux aucun principe d'équité.*" It is, however, necessary to discriminate between the principle of an equitable jurisdiction, and the processes by which it is administered; and we confess we should consider no system of jurisprudence perfect which did not embody some "*principe d'équité.*" "The grand reason for the interference of a court of equity," says the author of the *Reminiscences*, "is that the imperfection of a legal remedy, in consequence of the universality [and to this we may add the inefficiency] of legislative provisions may be redressed." Yet these are reasons which will last until legislators, instead of having to

—————"grope their dull way on  
By the dim twinkling gleams of ages gone,"

shall have learned to behold all futurity as in a broad meridian sunshine; and have thus acquired the means of foreseeing every possible application of their own limited rules to an ever varying, ever complicating state of society. Bacon remarked, that "the laws of most kingdoms and states had been like buildings of many pieces, patched up from time to time according to occasions, without frame or model;" and we doubt whether patchwork legislation be not to some extent incidental to the condition of humanity. Undoubtedly as jurisprudence becomes, in the progress of civilization, understood as a science, the laws of a country may all be placed on "the wide and rational foundation" of harmonizing principles. But let the foundation be extensive as knowledge can make it, we suspect the superstructure would, before long, be found too con-

fined to furnish all the accommodation which its architects designed. Though difficult, we admit it possible, that at any given epoch of a nation's existence, the collected experience of the past might be combined into a system sufficiently comprehensive to meet the exigencies of the present. Still a time would arise when new aspects of society would call for more extended legislation, and it must never be forgotten that the maturity of one age is infancy to that which is to succeed it. In the hope of conferring eternity on his institutions, the Grecian legislator, with a folly quite consistent with their absurdity, imposed an oath upon his fellow citizens never to violate them until his return; and then banished himself from his country for ever. With somewhat more of philosophy in his legislation, the great Locke, in founding a constitution for Carolina, provided that his laws should be in force but for one century, and then they were to undergo a revision for the purpose of becoming adapted to such alterations in its features as the state had intermediately sustained. "*Sous le règne d' Elizabeth,*" says the author of the *Lettres sur la Chancellerie et Jurisprudence Angloise*, "*l'Angleterre pouvoit déjà être compté parmi les grandes nations. Mais personne ne sera d'avis qu'un code formé pour ce temps-là eut convenu aux sujets de George IV.*" It is only in the development of the human mind under fresh modifications, and greater variety of circumstance, that the wants of a changeful and civilizing state of society become discovered; and thus, notwithstanding all the nonsense which has been babbled about the wisdom of our ancestors, it is plain that, with reference to posterity, the institutions of each preceding race of man, must, from the scantiness of the materials on which they are founded, be for ever defective. We may legislate up to experience, but we can never go beyond it.

That general collection of provisions, however, now moulded into the system, which, as contra-distinguished from equity, we term law, has for centuries displayed any thing but a legislation up to the experience of the passing time. Partly constructed on the maxims of a noxious political institution,\* the annihilation of which has completely altered the posture of society—and altogether founded in a barbarous age, its modern administration presents a constant struggle, either at perverting or evading the very principles on which it stands, while those principles are sometimes admitted even to the production of the most egregious absurdities. Thus feudal institutions having little other policy than to watch over the interests of the tyrants for whose gain they existed, a judicial system founded upon them naturally enough treated all that was opposed to the interests of the feudal lord as opposite to the spirit of the laws. It accordingly became a maxim of law that every thing which interfered with these interests was contrary to "common right," and in conformity with this unique doctrine, a party creating in favour of another a rent out of his *own* estate, was modestly said to be doing an act contrary to "common right," "because he was thereby less able to perform the military services by which he was bound by his tenure." It will hardly be supposed that this absurdity could be carried to a point still more egregious. But so it was. It was said that in every attempted discharge of an interest thus granted in opposition to "common right," the act of the owner should be interpreted most strongly against himself, and in favour of the

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\* The feudal system.

interest of the lord. The result was, that if the owner of a rent charge issuing out of twenty acres of land, should release its payment out of *one* acre, whatever may have been his intention to the contrary, he thereby *extinguished the whole*; and because the maxim to which feudal principles had at a remote period given birth still exists, the absurdity in question survives to the present hour. No wonder then that under a system of law thus constituted a necessity should exist for some judicial power in the state, which was capable of adaptation with greater flexibility, to a state of society to which the unbending rules of the common law prevented it from accommodating itself. Such a power has all along indeed, been occasionally exercised by the great assembly of the nation. But the judicial operations of Parliament are rather confined to making provision for particular cases than extended to the establishment of new and general heads or principles of law; and the only operative standing power in the state adequate to the achievement of these purposes, may accordingly be considered as residing in the Court of Chancery. We will put an illustration of each of the functions we have described. A party is by fraudulent representations entrapped into incurring the legal obligation of a bond, or he executes it under mistaken impressions of his liabilities. The law nevertheless cannot choose but enforce the obligation against him. As Portia expounded the statutes of Venice, so would be the interpretation of the law in England—

“ For the intent and purpose of the law  
Hath full relation to the penalty,  
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.”

Confessing the instrument of obligation, a court of law would not allow the party to ground his defence upon the extrinsic circumstances in which it was given. Equity would, however, upon proof of these circumstances, interfere to order its cancellation. Again a tenant for life of a family estate takes upon himself to cut down the ornamental trees which are scattered about the Park. If law give any remedy at all, it is only by way of forcing damages from the offender. But money, though it will do a great deal in this kingdom of mammon, will not reinstate trees that have been once felled. The remedy at law then may prove little better, than the shutting the stable door after the steed is stolen. Equity, however, interferes not with the tardy compensation for the mischief which alone the law can afford. It brings the remedy which experience had dictated to be the only efficient one; and by its process of injunction *prevents* the mischief, as soon as it has received sufficient evidence of its meditated perpetration. The administration, however, of this species of redress constitutes only a part of the jurisdiction of equity. In our historical sketch of the court which we gave in a former number,\* we have seen the mass and variety of other subjects which has been constantly bringing within its jurisdiction. This accumulation there, was the proof of the meagreness of the common law—nor could it be expected that as the offspring of increasing civilization and increasing wealth, they would find provision in a system, which had been moulded before the wants which had gave birth to them had existence.

We are far, however, from conceding that the Court of Chancery (setting aside all consideration as to its external forms of procedure) is

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\* Court of Chancery, No. 30.

either sufficiently imbued with the remedial principle to counteract the contracted legislation of the common law ; or that it is altogether the appropriate tribunal for the purpose. With respect to the first, it must be remembered that although in the earlier periods of its history, the subjects and extent of its judicature were very much left to the individual who presided on its bench, it has in later times become moulded into a formal system. It proceeds on principles as clearly defined, as nicely circumscribed as those of the common law ; and, perhaps, the only difference between the two, lies in the extent of their range. With some little allowance for '*friction*,' the latter is bound by the circumscribed knowledge of the age in which it was founded ; the expanse of the former is measured by a few more centuries growth of society. We are not about to quarrel with this certainty of system—we should be the last to trust legislation to the arbitrary caprice of a chancellor ; and, indeed, even if "our fathers had not declared before us, we should have seen in our own time" abundant proof of the danger. When we behold a tribunal assuming the extraordinary jurisdiction of snatching children from the custody of their parent, because the pious horror felt by its judge of the Great Lady of Babylon had extended itself to a dread of all the naughty women of London—and when we mark the same tribunal, pausing in the exercise of its ordinary functions, to hold its preliminary censorship upon the press—we have enough to bid us to prefer the dispensation of justice under some such definite heads as Fraud, Accident, Mistake, Trust, Account, to its administration under the more captivating title of '*Moral Equity*.' It is obvious, however, that unless a specific grievance can be brought under some one of its general subjects of jurisdiction, redress may be sought in vain within the walls of this court ; and we affirm that grievances of this description are of frequent occurrence. It is true that the doctrine is often bandied about that where no remedy can be obtained at law, relief is, *ex necessitate*, afforded in equity. This will be found correct, however, in those cases alone in which the subject matter can be brought within a recognized head of jurisdiction. When pressed to interfere in matter without this limit, judges have again and again refused relief, because they could be furnished with neither general principle or express precedent for their warrant. A former Marquis of Lansdowne had suffered one of the settled estates of the family to go into decay—and after his death his successor laid out considerable sums of money in repairing the dilapidations of his predecessor. For the recovery of these he had no remedy at law ; because the injury was what the law terms a personal wrong, and the action for these dies with the offender. He accordingly instituted a suit in equity against the representatives of the deceased marquis, for repayment out of his assets of the monies expended. But the court refused his prayer, alleging that there were in its annals no instances of similar applications to be found. In this it was mistaken. An analogous case had occurred under the chancellorship of Lord Cowper ; and he then dismissed the bill, with the broad confession that for grievances of this description "there was no remedy either at law or in equity." This is, however, not a solitary instance ; and it is obvious, therefore, that comparatively wide as are the principles of equity, they are not yet sufficiently comprehensive for the existing wants of society.

To inquire the best process for securing an adaptation of the laws

of a country to the changes of its political aspect, is to enter upon a wide field of speculation. The Court of Chancery has achieved almost all that it has accomplished through the exercise of a power in its inception almost entirely arbitrary. Against a repetition of a similar mode of operation, we have already entered our protest. We see nothing then left to trust to than either a periodical revision of the whole body of the law, or the creation of some permanent responsible body in the state exercising a surveillance over it, and, indeed, with a perpetual power to supply its deficiencies.—Among other excellent suggestions for the reformation of our laws, Mr. Cooper, in his work on this subject,\* has recommended the adoption of a similar plan.—“Nothing,” says he, “would tend more to the improvement of our laws than the appointment of a perpetual commission to receive communications from the judges and other individuals as to the alterations or additions which they require. The shadow of such an institution has existed two centuries in the grand committee of courts of justice.”—Our readers may, probably, not be aware, that the committee of courts of justice to which Mr. Cooper alludes, is a standing committee of Parliament for the improvement of the law, which was indebted for its being to the energies of former times—but which now has an existence only in name.—We know not how it happens, but drowsiness is a complaint which seems to visit all associated bodies of men, who are not in constant collision with the public—and, therefore, in the formation of such a body, a large proportion of flappers would probably be found necessary to keep them awake.—These, however, we doubt not, might be provided; and if we could only secure the diligence and efficiency of the functionaries, we know of no office in the state which could be rendered more valuable. If it did not divert altogether from Parliament its judicial legislation, it would necessarily be a part of the province of the officers to prepare the several acts submitted for enactment; and our statute book might then groan a little less heavily than it does at present, with acts passed in each succeeding session only to redress the blunders of the last.

Regarding the extraordinary jurisdiction of the Court of Chancery, however less as a provision for exigencies which have yet to be discovered, than as a corrective to an inadequacy of the common law already ascertained, the consolidation of the two courts of law and equity into one tribunal, as in the Supreme Civil Court of Scotland, has been urged, and by high authority; while the philosophical reasoning of the jurists has been backed by the contemptible cry of the “*practical men*,” who, in their utter ignorance of jurisprudence as a science, can find in the principles of equity nothing else than what they call abstract right,† and who have, consequently, been extremely puzzled when they have been told of a difference existing between two such analogous things as law and equity. If we have made ourselves understood, these gentlemen might here discover that there is somewhat more in the distinction than “their philosophy had dreamed of.” We cannot here recapitulate, for their accommodation, all we have said on the subject; but we must, however, remind those who have followed us through our paper, that while

\* Parliamentary Proceedings as to the Court of Chancery, the House of Lords, and Bankruptcy. By C. P. Cooper, Esq. Murray; 1828.

† By the by, we believe these gentlemen know as much about the meaning of the term abstract right, as Sidrophel knew of the inhabitants of Mercury.

a part of the duty of the court is to afford relief in cases in which the universality of the rules of the common law would otherwise be productive of individual injustice, the provision of remedies, in emergencies altogether unprovided by law, is by far the most comprehensive subject of its jurisdiction. Without entering, then, very deeply into this difficult subject, we may just observe that we doubt not, that a considerable improvement might be effected by infusion into each branch of jurisdiction, of many of the principles which are now only recognized by the other. Thus, for instance, because the ownership derived through the medium of trusts was not in existence at the time the doctrine of the law became settled into a system, the law to this day persists in refusing to recognize their existence in its proceedings. Although the law admits, therefore, a legal settlement to be a bar of a widow's dower, it refuses to acknowledge that equitable species of jointure which has been created through the instrumentality of a trust estate. Equity, however, acting upon a more liberal or more modernized policy, pronounces it good. The result is, that a widow may come into a court of law to sue for her dower, in the teeth of a jointure, which, in equity, would prevent her recovery, and the owner of the lands would be compelled to resort to the expense and trouble of a suit in equity to restrain her, because one branch of the law had refused to incorporate into its doctrines principles to which their recognition in the other court, had proved that the necessities of society had given birth.—Not that the refusal to notice the jointure is, in the case in question, attended with much *practical* mischief. In point of fact, the fear of being saddled with the costs of an injunction in equity, would be a "*raison suffisante*" to deter the dowress from prosecuting her legal remedies. We merely select the case as an apt illustration of the principle for which we are contending; but there are instances, and those pretty numerous, in which the refusal of the courts of common law to avail themselves of the more enlightened principles of equity serves only to add to that "*disease of infinite accumulation*" under which the Court of Chancery is already well nigh sinking. Thus, in equity, as justice would naturally enough have dictated, a mortgagee, who, under a judgment obtained against his debtor, had been let into receipt of the rents of his land, would be held accountable for all that he had *actually* received during the time of his possession. At law, however, he would be liable to account according to the value at which the lands were extended to him. But the extended value is generally little more than a *third* of the real value; consequently, at law, he would be liable only for about *one-third of what he had received*. And a mortgager, who did not like to put up with the loss of two-thirds of his annual rents, would have no other means of redress than by filing a bill in equity for an account. On the other hand, the reluctance of the Court of Chancery to deal with subjects more strictly of legal cognizance, even when that treatment is almost forced upon it in the course of its own operations, tends very largely to the general complication of legal proceedings. It often happens, for instance, to the court, in the course of a suit, to require a construction to be placed upon the language of a will. When the devise is of those trust or equitable interests which are the peculiar province of the court, it takes upon itself to determine it. Notwithstanding, however, the rules of construction in the devises of legal or equitable interests, are pretty much the same in both courts, if the devise happen to be one of a legal interest, the chancellor constantly resigns its

construction to the judges of the common law; and thus subjects the parties to all the expence and protracted litigation of an additional trial, in order to get a decision upon that with which he was already conversant, and just as capable of resolving as the court of law could possibly have been. We doubt not the removal of this mutual coyness in either court to avail itself of the practice and principles of the other, would be productive of considerable simplicity in the general administration of justice; and, as far as the common law is concerned, we know nothing which would so effectually bring it up to a level with the wants of the present time.—Referring to a legislative measure, for the purpose of accomplishing this result, in common with another for removing doubts upon points which now furnish what he terms a constant harvest of litigation, Mr. Cooper remarks:—"A gentleman of the greatest experience in the court, thinks, with myself, that, in this way, one-fifth part of the chancery business might be annihilated."—p. 183. Great, however, as would be the advantage of thus altering the present absurd postures of the two courts, we do not see that it is necessary, in order to achieve this, to consolidate their jurisdictions under one tribunal. Under some of the foreign codes, and particularly under the Dutch civil code, to which we alluded in our former article on the subject, the common law judge is intrusted with the exercise of so much of the equitable functions as will enable him to suspend, in particular exigencies, the application of the general rules of his own court. This undoubtedly realizes all the gain to be produced by close communication between two jurisdictions taking cognizance of the same common subject—and this we admit to be no small advantage. But then, it must be remembered, that although intrusting their administration to the same individual, this still perpetuates the respective provinces of law and equity in distinct existence; and it is well worth considering, whether, as the subjects which fall within them accumulate, with the accumulating litigation of a great country, these provinces will be even capable of sustaining this blended administration.

The functions of the court of equity are not moreover merely *corrective* of the provisions of the common law. We have seen that a large part of the jurisdiction of the court is either to supply remedies to grievances in which the law furnishes none, or does not furnish that which is required. An individual enters into a contract for the sale of an estate, which the other party refuses to perform. The doors of the courts of law and equity are alike open to the purchaser for redress. If he seek compensation, however, in the shape of damages for the refusal, he enters the former. But suppose nothing less than the possession of the estate will satisfy him he goes into equity, for process compelling the vendor to execute a conveyance of it to him. It is true that he is driven there from the inadequacy of the common law. This is, however, only saying that the law does not afford all the remedies his case demands; and it is obvious that, in point of fact, the only difference between the two, lies in the difference of the remedy. In addition to this, a large part of the business of the court is purely *agency*. Parties in fiduciary situations, as guardians, executors, trustees, &c., find it a convenient mode of relieving themselves of the responsibility of their trust, to impose its direction upon the Court of Chancery, and accordingly frequently place property within the jurisdiction of the court for the mere purpose of acquiring its indemnity. "A great deal of the business of the court," says Mr. Forster,

the Solicitor, in his evidence before the Chancery Commissioners, "and the chief part done by the present house of my name, chiefly consists of proceedings in the Court of Chancery of an amicable nature ; family concerns, in which the circumstances I have described (alluding to certain chicaneries practised in the court) do not exist. In these cases proceedings may be conducted with great expedition by consent, but, I must add, with lamentable expense. For great estates and great fortunes, there is no security so good, and no trustee so safe, as the Court of Chancery, but to little fortunes it is *ruin*." But these are all matters so distinct in themselves, and constituting such separate heads of jurisdiction, that even were the cognizance of the whole imposed upon one court they would require to be delegated to separate functionaries, and certainly as far as the parties interested were concerned, whether all their various affairs and remedies were administered under separate branches of one court, or under courts originally distinct, would be a matter of no more difference, than whether the judge who presided in one had three tails to his wig, or in the other had four ; or if, indeed (Heaven forgive the blasphemy !) neither judge had any wig at all. It is certain that many of the American states, after having tried the effect of a consolidation of their courts of law and equity, have at length placed them upon a separate footing. We are, however, not sufficiently acquainted with the principles of their jurisprudence, to know whether this necessity has originated from causes common to all courts, or peculiar to their own ; and, as we consider experience to consist not in the mere knowledge of a fact, but in a concomitant acquaintance with the causes in which it originated, we know not whether to draw from thence any general argument in behalf of a separation of the tribunals or not.

It cannot, however, be denied, that the great fault of all our courts is a want of sufficient separation in the subjects of their jurisdiction. It is obvious that, in proportion as the mass of matter to be got through is distributed into numerous departments, will be the rapidity with which it is dispatched ; and it is, perhaps, the want of attention to this principle of distribution, which makes the Court of Chancery so utterly inefficient to the purposes for which it has existence. There are many subjects within its jurisdiction of so incongruous a nature, that they seem of themselves almost naturally to point to a division. Thus, for instance, what can be more distinct than bankruptcy, lunacy, and the custody of infants ? Bankruptcy alone occupies about a third of the time of the court ; and, perhaps, lunacy about a fourth. Of petitions, in these two subjects alone, there were actually set down for hearing, in the three years 1821, 1822, 1823, of lunacy, 929, and of bankruptcy 1667 ; and these are all constantly pressing upon the personal attention of the chancellor. Bankruptcy is certainly not very widely separated from insolvency ; and yet, we have a court specially devoted to this. Indeed so it may be said we have in bankruptcy, by those who call the meetings of the commissioners in Basinghall-street a court. For ourselves, however, we should not be inclined to dignify it with any such title ; and it may be sufficient to stop our readers from doing so, to inform them that, in addition to the fact, that the Chancellor is burthened with the original issuing of all commissions, the bulk of the bankrupt petitions which come into the Court of Chancery, are not in the shape of appeals from the decisions of the commissioners, but are original applications to the court. " Out of 253 petitions," says Mr. Cooper, " that were in the Vice-Chan-

cellor's paper for hearing in July 1826, only 27 were appeals from the decisions of the commissioners. In the Lord Chancellor's paper for the same month of July, there were sixty-seven petitions, and of these Mr. Montague has stated, he believed there were not more than eight which were appeals from the commissioners." With respect to infants, the administration of their affairs originally was the province of a distinct court, called the Court of Wards; and, indeed, it was only upon its abolition that that administration has devolved upon the Court of Chancery. Independently of this, the history of other countries affords us an ample precedent for making this a separate subject of jurisdiction. In the appendix to the Chancery Commission, there is an account given of certain courts, denominated Orphan Courts, which existed in the United States for the protection of the properties of infants, in which it is said, that the guardians and others, having the management of such properties, were compellable in a summary way by mere summons or order, to account for them, and to pay into court all monies, from time to time coming to their hands. These accounts were regularly settled, and the balances paid at stated periods; so that, on each infant's attaining majority, or being married, the amount was in readiness to be paid over to them: and it is added, "that the expence was so trifling, that it was no burthen on very small properties."

In thus advocating, however, the policy of a greater subdivision of the jurisdiction of the court, let us not be understood as seeking utterly to wrest the whole out of the cognizance of the Chancellor. We propose still to leave him invested with the appellate jurisdiction to each; and indeed, we have serious doubts whether his personal jurisdiction, instead of being an original one with reference to any of the subjects which are administered in his court, ought not to be appellate to the whole. It seems an absurdity that the first law officer of the state should be engaged on subjects, presenting little or no difficulty in decision, but making immense demands on his time. Yet, such is, in point of fact, the character of nine-tenths of the causes which are litigated in the court. The unravelling of the facts is generally the only difficulty. This once accomplished, the law is plain enough; and surely matters of this kind might well enough be adjudicated by individuals of less dignity than the chief officer of the court. Under the jurisprudence of France, the elucidation of all matters of fact is confined to inferior tribunals. The Court of Cassation, which is the court of special appeal to all, decides simply upon the law of the cases submitted to it; and owing mainly to this—to the comparative simplicity of their laws—and to the multiplicity of their inferior tribunals, we believe such a thing as arrear of business is scarcely known to the courts of France. But not only is there no arrear, causes are always urged on with so much dispatch, that it is not often their litigation exceeds a twelvemonth, while under the blessed administration of our Court of Chancery, the author of the Proceedings, a practised advocate of the court, states, that he is taking "a very favourable view of even a common chancery suit, for the payment of a few wretched creditors and legatees, when he announces they will receive their debts "at the end of *five* years!" And again, he says, speaking of the same description of suit, "a daughter, to whom a testator leaves a legacy of 10,000*l.*, charged upon his real estate, must wait *eight* years before she can receive interest or principal; and, during more

than half this time, the cause remains on the lists of the Vice Chancellor, waiting its turn to be heard."—p. 90, 91.

With all this, it is manifest there must come an addition of judges in the court. The cost of these would not be large—a few additional thousands a year at the outside—and we should think the purchase of quick and efficient justice, at an increased annual expenditure of some six or twelve thousand pounds, would not be thought dear for the accomplishment of such a purpose.

Nor must the security for efficiency stop with the creation of new judges. Let those already in existence become divested of the troublesome diversion of cabinet distractions. Let our chancellors be rendered judicial officers, and not intriguing diplomatists. On these points we say no more at present. We propose, however, to recur to them hereafter, for the purpose of examining them more in detail ; but there is so much popular ignorance on the general nature of an equitable jurisdiction, that we thought it better to preface our future observations with such as might lead not only to a better understanding of the subject, generally, but to a clearer apprehension of what we may hereafter venture to adduce. If we have spoken somewhat favourably of the principles of equity in general, or even of the doctrines of English equity, let this not be construed into a reconciliation with the outward ceremonials of their administration in its court. Until we see these thoroughly altered and reformed—until we cease to behold its miserable suitors, year after year, pacing its floor, awaiting its decrees, with hearts sickening from hopes, kindled only to be deferred, we shall scarcely be enabled to dispossess ourselves of the idea, that the Court of Chancery is, in reality, the valley of the shadow of death, while we may fancy we hear its weary travellers bemoaning in the strain of the poet :—

“ Full knowest thou that hast not tried,  
What hell it is in *suing* long to bide ;  
To lose good days that might be better spent—  
To waste long nights in pensive discontent—  
To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow ;  
To feed on hope, to pine with fear and sorrow :  
To fret thy soul with crosses and with care,  
To eat thy heart through comfortless despair—  
To fawn, to crouch, to *wait*, to ride, to run,  
To *spend*, to give, to *want*, to be *UNDONE* !”

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## MINE HOST'S SECOND STORY.

"You have been at Messina, Sir?" said old Carmelo to me, one fine summer evening, whilst I was forgetting the effects of a late sirocco in a comfortable goblet of *dimonata gelata*.—"You have been at Messina? Well, then, you will remember that dark, precipitous hill, that lies just at the back of the city, and almost seems to overhang it; they call it the Antenna Mare,—I know not why. 'Tis an admired object, and you travellers are fond of getting up to the guard-house for the sake of the fine prospect. Aye! it is a glorious and a cheerful sight! Milazzo, pushing far out into the sea;—the curving coast, and its proud succession of cities—Catania, Augusta, and Syracuse;—Castro Giovanni, lifted up like a giant in the clouds;—and above this, and the whole Pelorian range, Ætna, wreathed in its eternal snows. 'Tis a glorious scene! but it is years since I have endured to gaze upon it from that point. I shudder when I reflect upon the last visit, and the occasion on which I made it to that solitary height. If you are disposed, Sir, I will relate to you the circumstances as they occurred."

Mine host was clearly in one of his most talkative and entertaining moods; and I had too often known the value of his conversation to bridle it at present by any unreadiness to become a listener. The old man threw up his eyes for a moment, and patted his brow, as one searching for and reclaiming the scattered recollections of the period; and little need had he for more artful conjuration, as the fidelity of his narrative abundantly proved. After this short pause, he proceeded.

"It was during a very different season to this blessed time of autumn that I was summoned to grace the marriage-ceremony of a fair young relation in the city of Messina—I think in December of the year 1811. The piercing cold that seems almost reflected from the icy tops of the neighbouring hills, was at this period particularly felt in that part of the island. It was a severe winter, and, as you say, the Sicilian temper is ill accommodated to the privations and gloom of such a climate. We are naturally as gay in feeling, though not in show, as our transmarine kindred of Calabria. But though the outward chill strikes as deep into the recesses of our spirits, we are yet content with our happy homes, and can find a substitute in the warm looks of our kinsmen. Can our Neapolitan cousins say as much, master traveller?"

"Never did I see this truth more completely verified than ever at the nuptials of my young niece, Rosalia. She was a pet of the whole family—a wicked little thing, with a quick eye, that seemed to fasten itself good-humouredly on every thing around her that could by possibility give reason for a smile;—alternately the plague and the comfort of her mother, whose steadier age was sometimes unequal to keep pace with the merry essays of roguery and playfulness of her little darling, but who treasured her through it all, perhaps, with a firmer love for those very chasms and breaks, during which she had a clear ground to measure her own maternal feelings, and the general attractions of the object that excited them. With a full and almost sorrowful heart, she affianced her child.—Oh, Sir! that must be an hour the most painful of any that occurs in the long and difficult administration of a mother's duties! Then, when the young creature has just attained its capacity to be a source of comfort and support;—when its perilous age has passed by, and it becomes in

some sort able to return the service of life by due offices and affectionate care ;—when it has ceased to be propped, and may now become a staff ;—when its childish inferiority has given way to an equal and companionable faculty ;—the future friend—the sympathizing counsellor—the sweet companion—all, all is lost ! and what remains is a cold, outward figure of a dear idol, with an estranged or divided heart, and an allegiance broken entirely off, saving one or two slight bonds of reluctant and dubious attachment ! I speak with fervour, Sir ; for I have sate in a circle from which one, the gem, the most precious gem had gone ! I have seen the puppet hurrying with heartless tears from her paternal threshold, which she cared not again to recross ;—I have seen the whole arrears of gratitude for such deeds of fatherly fondness swept off and unremembered in the gratification of a woman's vanity.—But this is not to the purpose.

“ As I said before, Rosalia's marriage was cheerful as May-time. I well remember the very room, and the position of the bridal guests. At one end sate the young couple, glancing at each other with smiles no longer furtive—each adorned in the country fashion, as their rank allowed :—her dark hair drawn and tied back by ribbons and a silver *spatella* ; a rose-coloured satin boddice was half concealed by a loose silk handkerchief thrown over her neck and bosom ; the outer striped silk petticoat festooned up by means of ribbons even as high as the knee, to disclose the under and more ornamented one of richly-coloured cloth. Her spouse appeared in blue velvet, with a red silk sash, and a famous glitter of those worked silver buttons, which you may have observed frequently on the waistcoats of our lower orders : they are the hereditary wealth of the rustics, and treasured for many generations. In all this finery were the two principals of the ceremony attired. Then came the bridegroom's mother, with a basket on her arm, which was soon to be filled with no insufficient portion for the young couple. Some of the guests presented rings ; others, as their fancy or judgment dictated, added other little gifts of use or ornament—ribbons, shoes, combs, a shawl, and the like. Then the whole measure was transferred by her to her children, with much comment and admiration of each article, as one by one they were produced. Nor was this all. The good mother presently replenished her baskets, as is our custom, partly with toasted *ciceri*, partly with comfits and sugar-plums, which were distributed to the guests. What healths and good wishes then followed, as the sturdy attendant brought round the great jar, so well stored with the best lachrymæ ! And then how lustily we commenced the tarantulla, and footed it away to a merry song—not yet releasing the married pair, who no doubt longed for the dissolution of our party ! But, alas ! that party, so festive, so careless, was not to be broken up in a spirit of gaiety ! This happy scene became embittered by very different events ; and many a heavy heart vented its emotions in a sigh, where a laugh and a joke had served the purpose so recently.—But you shall hear.

“ I should remind you that, at that period, the island was under the protection of your country. Lord William Bentinck, as far as my memory will serve, was the commander of your forces, and his vigilance in his office is well known. His troops were stationed at different fortified posts all over the island, and, by constant intermingling with the natives, had become tolerably well known even individually to us. On this evening, as the gay doings were proceeding, and the male visitors

had nearly all sung their praises of the bride, a quick, hurried step was suddenly heard along the pavement. It stopped, and a loud knocking at the door abruptly started us in our hymeneal festivities. The door was opened, and there stood the figure of an English soldier, whitened with the snow, which was then, and had been for two days, falling. No pause occurred—no interval of suspense, or ceremonious greeting. He rapidly saluted the assembly, and inquired earnestly for my brother. I should have told you that Salvo was generally known to the troops as the readiest and handiest tradesman, if any of their little luxuries—vegetables, or fruit, or tobacco—were required. When not on duty, the soldiers were fond of lounging for a minute or two into his *trattoria*, to sip a glass of rosolio, and talk unintelligible Sicilian to his little brunette of a daughter; and from him a piece of intelligence was now sought, which this familiarity might have put him in possession of, but which neither he nor any man on earth could ever adequately supply.

“ ‘Salvo,’ said the soldier, ‘I am sent here by my commanding-officer to inquire whether you saw any thing of our detachment from the guard-house of Antenna Mare, which was sent down yesterday morning for provisions?’

“ ‘Aye,—I think they must have been the men who called for tobacco. Four, were they not?’

“ ‘Yes,’ answered the soldier; ‘four of our people. You know the 31st? Well, a fatigue-party was ordered here yesterday, as I said before, and we have heard nothing of them since.’

“ ‘Not heard of them!’ replied Salvo; ‘why, they left me all well about two o’clock, and talked in high spirits of having found a short cut up the mountain. It would have been daylight till past five.’

“ ‘And the white snow, father,’ interposed little Rosalia—‘that would have lighted them on their road.’

“ ‘The snow, child? Heaven forbid! It could not be that they would— Did you attempt to trace their footsteps, friend, down the descent, as you came just now?’

“ ‘Why, that would have been impossible, you know?’ answered the soldier; ‘for the snow has covered over the tracks of yesterday long since.’

“ ‘Now the saints have mercy upon them, poor fellows! If they have gone out of the beaten road, ’tis hard to say what mischief may not have befallen them.’

“ ‘Was Mackenzie of the number, father?’ again asked Rosalia, with an interest which startled her young husband. But the feeling that prompted the question was only a natural desire to know the fate of an old acquaintance, who had visited them more often than the rest; and it was not subdued by the look of half-reproach cast upon her by her liege lord.

“ ‘Yes,’ replied the soldier, ‘as fine a fellow as ever bore a musket; he and his comrades gone, God knows where!—But I can’t stay;—if there is one amongst you who would like to bear a hand in searching for them, we are going out with torches, and it would be a charity to assist us.’

“ The proposal was not made in vain. Several of the men instantly jumped up, and throwing aside the gaudy ribbons and gewgaws that had decked them in honour of the ceremony, seized their caps, and binding their sashes more firmly round their loins, stood prepared to accompany

the soldiers in the search. Then in a moment passed away the brilliant looks of the visitors; the merriment had died; the jar of lachrymæ stopped in the round; and those few who were kept back from joining in the expedition, shewed in their countenance no promise of being able to renew the broken feast. The fair girls, pale and anxious, looked out with tearful eyes at the raw, cheerless night. The bride clung closely to the bridegroom's arm, half-fearing that he himself might join the party so honourably employed. But you could scarcely observe what passed beyond this; for the short interval between determination and action was now elapsed, and the little troop went from the bridal-chamber. It was a cold and wretched night; and a strong wind separating the larger flakes of snow, caused them to drift in a smooth, undulating bank on one side of the street. We advanced without many words to where some others of the same regiment were collecting to await the answer of their messenger from Salvo.

“ ‘What tidings, Bill?’ was the general cry, as we approached.

“ ‘Neither good nor bad; but yet nearer bad than good,’ answered their messmate, who forthwith acquainted them with the issue of his embassy. It was no sooner communicated than the one resolution spread throughout the whole audience, that no time should be lost in surveying the mountain-paths leading to the summit of Antenna Mare. This impulse was strengthened by an order from a superior officer; and we proceeded with torches to the points in question. Our numbers were presently increased by many of the peasantry, who, attracted by the lights, and moved by the cause, hesitated not to expose themselves to the inclement air for the generous service in which we employed them. After reaching the base of the hill, we divided off several small detachments of natives, who were better acquainted with the ground, to penetrate the by-ways and scale the precipitous crags, wherever there seemed a probability of the soldiers having strayed. The military themselves, from an ignorance of any but the direct route, confined themselves to the more beaten tracks, or made only small and occasional deviations from them. With two friends I toiled up an unusual ascent, not unaccompanied by danger; for the footing was insecure, and the eddies of snow frequently deceived us by a shew of level ground, where, in reality, there was only a covered chasm. The sleet struck against our faces with unequal violence, as the wind carried it in gusts down the mountain's side. We became farther and farther removed from our associates; but their lights were visible far and wide, and we kept up a communication by hallooing and cheering them, the sounds of our voices being transmitted clearly and entirely through the sharp atmosphere. We were spread at distances almost completely round the bosom of the hill, at different elevations—sometimes one, sometimes another party, meeting with an easier ascent. Hours passed on—but no success. A cheerless negative answered us, if ever we approached so nearly to our companions as to put an audible question. But no one was dispirited. On, on we laboured, and pushed our way. The air became sharper, and the surface of the hill, broken into a thousand irregularities, rendered our path at every step more perilous and slow. We had advanced nearly two thousand feet, perhaps, from the starting-point, and the dribbling sleet fell less collectively than before. The masses of grey cloud seemed to be displaced and drawn higher into the vault of heaven, and to our longing eyes it appeared that now and then a pale star might be discerned in a

little space left for a minute by two disjoined sheets of vapour, which instantly afterwards reunited and darkened as before. But it was with something like certainty that we observed, slowly and faintly ascending from the eastern horizon, a veiled, but cheerful light—a distinguishable brightness, that stole on the overspread darkness like a smile. Sweetly that point of brilliancy enlarged into size, and became a sheet of light, contending with the black curtain that withdrew slowly at its approach. The shades of night still were hanging on the confused outline of the mountain, when this forerunner of the morning cheered us on our way. But no rays of the lingering sun aided us as yet; when one of my companions suddenly stopt short in his track, and with rivetted eyes pointed to an object just beneath him.—Blessed Virgin! forgive an old man for this weakness.”——

A tear stood in his dim eye, and an agueish chill seemed to run through his frame. He sank on his chair in a state of temporary convulsion, which left him tremulous and pale, scarcely to complete the tale which he had voluntarily begun.

——“Sir,” he proceeded, “your kind wishes to curtail this sorrowful narrative are unnecessary for my peace. Were I to discontinue it at present, I might be haunted for many a day with that image which has now so forcibly appalled me. It will be lost sight of in the train of the story, which I shall have a sad satisfaction in completing.—As I said before, one of our party abruptly stopped towards the dawn of day, and by his manner, not by his words, collected us in an instant at the same spot. There—oh! horrible sight!—there reposed, like a statue of snow, a figure that we had little difficulty in recognizing as one of the lost Englishmen. We could trace the outline of a human form, and, by clearing away some of the superficial snow, we distinguished the posture and even features of the frozen man. He sate upright on a low mound, his arms crossed upon his breast, his head fallen forward, and his whole appearance that of a wearied traveller, who, having rested himself on his way, was overtaken as he rested by a slumber that proved eternal. Stiff and hard, his limbs were not to be released from that his last posture on earth;—a living attitude that sculptors might imitate in stone, but which could never again start up with the energy, and buoyancy, and strength of vigorous life. We had not well familiarized ourselves with this sad spectacle, when a shout from another detachment announced the discovery of two more sufferers, who had fallen into one of the numerous ravines, and were imbedded in a shroud of sepulchral snow. Whether their death had been more gradual or more speedy than that of their comrade, it were vain to inquire. They were found close together, the rigid hand of one tightly grasped in the palm of his fellow-victim, and apparently the twin partners of the same final misfortune—whirled away in one torrent, and buried under the same sheet of snow.—But the catalogue of these spectacles was as yet incomplete. The increasing light marked out clearly to us the several less-frequented routes to the guard-house; and we determined, before the heat of sunshine had melted any part of the outer ice, to survey, as rapidly and well as possible, the intervening space of ground.

“You may know, Sir, that the point on which this building is placed is calculated as being 3,700 feet above the level of the sea. Hence, for the winter season it is generally surrounded by an enclosure of snow, which extends for a considerable distance down the crest of the moun-

tain. The fresh layer of ice not yet incorporated with the old crust of this region was now partially liquified, and resting on a surface of frozen ground that rendered it as slippery as quicksilver. But the rapid converging of the hill to the point of its summit gave us a smaller scope for survey than before ; and, with a sanguine confidence of the speedy end to our labours, we recommenced them stoutly and effectively. But the sun was already high in the heavens, and our hearts had sunk at the delay of our hopes, when, at a little way from the road-side, some one discovered an object more hideous than I can fully describe—distorted, ghastly—rather a heap of carrion flesh, than a human being. Some birds of prey that had settled on it, disturbed by our approach, first gave notice of its situation by the heavy flapping of their wings, as, with angry cries, they raised themselves, unsated with their repast, from the mangled carcass. Slowly wheeling round and round at the height of a few yards above us, they watched us, as if eager to recommence their dainty meal on the first shew of our departure. They had left the dead man—they had spared much ; but a mother could not have known such a son again. His features all confused and eaten away—his person rigid and stiffened, or gorged upon by the eagles and vultures ! Most horrible ! most awful ! We had recognized the three former corpses, and there remained no doubt as to the identity of this one. It could be no other than the relic of that fine and manly youth for whom Rosalia had exhibited so generous an interest on the preceding evening. Within sight, within hearing of his messmates in the guard-room, Mackenzie had probably found it impossible to resist the last impulse of that fatal weariness which closes the eyelids of the wayfarer with a sleep as cold as the ice around him. The snow that must so soon have buried him was kept or cleared off by the greedy birds that we startled at their feast ; and there he lay, a spectacle so piteous, so horrid, that the most cruel of hearts must needs be softened even by the recollection of it !

“ This has been a most inhospitable story, Sir ; for neither you nor I have much merriment at the end of it ; and a host's tale should be pregnant with laughter, as an epigram winds up with its point.—Come, Sir, let me pour you out another cupful ; and believe me, that when next you honour me with so long a hearing, I will find out something for you better worth your courtesy.—But here comes my little grand-niece, Manina—the first-born of that same laughing girl of whom I talked just now. She shall make my peace with you, and obliterate all thoughts of the Antenna Mare.”

—She *did* come !—Ah, me !—that the lively prattle of a child should leave a deeper sorrow than the miserable record which I have here set down !

ÆVAH.

## TRAVELLING PARTICULARITIES :

No. V.

## A CHEAP JOURNEY.

It cannot be doubted that there are numerous persons in England, well qualified to appreciate the advantages of foreign travel, and to enjoy its pleasures, who are deterred from even thinking of undertaking it themselves, from a feeling that it requires an outlay, both of time and money, which is altogether inconsistent with their occupations and means. We shall perhaps be performing a useful and acceptable service to such persons, if we can make it appear to them, that for the very same sum which it would cost them to fool or dawdle away a fortnight of their time "comfortably" at some cockney "watering-place," they may, during the same period of time, travel over five hundred miles of *three different kingdoms*, and visit five or six great foreign towns, and as many smaller ones, allowing themselves sufficient time to gain a clear and characteristic general notion of each, and of all the varieties of intermediate country, modes of travelling, external manners and appearance of the people, &c.; and all this without stinting themselves in any one thing that may conduce to their personal comfort on the journey.

To most of those who have travelled in foreign countries, and to all who have not, this will appear, as a bare proposition, incredible. We shall therefore proceed at once to *prove* its truth. But as this can only be done by descending into details, of a kind which do not ordinarily find a place in works whose paramount object is amusement, our readers will have the goodness to bear in mind, that, for this once, our wish is, not so much to present them with ready-made amusement, as to point out to them the means by which they may create or gather it for themselves.

Our object will perhaps best be gained by supposing the case of a bachelor (for the time-being, at any rate), who is incumbered with no more luggage than will go into one "leathern convenience," no more nationality than he can lay aside in cases where he would be better without it, and no more fastidiousness than just enough to make him merely *prefer*, without positively *requiring*, the best of all possible accommodations in the way of inns, vehicles, &c. These qualities supposed, added to a general desire to be pleased in his mind, and a ten pound Bank of England note in his pocket, and we will engage to put him in the certain way of passing a more agreeable and instructive fortnight than he ever yet did pass, if he has never quitted his native country.

To avoid the possibility of either doubt or misunderstanding as to our proposed method of going to work, we will give "chapter and verse" for every thing, under the form of a journal of the supposed fourteen days; and in order to avoid the *dryness* which almost necessarily appertains to the due performance of our main design, we will add a hasty glance at "men and things" as they throng by us in our brief passage. The journey we shall choose is, from London to Brussels, by the way of Calais, and (for variety's sake) back by the way of Ostend. Time, of course the long days of summer. We will start our traveller by the London steamer from the Tower stairs, on (say) the first Monday in July.

MONDAY, 5 o'clock p.m.—Those who have never adopted this comparatively new method of reaching France, should be informed that it saves half in expense, as much in time, and five-sixths in the little troubles

and disagreeables attendant on the ordinary mode of getting from the capital by land to the coast, &c. Not that these are the least worth attending to, where time and money are not material objects of consideration in forming the plan of any given journey in search of amusement ; because, if these little (so called) inconveniences—such as the changes of coaches, coachmen, &c.—the stoppages at inns—the delay of a night at the place of embarkation—the getting on board the packet in the morning—and so forth—if these are not the actual pleasures of travelling, they are at least the things which lead to and enhance them. But to our supposed traveller time and money are material points. He will therefore, of course, choose the only *sure* means of reaching his first resting-place in a given time, and for a fixed sum—namely, twelve hours, and thirty-three shillings. In naming this price, however, we are paying him the somewhat ill compliment of supposing, that, under the imaginary circumstances of the case, he will be foppish enough to spend eleven shillings extra, for the privilege of passing an imaginary line on the deck of the vessel which he is to quit in the afternoon of the day on which he enters it. On this point he will of course consult his own taste.

The morning half of this little voyage slips away swiftly and pleasantly enough, in looking at the innumerable objects upon, and on either side of, the river, as you descend it ; and the afternoon part, if it *hangs* a little as you are looking out in vain (and at length *not* in vain) for the new scene to which you are bound, is at least filled up by thoughts, feelings, and fancies, that are not without their after use and value.

Our traveller will enter the harbour of Calais at about five o'clock—having breakfasted on board, but having (if he be wise) reserved his dinner appetite till he can gratify it *safely* on dry land. As the steamer ploughs its way into the harbour between the two interminable wooden jetties of which the said harbour, in fact consists, his attention will perhaps be attracted by the noble appearance of some of the French seamen ; and he will not readily divine how such a race of men can have been held in utter contempt (and with impunity too) for a long series of years. He will, in fact, now for the first time recognise, in a *real* sailor, that *beau-idéal* of one, which he has hitherto met with only in the person of Mr. T. P. Cooke, as Long Tom, or Jack Handspike, at the Cobourg or Adelphi theatres.

On the vessel at length laying herself up alongside the pier, these, and all other specific reflections, feelings, and ideas whatsoever, will at once be put to flight, or confounded inextricably one with another, by the utter confusion attendant on a hundred and fifty persons trying to get ashore by any means they can, while half as many are trying all means of preventing them from so doing, except under particular regulations and restrictions. It is the business of the packet people to see that you do not set your foot off the deck till you have a second time proved to them (by producing your receipts, &c.) that you have paid your passage. On getting past *them*, and mounting the ladder, it is the business of the hotel keepers' agents to prevent you from putting more than one foot on shore till you have openly and audibly made your election, as to which among them you will choose to be fleeced by. When you have escaped from nine-tenths of these, by throwing yourself in despair into the hands of one or two, it becomes the business of certain ragged little vagabonds, calling themselves "commissioners," to disburthen you, by main force, of

anything about you which you do not actually carry on your back, or in your pocket. An umbrella is a load for two, and it is by chance if two more do not divide your travelling cap between them!—Finally, it is the business of a host of custom-house officers to see that you and your train of helpers do not take a step to the right hand, or to the left, in your progress, till you are all fairly housed in the filthy den, which they dignify by the style and title of “*Douanes Royales*.”

Among the numerous hotels of Calais—more in number than in any other town of its size in Europe, and upon the whole better adapted respectively to the wants and habits of the persons who frequent them—we shall, having our traveller entirely at our mercy, give him the choice of two only—the snug little Hôtel de l’Europe, in the Rue Royale, and the Hôtel de la Couronne (half a step higher in grade), situated close to one of the gates of the port. Calais, though not including a single individual object of particular interest, is well worth a few hours’ general examination—especially as the first foreign town at which our traveller arrives. But he will do well to defer this till to-morrow—merely attending to his personal comforts to-night, by ordering a good dinner (which, as he will not get it till seven o’clock, he may, as a first approach to foreign habits, call a supper), and then seeing to the comforts of his bed-room, toilet, &c. If he is not a long sitter after dinner, he cannot do better than finish the evening by passing an hour or so of it at the theatre—not, however, without having first sipped his cup of *café noir* immediately after his fruit—which he will find one of the most agreeable, as well as healthful, of French dinner-table habits.

TUESDAY.—Having taken his place in one of the afternoon diligences for Dunkerque, our traveller will spend the rest of the day in walking through the various streets of Calais; visiting the port and pier; getting a sight (if he can) of the tribe of “fine animals” (as Mr. O’Connel would call them) who get their pittance of black bread and dried cod-fish, by catching shrimps on the sands; making the tour of the ramparts; entering the church; examining the shops; taking a glance at the various hotels; looking in at one or two of the best appointed *cafés*; and, if his dinner and time of departure permit, wandering here and there outside some of the gates, to get an *unintelligible* notion of the fortifications which shut in this lively and pleasant little town. At either three or five o’clock he will quit Calais by the Basse-Ville, having previously paid, for his various accommodations since his arrival yesterday afternoon, the sum of twelve shillings, English money. This is, without exception, the dearest bill he will have to pay during his journey, in proportion to the accommodations he will receive in return; for Calais is the dearest provincial town in all France, and its hotels especially; and moreover, its authorities, in consequence of the unrivalled advantages of its situation, are enabled to exact dues for luggage, passport, &c., which are not demanded elsewhere.

Quitting Calais at 5, p.m., our traveller will reach Dunkerque at about half-past ten, passing through Gravelines in his route—a town remarkable for nothing but its dead and desolate appearance, and for the open effrontery (as it will seem to an English traveller) with which its inhabitants pursue their almost exclusive occupation of smuggling. He will probably observe, in passing through the principal street, piles of spirit kegs, with each a large paving-stone attached to it by a cord, ready to be shipped off to the coast of England the first favourable night,

and dropped into the water at a point where the ebbing tide will leave them dry, to be picked up by accomplices on the other side. They, no doubt, think this kind of "free trade" all very just and honourable; and it would be hard to prove that they are very wrong in so thinking, since they risk, and are prepared to take the consequences, of being caught in the pursuing of it. The somewhat ungracious truth perhaps is, that the only difference against smuggling, as compared with most other modes of "getting an honest livelihood," is, that the former engenders habits of reckless courage which sometimes lead to the most fatal crimes. In passing into and out of Gravelines, our traveller will remark the singular effect of the triple line of fortifications, by which it is defended on all sides but that of the sea. It is by far the strongest town he will pass through during his journey. On reaching Dunkerque he will get to bed as soon as may be, at the *Hôtel du Chapeau Rouge*.

WEDNESDAY.—As we cannot well allow our traveller more than one whole day at Dunkerque, we must engage him to "be stirring with the lark;" for the town is not only well worth a general examination, but it includes several individual objects, each of which will repay a particular visit of an hour or so. As Dunkerque is built on a singularly regular plan for so old a town (the principal streets all branching off from the four corners of the Grande Place, and being intersected at right angles by the secondary ones, &c.), half of it may well enough be run over in the couple of hours preceding breakfast—that is to say, if our traveller is blessed with alimentary organs that admit of this liberty being taken with them. The rest of the day, till a late dinner, will be filled up by separate visits, during the course of which, the rest of the town will necessarily be seen. The port (which is a singularly fine and extensive one) and its dependencies, form the chief points of attraction. In particular, the great basin, with its sluices, which have lately been completed, and the object of which is gradually to wash away the *bar* which at present impedes the entrance of vessels of very heavy burthen into the harbour, is a noble work, finely imagined, and admirably executed. If our traveller is lucky enough to have hit upon a day on which the sluices are put into action (which is, however, not more than about once a-week), he may witness one of the finest sights, of its kind, that can be seen, and one, the grandeur of which can scarcely be imagined beforehand, as connected with a work of mere art. The body of water, first retained within the basin by the sluice gates, and afterwards (at low water) let out by them in a tremendous torrent during more than two hours, acts visibly upon the whole body of water at the mouth of the harbour, at not less than two miles distant from the shore; and so violent is the effect *within* the harbour, that a signal flag is hung out at various points, for several hours before the intended opening of the sluices, to warn the vessels of the necessity of putting on additional moorings. The objects next in point of interest are, the fine old square belfry tower, standing detached near one corner of the Grande Place; and the noble façade of the principal church, close to the same spot. The view from the top of the first of these is well worth the trouble of mounting to see; and the interior of the latter will of course be visited with some minuteness. Not that it contains anything in the way of pictures or decorations that calls for very particular attention: but there can be no such thing met with in a *Catholic* country, as a church that will not, on some account or other, repay a passing visit from the inhabitant of a *Protestant* country. The minor points of interest at Dunkerque are, the two other churches;

the excellent arrangements of the locks, drawbridges, &c., connected with the various canals that intersect the whole surrounding country, and meet here, as at a centre; the little Park, and the Plain, as they are called—open spaces of cheerful green, which are seldom to be met with in close towns on the continent; the Caserne, the Salle de Spectacle, &c. The evening of to-day can scarcely be better filled up than by a walk to Rosendal, a very pretty village closely adjoining to one of the gates, and consisting entirely of gardens and summer-houses, including three or four public ones, to which the whole population of the place flock on the afternoon of every fine Sunday of spring and summer. The day's expenses (including the fare of yesterday's diligence from Calais) will be within ten shillings.

THURSDAY.—At six o'clock to-day our traveller will start by the *barque* on his way to Bruges. For the first ten miles or so, his journey will be insipid enough, on account of the absolute flatness of the country through which the canal is cut. But in fine weather there must always be something pleasant in gliding along in the open air through meadows and cornfields, or between scattered villages: to say nothing of *everything* being pleasant that is new. At about nine o'clock the boat is changed, at a little hut on the frontier between France and the Netherlands. There is no delay, but the second boat immediately proceeds to Furnes, which it reaches about eleven. Furnes is a little insignificant town, of which enough is seen in passing through it on foot to reach the third boat, which starts for Nieuport immediately on the arrival of that from the frontier. In about two hours more you reach Nieuport, through the same absolutely flat and uninteresting country. At Nieuport the character of the conveyance improves, and with it the country through which you pass. You are fairly in the Netherlands, where the cottages, and every thing else, have an air of more ease, as well as neatness, than heretofore. In short, after Nieuport, every thing has a *Flemish* look, which is a great step in advance towards an *English* one, in point of comfort and completeness. This last boat does not reach Bruges till between seven and eight; so that the journey (of about thirty miles) occupies nearly ten hours.—It costs four shillings and sixpence, including the gratuities expected by the boatmen. It must not be supposed that we would *recommend* this mode of reaching the interior of the Netherlands from France, as possessing a balance of advantages over the other public mode by diligence; for assuredly its cheapness does not make up for its tediousness, even where (as in *our* journey) economy is a main consideration. We have chosen it simply because it is by far the less beaten track, and because there is no other means of becoming acquainted with the kind of scenery, &c., that here presents itself.

If our traveller should have hitherto found himself somewhat *ennuyé* by to-day's journey, the conclusion of it will at once revive and recompense him. Bruges is a noble relic of the olden days. For an air of green and flourishing old age, there are few continental towns that can compare with it, and none in England that bear it the slightest resemblance. A sufficing notion of its great extent will be gained, by the distance that must be walked, from the spot where the boat arrives, to the centre of the town—where the hotel which we shall choose is situated—the Hôtel d'Angleterre, Rue des Pierres. Our traveller will reach his resting-place just in time to put himself a little to rights before the Table d'Hôte supper is announced; which he will of course partake of; for the ludicrous indifference of the Flemings to their worldly

interests is such, that the arrangement and correspondence of the various boats in which the day's journey has been performed, has not allowed him a single quarter of an hour for refreshment, &c.

FRIDAY.—As the particular nature of our plan does not admit of more than one day being allowed to that which might well enough occupy five or six—(as in the case of Bruges, for example)—our traveller will, of course, make the most of the little time he has. He does not travel (this time at least) to “take his ease at his inn,” but to cast furtive glances at a vast variety of objects, and not permit his attention, if it be ever so disposed, to dwell and repose upon any. Whatever, therefore, his habits may be at home, here he must contrive to be up and abroad not long after the sun; especially as he can, without any prejudice to his views, gain at night what he loses in the morning.

Before breakfast, to day, he cannot do better than wander about at random, from the central point where his hotel is situated, and let things in general produce their own impressions upon him. But after breakfast, he had better take some one with him, to conduct him, by the shortest road, to the most noticeable objects and points of observation. He will find plenty of “guides” at his inn door, and the worst of them will prove quite as useful and instructive as the best he can purchase at the booksellers’ shops.

In a Flemish town the churches are always the chief points of interest, and not one should be passed by without a visit. Among the other public edifices of this fine and most characteristic old town, there are two of peculiar interest—the spire of the Town Hall, in the Grande Place, and the belfry tower, in the Great Market.

In the matter of *meals*, our traveller will of course have the good sense to follow the customs of the country he is in—which, in Flanders, will conveniently divide his day into three parts, and thus allow three agreeable intervals of rest from his pleasant labours. He will return to his inn to an early breakfast; dine at the Table d’Hôte at between one and two; and sup in the same manner at between eight and nine: for every thing of this kind goes on like clockwork among the sober-thoughted Flemings.

Before retiring to rest to-night, he will make his arrangements for starting by the boat to Ghent, at nine to-morrow—an hour which allows him time to take another wander through some of the two hundred and fifty fine old streets of which Bruges consists. His bill, on quitting his hotel after breakfast to-morrow, will be twelve shillings, including the proper gratuities to servants, and also wine, and such like *un-necessaries*—which, however, he is not *expected* to take, unless it suits his views and habits to do so. Twelve shillings for two nights’ lodging, two breakfasts, and three dinners!—for the suppers may be looked upon as late dinners, and are served as profusely as if they were so—soup only excepted. It is in fact a “vulgar prejudice” to suppose that travelling is not singularly cheap on the continent, and a still more vulgar practice to *make* it otherwise (as most of our countrymen do), by not falling in with the hours, habits, and tastes of those whom they come among. An hotel keeper in Flanders had rather you would dine for a florin (about one shilling and eight-pence) at his Table d’Hôte, and partake of ten different dishes, than pay him treble that sum for preparing you two or three at an unseasonable hour.

SATURDAY.—Having taken his ramble, and then his breakfast, our traveller will, at nine o’clock, step on board the Ghent boat, and com-

mence one of the pleasantest days that can be imagined, if he happens to be fortunate in his weather, his temper, and his fellow travellers. These boats are always filled with company ; so that he will feel no lack of food for observation in that particular. The accommodations, and the rate of going are, by contrast with those of the two previous days' journeys, every thing that can be desired. And, above all, the scenery through which the journey lies is perfectly and uniformly agreeable throughout. In fact, though the track of the canal from Bruges to Ghent does not present a single *striking* point of view, it would be very difficult to name one of the same length in any country, which is more calculated at once to please and satisfy the spectator ;—unless, indeed, he is one who travels in search of the picturesque. In this latter case, he has no business in the Netherlands at all ; for there, on the one hand, nothing is suffered to run to waste or fall into decay ; and, on the other hand, cultivation is carried to the very utmost point of perfection that is consistent with profit and utility, but not a step farther ; and thus two grand sources of the “ picturesque ” are utterly cut off. The agreeableness (for we must not call it *beauty*) of all that our traveller will meet with to-day in the way of external scenery, will be found, on examination, to result from its perfect appropriateness and adaptation to the purposes sought to be derived from it ; and that it never rises into beauty may perhaps be attributed to the fact, that utility is the obvious and paramount object of it all ; and though all that is beautiful is, for that reason alone, useful, that which is merely useful is seldom or never beautiful. Hitherto, since he quitted France, our traveller (if an English one) must have been struck with the grievous contrast between the external scenery which he has come among, and that which he left behind him. To-day, all such feelings will be put an end to the moment he commences his journey. Instead of interminable districts of open marshes, partly drained by the wet ditches which intersect them every here and there, he will see bright meadows, or rich corn fields, or neat gardens, all divided from each other by high black thorn or other hedge-rows. Instead of here and there a scraggy ash rising out of endless lines of grey pollard willows, he will find a profusion of wood everywhere, and of every variety, and all flourishing as if it loved the spot where it is placed. Finally, instead of sad, sorrowful looking houses, large enough and wretched enough for a barrack, or little ruined sheds, scarcely big enough for a dog-kennel, he will see either handsome châteaux, where an air of orderly propriety reigns over every part, or lines of neat cottages, all different, but all painted like pictures, and their bright window panes seeming to beam forth the air of quiet comfort that dwells within. In short, instead of that *dreary* monotony which bespeaks, if not actual misery, at least that general indifference to comfort, which is almost as bad, he will meet with that *pleasant* monotony which bespeaks the general and almost equable diffusion of the fruits of an easy and flourishing prosperity.

From Bruges to Ghent, the canal winds about like an English cross road ; it is green with turf to its very waters ; and its sides are ornamented, almost without intermission, by lines of fine young forest trees. During the first half or so of the journey these consist chiefly of ashes, oaks, Lombardy poplars, and a few willows—only just enough of the latter to give a soft appearance to the scenery, without giving it a cold and grey one. During the latter half, the banks rise abruptly into a sort of high causeway of turf, on either side, on the top of which is a

narrow road for the small vehicles of the peasantry, shaded by a double row of beautiful young beeches. This continues almost unbroken till within a very short distance of Ghent. About four or five miles on this side of Ghent, the canal divides into two a most pretty village, consisting half of handsome country houses, half of bright-coloured cottages ; and immediately on passing this, the noble old city of Ghent rises dimly in the distance, out of the dense mass of trees which intervenes. This view is a fine exception to the general absence of any thing *striking* in the scenery of the day's journey.

On reaching, at about half past four o'clock, the quay of the canal, at the entrance of Ghent, our traveller will be besieged by numerous porters, lacqueys, and guides, from the whole of whom he will do well at once to escape, by putting himself and his portmanteau into the Brussels' diligence, which he will see standing in an open space on the opposite side of the basin :—leaving Ghent to be visited on his return. This diligence is connected with the boat, and starts immediately on the arrival of the latter. The journey is performed at least as quickly and commodiously as those by our ordinary stages, and is concluded about eleven at night. The expenses of the whole day, including an excellent dinner in the boat (the very best that will be met with on the journey) will amount to less than ten shillings. It should here be observed that, though in the journey from London to Calais, we have, by implication, advised our traveller to choose the inferior part of the vessel, on account of the great difference in expense, as compared with the merely imaginary difference in accommodation, we have ever since placed him, as a matter of course, in the best places out of three—because here it was not in the least degree worth while to dispense with the positive comforts that the difference would afford him, especially in the case of bad weather. But it is right to mention, that in almost every case he *might* have made the journey, in the same vehicle, for considerably less than the price we have named. On reaching Brussels, he will desire to be conducted to the *Hôtel de Suède, Rue de l'Evêque*.

SUNDAY.—Our traveller has now reached a very lively, stirring, well-conducted, and agreeable city ; but one which is as much overrated in some respects as it is underrated in others. He will, however, not be so unreasonable as to expect, that the two or three days which his plans permit him to devote to Brussels, will enable him to do more than gain a general and superficial notion of it. It is to this end alone, therefore, that our desultory hints will be directed.

The first random sally forth of our traveller from the central point, at which we have placed him, will give him the idea of a busy, flourishing, and populous *provincial* city, consisting of many poor, some tolerable, and a few good, but not one fine or striking street, or public place whatever ; and, with a single exception, this impression will only be the more confirmed the more he sees. Further (still with one exception), he will meet with no fine public edifices finely placed—no richness in the private residences—no splendour in the shops—and no striking general effect in the *ensemble* of any particular spot, or collection of buildings, public or private. In short (still with the one general exception that we have already made), he would, not knowing to the contrary, never suppose himself in the capital of a kingdom, and the residence of a court, but, on the contrary (as we have hinted above), in a crowded, bustling, and wealthy, but ill-constructed and ill-arranged *provincial* town. His first morning's ramble will probably leave this

kind of impression; for it is not likely that he will have found his way already to the fine exception which is presently to offer itself to all that we have said. Not to keep him long in suspense, he had best devote the middle and after-part of his first day to getting rid of this impression: which he will find a very unpleasant one, if any thing has led him to look for one of an exactly opposite nature. To this end he has only to inquire his way to the Place Royale, which he will reach by a long, winding, mounting, and irregular street—the best in Brussels, and if not much worse, certainly not much better, than the best in Bristol. Nothing can be more striking than the contrast between the spot he has now reached, and those which he has passed through to reach it. Let him now at once place himself in the centre of this fine, though not very spacious, square of noble houses, and he will see before him one of the finest *coups-d'œil* in Europe, of its kind. That from the centre of the Place de Louis XV. in Paris, is inferior to it in one or two particulars, and is not much superior to it in any, except its vast extent and variety. In London we have nothing that can compare with it. In order, however, to take in the whole extent of the *coup-d'œil*, it must be viewed from a little farther on, where the Place Royale opens out into the great square, formed by the buildings surrounding the Park. From this point of view the eye takes in three palaces—(those of the King, the Prince of Orange, and the States General)—several ranges of private houses, the noble taste of which gives them the air of palaces, and the principal sides of the Place Royale itself, the effect of which is scarcely inferior to any of the other parts of the view. The centre of the vast oblong square formed by all these, is occupied by what is called the Park—a spot which, though little answerable to the *English* meaning of the name, is a most delightful promenade, blending the regularity of the French mode of arranging grounds with the luxuriance of the English mode, in a very novel and effective manner.

Having placed our traveller in view of this really fine and delightful part of Brussels, we shall leave him to pursue his own course, *that* being almost always the most agreeable, and, consequently, the most likely to produce permanently agreeable impressions and recollections. This desultory ramble of to-day will probably have shewn him *all* the fine, that is to say all the *modern* portion of Brussels—consisting of the streets adjacent to the great square, the delightful new Boulevards, the new Porte Guillaume, the buildings that are in progress as part of the new Botanic Garden, and, finally, the noble *Allée Verte*, a magnificent quadruple line of old elms and linden trees mixed, forming one of the most striking and perfect promenades of the kind in Europe, and running unbroken along the right bank of the Antwerp Canal for two miles. By the by, this noble avenue is one striking exception to our position, that no part of Brussels is at all fine, or conveys the idea of a great capital, but those portions which are modern.

Having indulged our traveller with one whole day's desultory ramble, we would counsel him to conclude it at one of the two theatres, looking in at the Café des Milles Colonnes in his way: and then make his arrangements for to-morrow, by procuring (through the waiter at his inn) a decent guide to the rest of the sights at Brussels; for utterly as we would discountenance this mode of sight-seeing under ordinary circumstances, it is, in the present case, a necessary nuisance that cannot be dispensed with.

MONDAY.—To-day, our traveller had better devote his time to visiting all those objects which possess an external interest only ; such as the public squares, the portes, the market places, the fountains, the quays, &c. ; during the course of which examination he will over-run every part of the town that he need desire to see. The only very remarkable of the squares, after those alluded to above, is that called the Grande Place, in the centre of the town, where are situated the Hôtel de Ville, a building of great interest for its antiquity. The Place de la Monnaie is the next in interest. It contains the new theatre—a building as much vaunted for its beauty as it deserves to be condemned for its absolute ugliness. In fact, it is as ugly outside as it is inside: which is the utmost that can be said in the way of depreciation. It has, however, the merit of being entirely detached. Among the fountains, perhaps the most remarkable is one in the Place du Grand Sablon, built, in 1768, by an English nobleman (Lord Bruce), to commemorate and repay the pleasure he enjoyed during a lengthened residence in this city.

It is probable that an early breakfast will enable our traveller to see all that is needful in the above department of sights before dinner ; in which case he will devote the after-part of the day to the interior of some of the churches—all of which should, if possible, be looked into, and some dwelt upon with particular attention. He cannot do better than conclude his day at the cafés and theatres, as before ; there he is sure of amusement, and (in the former in particular) can never lack food for observation.

TUESDAY.—Again the churches,—which, as they are only eleven or twelve in number, a long day may finish. That which merits most attention is St. Gudule. Its exterior has that fine advantage, in point of effect, of being entered (at its principal door at least) by a flight of steps, about forty in number. Its interior is embellished, among other antiquities, by one of those carved oak pulpits, of which so many are to be seen in the continental churches, and particularly the Flemish ones. This is perhaps the finest of them all. It is, in fact, executed with infinite force, spirit, and truth. The subject of it (including the supports, &c.) is Adam and Eve expelled from Paradise, the figures being the size of life.—Again finish by the cafés and theatres ; for of these a passing visitor of a foreign country cannot have too much.

WEDNESDAY.—To-day will be principally occupied by a visit to the Museum of Pictures, the Public Library, the Cabinet of Natural History, and the Botanic Garden—all of which are united at the Palace of the Old Court, as it is called. None of these collections are very distinguished in their several classes ; but all will repay a brief visit. After he has dispatched them, our traveller may, if he pleases, make an effort to see the interior of the royal palaces. Whether he succeed or not in gaining admittance, will depend on the circumstances of the moment. That of Schoonenberg, situated at a village two miles from the town, is well worth a visit, and may, with proper management, be made to come within the limits of our circumscribed plan ; to which end the other palaces may, if necessary, be well enough passed over.

We must to-night venture to mulct our traveller of his due portion of rest, in order to gain for him a whole day at Ghent. He will make his arrangements to leave Brussels by the diligence, which starts at about midnight, and reaches Ghent by about six in the morning. His bill at the hotel will amount to thirteen shillings, which will include a

pint of good wine at each dinner, and the gratuities to servants. The items of his bill will consist of three nights' lodgings, three breakfasts, and three dinners—all excellent in their way. We have not reckoned upon his taking any thing at *his hotel* after dinner, having allowed him *carte blanche* at the café. We shall reckon these latter, together with theatres, gratuities to guide, servants at public institutions, &c., at seven shillings more—making his whole expences at this chief place amount to one pound sterling.

THURSDAY.—*Ghent. Hôtel de Vienne, Marché aux Grains.*—Our traveller, if not a singularly well seasoned one, will not be much disposed towards a random ramble, after rumbling over *pavé* all night. And it is not much matter; for he might wander all day long in this great but by no means agreeable city, without meeting with any thing worth his particular attention. His plan, therefore, will be to take an early breakfast, and then immediately provide himself with the means of arriving by the shortest road at all that is worth seeing here. As at Brussels and Bruges, the churches will be the chief points of attraction; and he will find more good pictures in one or two of them than in all those of Brussels united. Besides the churches, the chief objects of interest are, the Botanical Garden; the University, with its Museum of Natural History, &c.; the Academy of Painting, &c.; and the celebrated prison, called the *Maison de Force*. The time of our traveller, after having visited all the churches, will not allow him to see the whole of the institutions just named; therefore he will choose between them, as his taste may direct. Let him bear in mind, however, that museums of natural history, botanical gardens, and libraries of books can be seen every where, and are every where pretty much alike; but a fine picture is a thing individual to itself, and like no other thing in existence: consequently, that to miss the sight of one that might have been seen is to sustain a loss that nothing else can repair. There is in this city a very fine private collection of pictures, belonging to a Mr. Skamp, to which access may be gained without much difficulty. If, therefore, our traveller can contrive to see these, at the expense of abandoning *all* the above-named lions of Ghent, he will be wise to do so. At night he will visit the cafés of the Place d'Armes, and then retire to an early bed—having previously arranged to start for Bruges by the barque to-morrow at about nine, and from thence to proceed onward immediately by another to Ostend. His expenses at this place will amount to fourteen shillings, including four and sixpence for his diligence from Brussels last night.

FRIDAY.—Our traveller will do well, instead of breakfasting at his inn, and then getting into the barque from the quay, to rise early enough to allow him time to walk on to a little village with some unspeakable Flemish name, about five miles from Ghent, on the banks of the canal. Here he will breakfast at one of the little delicately nice cabarets, and will perchance grow romantic in his admiration of the quiet happiness that seems to reign every where around. There will be no great harm done if he forms certain indefinite plans of, "some day or other," coming back to live here, in a charming little house that shall cost him some eight or ten pounds sterling per annum, and surrounded by all sorts of *agrémens*, except that greatest of all in the eyes of some folks—the facility of spending money! If he *should* form such a plan, we will answer for his being able to put it in practice—always provided he does not insist on spending more than about a hundred and fifty pounds a year

upon a family of six or seven persons. The barque will take him in at this village, about ten o'clock, and will convey him to Bruges by three—through the uniformly agreeable tract of scenery which we have before glanced at. On his arrival at Bruges, another barque will be waiting to receive him at the opposite extremity of the city. This he must reach by a somewhat tiresome walk of not much less than three miles, over round-headed paving stones; unless, indeed, he prefers paying the price of his whole journey to Ostend for being conveyed thither in one of the coaches that will in all probability be waiting for this purpose. The Ostend barque will start immediately all the passengers have had time to get on board.

Immediately on setting his foot in the barque that is to convey him to Ostend, our traveller will observe a striking difference, to the disadvantage of the scenery, on either side him, as compared with that adjoining to the opposite extremity of the city; and every mile he proceeds it will become poorer and poorer; till, at length, he will wish himself at his journey's end before he gets there—which we cannot think was the case in the previous part of the day. However, his journey is but a short one. He will reach Ostend in time for a late dinner, or an early supper—whichever name he is minded to call it by—and will have to pay five shillings for his whole day's travelling, &c., including his breakfast. He will choose for his inn the *Lion d'Or*.

SATURDAY.—A place may be very agreeable to look about oneself in, even for a whole day, without having any thing worth describing, or even remembering: and such a place is Ostend. Like Dunkerque, it is built for the most part on a regular plan; its streets intersecting each other at right angles. But it wants that air of mingled liveliness and comfort which makes Dunkerque the most agreeable looking town in all this part of the Continent. There are some spacious open squares in Ostend: that in which the *Lion d'Or* is situated is the chief. There is also a good elevated walk looking on the sea. But, upon the whole, Ostend is somewhat *triste*, and by no means attractive to any but those who love quiet and their own company more than all other things. Above all, there is one fault about Ostend, which cannot be forgiven to any town, even though it were *El Dorado* itself, namely, the grass grows between the stones of some of its streets. *Au reste*, it is one of the cheapest dwelling-places that can any where be pitched upon; and its position gives it many advantages in this respect. But our traveller will find little to admire in it, after what he has seen elsewhere; and he will probably not be sorry to take leave of it at day-break to-morrow by the London steamer, and thus conclude a journey which, we venture to persuade ourselves, he will set down as at once the cheapest, pleasantest, and most instructive that he has ever performed, supposing, as we have done all along, that it is the first he has made out of his own country. His bill at Ostend (including all expenses of embarkation, &c.) will amount to about twelve shillings; and his passage to London (in the best cabin) thirty-five, including the necessary refreshments.

Finally, our traveller will please to bear in mind, that we pledge ourselves to the correctness of every *particular* that we have here put down; and if he will take the trouble to reckon up the amount of his alleged expenses, he will find we were considerably within bounds in stating, that the whole cost will not be more than that of spending an idle fortnight at Brighton or Cheltenham.

## METROPOLITAN IMPROVEMENTS.

As our palaces and public buildings, and all the various improvements of the metropolis are so rapidly approaching to completion, it is time for every lover of the arts to look about him, and to see and judge of the manner in which so much public money is expended; for although those who pay for all this mass of masonry that is rising around us, have no control over it, yet they are not debarred the comfort of criticising. The liberty of praise and blame is left to the public; and the journalists, as well as our contemporary periodicals, have certainly not been sparing of their criticisms. So generally, indeed, has the public opinion been expressed upon the merits—or rather the demerits of one building, which proves the principal feature of these improvements, that, for a wonder, it attracted the notice of a high personage, who either out of deference to the public, or actuated by his own good taste, gave immediate directions that the defect complained of should be remedied by an additional expenditure of 25,000*l.* on each of the wings of the palace: for such is the amount which this alteration is to cost according to Mr. Nash's evidence before a select committee of the House of Commons. The palace is by this means rendered a much more sightly building, but still it wants to be relieved of the square towers and preposterously small dome—which Mr. Nash himself acknowledges he did not think would be so conspicuous from the park. In criticising any building, erected as this is, under the immediate control of a personage whom nobody may contradict, we can find much apology for an architect which *he* may not, and does not make for himself. In every-day life how many of the constructions of the architect are spoiled by the ignorant interference of his employer, who dictates a room here, or a portico there, which the judgment of the architect knows to be misplaced, but to which dictation he is obliged to bow—There are, however, a great many beauties in this palace, and while the public have so generally condemned the front towards the park, the really elegant western, or garden façade, seems has been entirely overlooked and unmentioned. Had the palace, however, been an assemblage of beauties, we should still have reiterated our former opinion of its being misplaced.

Either of the spots pointed out by Mr. Soane, or by Colonel Trench, would have been far superior in any point of view.

Mr. Soane's plan was to have placed it at the top of Constitution-hill, with an entrance from a triumphal arch at the Piccadilly end; and to have formed a road through the park and Downing-street to the House of Lords; so that the King, in his progress to open or prorogue Parliament, should pass through one continued line of public buildings, consisting of Buckingham-house, St. James's-palace, the Horse-guards, triumphal arches to the memories of the Battle of Trafalgar and Waterloo, all the Government offices, and finally, Westminster-hall and the courts of law.

This was a grand conception, and was, we believe, once so well thought of in high quarters, that a portion of the general design was commenced; but change of men or of measures—a sudden and unusual fit of economy—the fear of Mr. Hume, or some other paralyser of the progress of art, prevented its accomplishment.

Colonel Trench, in the improvements recommended by him, proposed two situations for the palace; one in the centre of Hyde Park, by which

means the beautiful gardens of Kensington might have been made available; and the other in the Green Park, somewhere in the neighbourhood of the present basin. Any of these situations, from being more elevated, would have been far preferable to the hollow in which Buckingham Palace is placed—and there would have been no necessity for the excavation of artificial lakes, the only apology for which is the necessity for an artificial mound or mountain to shut out unpleasant neighbours.

The choice of situation did not, however, depend upon the architect, and therefore no blame should rest with him upon this score. He has an opportunity now of redeeming the credit of his palace, and we shall leave all further criticism on its merits till its completion.

It was our intention, in this paper, to have taken up the improvements proposed by Colonel Trench in the year 1826, and to have compared them with those which are actually taking place under the direction of Mr. Nash, and those which have been proposed by other projectors—but we find this comparison would so far exceed our present limits, that we must postpone it for some future number, when Mr. Soane's and Colonel Trench's books, together with the new improvements, shall have our full consideration.

At present we must confine ourselves to things as they are, and not diverge into things as they might have been.

Carlton House, that scene of royal revelry, whose saloons have so often echoed to the wit of Sheridan, Fox, Windham, and Tierney—to the follies and coxcombry of Brummell—and to others that we must not—or at least, shall not speak of, has disappeared. This looks as though Mr. Barber Beaumont, with his great staring front at the County Fire Office, had literally looked his sovereign out of countenance. For there stands the fire office, the production of Mr. Barber Beaumont and his engineers, while poor Carlton House is levelled with the ground.

The principal beauty of this building, consisted in its portico, which was most injudiciously hid from the public admiration by the screen which we all remember in Pall Mall. A great dispute has arisen as to the appropriation of these columns. Mr. Nash's plan is to add eight more to them, and to construct a fountain temple—that is, a temple with a fountain in the centre of it—in the opening between the houses which are now erecting to form Carlton House-terrace. The Select Committee of the House of Commons appointed to investigate the office of works and public buildings, and, if possible, to sift the jobs to the bottom, however object to this temple; first on account of the cost of 1000*l.* per annum, which they think too much to pay for water—and we most cordially agree with them—and secondly, because they wish patriotically that this great opening should terminate by a grand flight of steps, for the use of the public, leading into St. James's Park. We, for our own parts, hope that the recommendation of the Select Committee on this point will be carried into effect; for we would not have this opening obstructed, and the park shut out from our view by the most beautiful temple that the elegant fancy of Mr. Nash could design; a spot of green in the midst of a metropolis is delicious; and we would not change its freshness for all the beauties which bricks and mortar—or even Parian marble might assume under the hands of the most tasteful artist in the world.

Carlton House-terrace is rapidly growing into shape—immense quantities of rubbish and earth are hourly casting into this space to give it its intended elevation, which is, why or wherefore we could never under-

stand, to be ten or a dozen feet above the level of Pall Mall. The right wing of the terrace is all in carcase, and undergoing the disgraceful process of cement—we say disgraceful, because buildings of this calibre—and improvements of this magnitude, in such a metropolis as that of England, ought not to be executed in such a perishable and gingerbread commodity.

In the left wing Mr. Nash, or rather the government, has been treated very shabbily by certain noble applicants for the ground. When the plan was first proposed for building dwellings on the site of Carlton House gardens, the applications for the ground was so numerous, that Mr. Nash had the greatest difficulty not to offend, in selecting the highest of the aristocratic applicants, who wished to place their domiciles on the *ci-devant* seat of royalty.

Either the lack of money, change of disposition, or some other cause, has however prevented many of these selected applicants from confirming their agreements, and a great portion of the ground has, therefore, been left upon hand. This ground might easily be disposed of to building speculation, but such a disposal of it would risk the derangement of the original plan of keeping this 'quarter' a kind of reserve for the *élite* of the high people of London. To prevent, however, the plan from remaining incomplete, and the place thus becoming for some years a detriment and nuisance to its neighbourhood rather than an ornament to the park and the metropolis, Mr. Nash, has with a spirit worthy of his projected improvements, undertaken the whole of the remaining buildings on his own account, and the foundations are now actually laying at his expense.

The New United Service Club erecting under the superintendence of Mr. Nash, and the Athenæum building under the direction of Mr. Decimus Burton are also rapidly proceeding. These buildings form the entrance to the new square opposite Waterloo-place, and are most injudiciously made dissimilar—a circumstance which is in some measure explained by Mr. Burton in his evidence before the Committee of the House of Commons.

In the United Service Club are two rooms of one hundred feet by fifty the floors are constructed of cast iron girders, which Mr. Nash has compelled most of the lessees in this part of his plan to use in their new buildings.—At the back of each of these Club Houses and of the houses in Pall Mall, is a large ornamental garden which will indeed, be a most desirable addition to the improvements; and, when Carlton House shall still have its opening to Charing Cross through the end of Warwick and Cockspur Streets, this will certainly be one of the finest parts of the metropolis, and be an equal credit to the projector, with the general plan of the New Street. Would we could say as much for the detail both of the public and private buildings which are comprised in these improvements, as we can of the general plan of them.

But, while the monopoly of the Board of Works, which has in the late evidence given before a Select Committee of the House of Commons, been proved to confine all the public works to *three* architects only, all competition of taste and talent is prevented, and these three have more to do than twenty superior men could do sufficient justice to.—It is this that crowds our streets with the heavy composition of pilaster and columns, to which Mr. Smirke lends his name—though he really ought to be ashamed to permit them to come out of his office, looking like the cruder productions of a mere schoolboy in the art. In Mr. Soane, and

Mr. Nash, at least, there is invention and variety—some mark of originality and of thought, but in those of the third gentleman there is to be traced nothing but literal copies of the remains of Greek architecture, crowded into heavy masses like that of the Union Club House and the College of Physicians, which we are sorry to find is to be repeated on the other side of the great square that is to be formed in front of the Old Mews. Uniformity is certainly one admirable quality in architecture, but heaven defend us from it, when it is only to be obtained by one deformity being imitated by another.

While we are on this subject, we cannot sufficiently reprobate the uncouth and heavy columns with which Mr. Nash is basing his terrace towards the park—only a few of them are yet up, and we trust that he will himself become sensible of their very bad effect, in time to alter this part of his design.

Every Londoner owes so much to the exertion and genius of Mr. Nash that we wish to have no fault to find with him; and he has with such *bon-homme* and honesty acknowledged his faults in the New Palace, before the Committee of the House of Commons, that we wish him to have no more to acknowledge himself, or for us to find out.

When we first saw that this Select Committee was formed, we were in hope that the monopoly in architecture would have been thrown open, but in spite of the evident maladministration as well as malconstruction of the office of works from which all improvements proceed, and by which they are also executed, they have merely recommended such a partial alteration as can do no effectual good.

While there are so many young architects educated in our first offices, as well as students in the schools of Greece and Rome, who are waiting only for that opportunity to display their taste and talent, which is precluded them by this monopoly, it is a shame that this office is not constructed upon a more liberal and extended scale, and that our numerous public buildings are not laid open to the competition of talent, instead of being confined merely to three architects, who, during the last ten years, have shared upwards of 100,000*l.* of the public money.

S. S.

## THE DURRENSTEIN.

THE valley of the Wachau, or rather the whole tract of the Danube, from Rosenberg to where the river falls into the plain of Vienna, is proverbially one of the most fantastic and beautiful of the south of Europe. A succession of all that makes the romance of landscape, perpetually varies before the eye; stupendous crags, deep and sunless defiles, solemn woods, that look as old as the days of Arminius, and whose paths had often heard the trampling and the shouts of the tribes on their march to shake the empires of the world; wailing whirlpools, and the central mighty stream, the father Danube himself, that unites the cross with the crescent, and pours the waters of the German hills to wash the foot of the seraglio.

But this striking country is not yet plagued with the more than Egyptian plague, of being a regular haunt of summer tourists. The honest citizens of Vienna, almost within sight of the valley, are luckily born without the organ of tourism, and have substituted for it the organ of cooking, fiddling, and the patrician love of a Sunday's drive over the pavement of the Leopoldstat, or the plebeian love of a Sunday's walk in the Prater.

The Italian never travels, but for purposes which have more of philosophy than of the passion for sight seeing. He travels for the general good of mankind, for without him, half the dwellings of continental Europe would be buried by the soot of their own chimnies, the fabric of wooden spoons and plaster images would be lost to mankind; and there would be a mortality among dancing dogs, and fantoccini, from Paris to Petersburg. The Frenchman never travels at all, and will never travel while he can find all the charms of coffee, *écarté*, quadrilling, and courtship, within the walls of one city.

Even the English have scarcely found their way to this fine tract. No circulating library has yet shown its front, placarded with new novels from top to toe. No newspaper establishment contributes scandal to the great, and perplexes the little with politics on the most puzzling scale. No steam-boat throws up its blackening column to distain the blue of the native sky for many a league behind, and no spruce bugler on the top of the brilliantly varnished and high-flying stage coach, shoots along before the startled eye, at the rate of twenty miles an hour "stoppages included," making the precipices ring to the echoes of "I've been roaming."

All is solitude, loftiness, and sacred silence, broken but by a gush of the waters foaming round some rock, or the cry of the kites and falcons as they sweep over the summits of the wilderness of oaks and pines.

Yet the traveller sometimes makes his way into this scene of state-lines; and twenty years ago, I ranged the region during a whole summer, until the doubt with the peasantry lay between my being a magician, a madman, or an agent of Napoleon, fraught with a portfolio full of defiles, bridges, waters, and passes, which were were to bring *La Grande Armée* headlong upon their cottages in the next war. But, luckily, the native love of tranquillity prevailed; and as I paid for my provisions with English punctuality, and without Austrian remonstrance at the little tax which they added to their price, as a cure for conscience in thus assisting the enemies of their country; as I made love to no man's female establishment, and shot no great lord's game, I was suf-

ferred, at pleasure, to ramble, draw, eat, and pay. Like the great globe itself, I was kept in my position by the "*vis inertiae*."

But one evening my solitude was pleasantly varied by the sight of some berlines straggling along the road below the Castle of Durrenstein. The German postilions had of course lost their way, or pretended that they had lost it, as is the custom, when they know that a tolerable inn lies within half a mile of them, and feel more disposed to enjoy themselves there than "be borrowers of the night" for ten miles further.

I hailed the travellers, and found that they were a party of *attachés* to the foreign ministers at Vienna, who, finding the world at peace, the capital hot as an oven, and the dinner and dancing season at an end, had come to kill the month of indolence among the wonders of the Danube. My services were accepted, first as a guide to their berlines, and next, as a *cicerone* to themselves. I showed them the famous "rose-garden" of Schreckenwold, a name whose very sound is descriptive of its ruthless hearer, to any who can pronounce it and live. I pointed out the precise *locale* of the iron door, where this mountain chief thrust his unlucky victims over the precipice, and where those who had not their necks broken at once, were sure to die of famine. And, after startling my makers of manifestos with the atrocity of a robber who destroyed mankind by one at a time, I relieved their humanity by shewing the hole, at the foot of the rock, by which the knight had escaped from this living grave, who was to overthrow the power of the robber, and hurl Schreckenwold among the roses of his own garden.

With equal applause I showed them the hollow in the river side, where Rudiger, the merchant, entrapped the formidable brothers Hadmar the Kuenringer, and Heinrich van Weitra, both surnamed by the terrified peasantry, "the Hounds." "There," said I, in the words of the legend, "under that weeping willow steered the bold merchant from Regensburg, with his decks covered with temptation. There, on the corner of the frowning precipice above, stood Hadmar and Heinrich, pike in hand, and waiting only the striking of the good ship on yonder fatal sandbank, to give a general order to their pikemen and archers, clustered under those mulberry bushes, to jump on board, and possess themselves of fur caps, woollen cloaks, and Moravian cheeses, enough to clothe the household and stock the castle for ten years to come.

"On that awful height, where now moulders the renowned castle of Aggstein, every casement was then glistening with eyes, as the stately ship breasted the treacherous stream, and every chamber of it echoed with shouts of delight, as under the walls the stately vessel came to a full stop. All was now exultation, the robber chieftains commanded the merchant to surrender. He cried out for mercy in vain. Kneeling on the deck, he implored them to spare his cargo; they announced to him that it was against their principles. He then bade them take his life in compensation. They answered that they would take both. The unfortunate trader next tried an appeal to their feelings, and prayed them by the beards of their father and mother, by the beauty of their wives, and the hopes of their children, to spare his last fragment of property under the stars.

"Their reply was brief—'That as they intended to give him only the alternative of being hanged or drowned, the property could be of no moment to him.' The merchant, in obvious despair, then retired to the

helm, to die as he had lived, with the emblem of management in his hand. The chieftains made but one bound from the precipice to the deck, and were followed by a knot of their most agile plunderers. They opened chest after chest, never had so much Saxon broad cloth, Bavarian earthen ware, and Styrian peach brandy, fallen into the hands of any of the family for three generations of spoil. At length they came to one cabin which defied their pike handles. The merchant was commanded to open the door. He warned them against the crime of seizing 'the last, and, he would allow, the most valuable property that he had on board.' They insisted. The scene of supplication was again gone through, but more at length, and more violently. In the mean time the wind freshened, and the vessel had heeled a little off the shore. 'Villain,' said Hadmar, drawing his knife, 'we shall be kept here all night, by coming on board without our sledge-hammers and picklocks.' 'Villain,' said Heinrich, flourishing his sabre over the unhappy merchant, 'we will not stay here five minutes longer for the souls and bodies of all the burghers of Vienna. So open this infernal door instantly. If I have not cut off your head already, it is because I only waited till you had turned the key in this great beast of a lock. But as you persist in your rebellion against the lawful lords of every thing that sails upon the river, and runs upon the bank, you die without the law's delay.'

"The sabre swept round, but Hadmar interposed, observing, that though the merchant's life was worth no more than that of any other merchant, and that no more than of any other animal of burthen, the opening of the door would not be advanced by the abscision of the delinquent's head. A sudden roll of the vessel at once showed that it was now in the centre of the stream, and threw the whole crew, chieftains and all, over each other. The merchant opened the door, a pile of chests fell out, and after them jumped forth fifty of the imperial soldiery, every man in full armour, and sword in hand. Their enemy was rolling on the floor. Their battle was already fought by the billows; and before the illustrious Hadmar could recover his legs, or the heroic Heinrich grasp his pike, both were in stout hands, that paid no respect to their thirty-two quarterings, but put their patrician limbs in irons. Their followers were put to the rout with equal expedition. The shouts of joy from the castle turrets had been turned into roars of rage, they were now turned into howlings of despair. Their friends, one by one, after many a pike thrust on both sides, were tumbled into the stream. To pull them out was the only hope, as no power short of wings could reach the vessel, which continually enlarged the distance from the shore, and was rapidly rolling down to the dungeons of the Emperor Frederic in Vienna.

"There the merchant took his leave of the brother chieftains, consigning them to the imperial gaoler, and warning them, on all future occasions, to take the master of the cargo's advice as to what portion of the freight would be good for their purposes. The historian loves to investigate the final career of fallen greatness, and he has told us that after a dozen years of fetters, bread and water, and working in the ditch of these ramparts, which, afterwards, in the memorable siege of 1683, kept off the Ottomans until Sobieski came to cut off their beards, and unturban their three-tailed pachas, the chieftains of Aggstein petitioned to change their condition. The merchant, Rudiger, was by this time opulent,

from being employed to bring a succession of similar potentates to their senses by similar means; with native singleness of soul, he had always employed the same bait, which the German chieftainry always swallowed with the same appetite. But he was old, and thought of retiring from his profession, though a gold mine to him since he had discovered the art of helping himself, in the first instance, to the spoils. Both his wealth and his age gave him influence with the minister, who set himself down for the merchant's heir, and that, too, at no remote date. The brothers laid their sorrows before him, and he recollecting that they had made his fortune, laid them before the minister. The petition was instantly attended to, the irons struck off, the spade resigned, the rations of rye-bread and ditch water exchanged for less heathenish provisions; and, finally after six months' attendance on sermons preached by the most "searching divines" of Vienna, a torture to which, they protested, the irons were infinitely preferable, they were let loose, with a vast deal of good advice, and permission to beg their bread, only saving this interdict, that they should not be found begging it in Vienna, on pain of five hundred lashes a piece for the first offence, and the wheel for the second.

"The brothers now set forth on the grand experiment of living on the world's compassion. But it failed them in a week. They had not the art of touching the feelings, and they were on the point of starving in company, just as the spires of Vienna rose once more to their view. The same thought started to both their tongues—'Shall that rascal Rudiger fatten on our robbery?' They determined to be masters of his wealth. Hadmar, a daring fellow, who knew no more of the world than that it was more easily frightened than reasoned into doing its duty, went to the sword-cutler's, bought a trusty weapon, and forced an entrance into the merchant's immense mansion at midnight. He found Rudiger wasted to a skeleton by age and avarice, and calculating how many farthings he would lose by the difference of paper and specie. Hadmar demanded his money. The old miser screamed out. A whole army of relations, who slept in the house to have the first grasp of his ducats, thinking that he was giving up the ghost, started up from their beds, and came running, half naked, to attend the dying hour of their 'excellent and much-lamented relative.' Hadmar was overpowered by numbers, seized, pinioned, tried upon the spot, and as the cousins, aunts, and uncles of the miser conceived that there were claimants enough already, they treated the new interloper as they would have been delighted to treat each other; they threw out a cord from the balcony, and the rising sun saw Hadmar hanging from its finely-flourished bars.

"Heinrich had, by some accident, gained a surer knowledge of the way to wealth, and, instead of going to the sword-cutler's, he had gone to the gates of a convent. He there wept, prayed the loudest in the chapel, ate the least in the refectory, and his saintship was promulged through all the city, before the quarter was out. The saint next presented himself to Rudiger as the only saint who could wash his conscience clear of all peccability. It was exactly such a man that the merchant's crazy conscience wanted. The confessor entered. The relations soon received a hint to withdraw. They were slow in understanding it, and, finally, one evening, the whole blood of the Rudiger lineage was turned into the street. But the effort was formidable at the merchant's age; and as the last echo of their cries, he uttered one which

he never repeated. His will was produced. The lawyers would perish if the style became popular. Nothing could be less wordy or more distinct. It contained but these expressive sentences—'My relations are rogues. I shall show them that they can be made fools of besides. Heinrich is my heir.'

"The relations were astonished. But the lawyers saw good ground for making a handsome suit out of the occasion, and they commenced proceedings before the judges. Heinrich declared himself the most injured man in the world, and offered to give up every thing in his possession on receiving just half what the suit would have cost. The proposal was relished by every one but the lawyers. The money was subscribed, and Heinrich, setting the seals of the parties on the doors, received the money at the bank of Vienna.

"The house was opened. They found all as empty as a royal chapel when it gets wind at court that the king is not to be there. The relatives were indefatigable; bags, boxes, wainscots, every thing were tried, turned inside out, torn down, cut up, unsewed, broken, yet nothing transpired. The confessor was gone; and it was presumed, that, as the business of a confessor is to secure human weakness from evil, Heinrich had thought himself authorized to remove the root of all evil—gold.

"Before the spring shed her violets and primroses on the fields of the Milanese, the confessor was a gallant captain of Condottieri, in the service of Milan, and ready for the service of any and every Italian potentate according to pay and plunder. He lived long, happy, and rich, died in his bed, and had a monument, half as high as the Duomo, declaring, 'that as every virtue lived, so the world's delight died, with the most renowned, heroic, and holy Count Enrico di Castello di bona Fortuna.'

My hearers politely professed themselves charmed with the poetic justice of the story; and I should have probably proceeded to reap additional applause, and vindicate the dexterity of imperial robber catchers on a larger scale, but for one of the customary incidents of mountain excursions—the settling of a mass of heavy clouds on the pinnacles above our heads. The sun sank sullenly under this purple veil. Murmurs were heard through the forest, with which mortals had nothing to do. Fires were seen glittering behind the solid shade of precipices, where never gipsy ventured to light them. The horses gave sensible signs of an inclination to find their way to the first stable; and the yawning postilions swore in twenty forms of imprecation against the crime of suffering themselves and their beasts to stay out sight-seeing, when all that could be got in exchange for supper and shelter was as thorough a wetting as ever drenched ambassadorial livery. We took their advice, seconded as it was by the gusty howlings of the forest, and the deeper volumes of vapour that now began to stoop from the pinnacles to the ravine. A dash of rain, the *avant-coureur* of a deluge, put us all in motion; and I had the honour of being appointed guide to the little Wirthhaus,\* where I had pitched my tent for the last week, and which its portly and pence-loving landlord, Herr Michael Squeezegelt, would have felt it as an affront of the blackest dye to hear called by a less title than Gasthaus.†

I invited my new visitors to make merry, ordered the best supper that

\* Alchouse.

† Hotel.

our bustling and overwhelmed cook could give us on so brief a notice ; produced some capital claret, a travelling companion, whose society I had often found indispensable to console me for the *désagréments* of all other ; and by the help of a large stowage of faggots on the hearth, and a bundle of wax tapers, which I fear had been consecrated at the shrine of "Maria Tapferl," the most famous sanctuary of this part of Austria, but now, in defiance of piety and pilgrimage, lighted for our profane supper-table, I contrived to make up a party as much disposed to be happy as if they were sitting round the gold plate, and under the silver chandeliers of his Serenity the Prince Lichtenstein.

The postilions had been perfectly in the right. The storm came on in full force before we had sent round the first bottle. Thunderclaps, bursts of rain, roarings of wind, and sheets of lightning, that made us all look blue, first followed each other with the rapidity of musket firing, then came all together, and at last, as they say of the compass in storms at sea, the land storm fairly stopped the rotation of the bottle. We left the feast upon the table, and crowded to the little casements to see the performance of the angry elements on so suitable a stage. Nothing could be finer or fiercer. The grim features of the mountains, under the changes of the light and the vapours, took the hue and aspect of every thing marvellous, and would have made the fortune of a new Goëthe, or a new Retsch. All the witcheries of the playmate hags of the Hartz, were peaceable and legitimate occupations to the furious fantasies that nature here disported before our wondering eyes. The hills seemed nervously alive: the torrents danced and sprang about in the most direct contradiction to the laws of gravity ; the forest tossed, groaned, and flamed, as if the days of old necromancy were come again, and every tree contained its tortured spirit. All was fire, hail, water, and uproar.

But the rock of Durrenstein, with its ruined fortress on its summit, a fitting crown for this monarch of the realm of ravines, still held its superiority over the less renowned victims of the storm. It stood in the centre of the conflict, and, alternately lost and seen as the sea of cloud rolled by, looked like some mighty ship of a hundred thousand tons, some huge Leviathan of war, plunging and rising, battling with and baffling an ocean of mad billows. With the shifting of the clouds came perpetual changes, and every gazer had his favourite comparison. But at last all agreed in one ; and every voice almost at the same moment cried out "the sorcerer." The tempest had lulled for a moment, and suffered the vapours to gather in a heavy white fleece round the summit of the hill ; below this rolling turban the rocks were bare, and broken into the most striking resemblance of the withered and darkened visage that, from time immemorial, we attribute to the dealers in forbidden arts. While we looked, the costume was completed by a gush of waters which had forced its way through a hollow of the rock, and covered the magician's chin and front with a most venerable and sweeping beard of foam a hundred and fifty feet long.

The sight was curious enough to be worth some record. I had seated myself at the table, and taken out my crayon to sketch the outline, when a general cry from the window brought me back. I saw, to my astonishment, standing in the orifice, which we had established as the sorcerer's mouth, a figure which visibly moved—but whether man, bear, or fiend, none could ascertain. It lingered for awhile on this tremendous

spot, apparently quite at its ease, in a tumult, which would have startled Æolus himself. The night was falling fast, and we began to fear that we should lose sight of the phenomenon before we had determined its species. But, as if it heard our wishes, it came forward, and stood gazing from the edge of the precipice at the play of the torrent, as it tumbled down the magician's black bosom. The spot would have turned the head of a chamois; yet there stood this imperturbable being like a piece of the rock itself. The adventurer now occupied us all; and to ascertain what he was, became the grand business of life for the next half hour. A German, once *attaché* to the Austrian embassy in London, offered to settle the point *à-la-mode Anglaise*, by a bet of six to four, that it was any thing that any body else thought it was not, and *vice versâ*. An old Italian envoy offered to make the discovery, by cutting the cards in the infallible way by which the Neapolitan ladies settle their affairs with destiny for the day, and are secure, from sunrise to sunset, against earthquakes, losses at play, the sickness of lapdogs, and the faithlessness of *cavaliere serventi*. A French colonel, who wore the croix of St. Louis, and the legion of honour, in amicable conjunction, at his button-hole, proposed to settle the doubt by a long shot from his Tyrolese rifle; arguing, that "as it was utterly impossible that any man but a lunatic could venture to such a spot, no harm could be done by bringing him down, whom, if he escaped, it was so much gained, and if an end was put to him, it was but one madman the less in a world where there were so many besides. If it was a bear, we should have a couple of capital hams to add to our stock, in a place where another day's confinement would see us starved, unless we should eat the fat landlord. And if a demon, our firing at it might be a merit in another place, and wipe out a thousand years of purgatory."

The brilliant Frenchman had heated himself into so strong a conviction of the reasonableness of his proposal, that in scorn of our doubts, whether firing even at a ghost might not be punishable by law in a country so strict in the preservation of its game as Austria, he was hammering his flint for action, when the figure made a sudden bound from the edge of the gulph, disappeared, was seen again standing on a lower shelf of the precipice, again darted down the torrent, re-appeared from the side of the ravine, and, rushing across the road, knocked furiously at our door, dripping like a water-god.

A little altercation heard without between him and the landlord, who probably thought that he was not likely to benefit much by such an arrival, or that his house already contained unmanageable guests enough, induced my interference in favour of the laws of hospitality. I went to the door, and with many an ominous frown of Herr Michael, invited the stranger to take shelter for the hour. He was all polite reluctance; but the storm allowed of no medium, and he, at last, followed me into the presence of my fellow naturalists. As he entered, bowing on all sides, and with the language of a man of the world, I saw the French sharpshooter blush, at least as much as a Frenchman ever does, quietly deposit the rifle in a corner, and give that curiously-expressive glance round the circle, which tells how close one has run to the edge of some blunder of the first magnitude.

But we kept his secret with honour; and a fresh bottle, a new bundle of faggots, and the loan of my surtout, soon made the circle and its new addition the gayest of the gay. We found this scaler of mountains and

swimmer of torrents altogether a very striking personage, speaking the several languages of our miscellaneous company with native ease; evidently familiar with Europe and with a considerable extent of Asia, and giving now and then a piquant anecdote of the great, which made our diplomatists raise their eyebrows in wonder at discoveries which they had treasured in their own bosoms as the "immediate jewels of their souls."

The hour flew, and the stranger was the first to remark that the storm had subsided. But to suffer him to take his leave for the night was out of the question. He at length consented, though with considerable difficulty, to remain. The Frenchman, who probably thought himself bound to make atonement for the favour which he had intended him, insisted on surrendering his bed, his wardrobe, or his bodily existence, for the benefit of his "bosom friend." While we were enjoying our cups, and enchanted into a round of pleasantries, which brought out every man, and promised to keep us from our beds till daybreak, I heard a heavy foot occasionally pass the door. Whatever might be our dialogue, there was no necessity for its being overheard; and I at length went out to put an end to the investigation. I found the landlord alone, in his nightcap and slippers, and seldom looked the Herr Michael less in good humour with the world. "Twelve o'clock, Sir," he grumbled; "full time for all honest men to be in their beds."

I told him that there was nothing to prevent his honesty from its full indulgence in slumber, and that I would be responsible for the security of every iron spoon and wooden trencher under his roof.

The Herr's urbanity was not his most conspicuous virtue at any time. But I believe that he had due reliance on one who had so long resisted the temptations of his table equipage; and with some rough attempt at a bow, he set me at my ease on the point of honour, and said, that his only objection to our sitting up for the next twelve hours, or years, was the presumptuous nature of the thing. "This is an awful night, Sir," said he; "such storms seldom come for good. This is the 29th of September: St. Michael's night, my patron saint; and, heaven preserve us! the night of the Red Woman of Durrenstein."

A burst of thunder, that tore the ear and shook the strong building round us, gave such authentic evidence to the Herr's opinions, that I could extract nothing more from him on the sacred subject; but, shrinking and startled, he left me, as he said, to examine what new damage had been done by the witch's annual visit, and implored me once more to get my noisy companions to bed as soon as possible.

But the landlord's beer-loving soul had never known the courage of Chateau Margot; and on my communicating his fears, my only answer was a general burst of laughter, and a pledge to see the adventure out, to defy St. Michael and his storms, and to receive the witch-queen of the mountain with bumpers, if she should honour us with a visit.

I had heard of her before, and the conversation turning upon the extraordinary propensity of the peasantry in all countries to add to the natural troubles of their station by imaginary evils, I gave such details as occurred to me of the "Red Woman of Durrenstein." The stranger followed, but if his knowledge on other topics was striking, here it was unbounded. He poured out a ready heap of curious anecdote and incident of the mountain superstitions; some nearly monstrous of course, but some picturesque, and which would have been a treasure to the painter; and even some so like what we deem a power above nature,

yet within reality, a so subtle entwining of things that perplexed belief with facts easily comprehensible, and of no unusual occurrence, that we all listened with an interest which we probably should not have been ashamed to acknowledge in our most composed hours. But now, with the thunder rattling over the roof, St. Michael's night, the "bell then beating one," and the very palace of the she-sorcerer showing from our windows its wild battlements edged with perpetual lightnings, and, it must not be forgotten, with a dozen of excellent claret already discussed, we gave the homage of our ears to the man of legend, as if he were Simon Magus himself.

"Yet, after all," said he, with a smile round the listening circle, as he closed a story whose strange mixture of oddity and horror had fixed us in silent attention; "what is this passion for being vexed and made hypochondriac by fancy, but an additional proof of the original foolery of man? the only fool, by the by, that creation exhibits. Every other animal has the due quantum of understanding. The bustard that betrays itself by its booming, the ostrich that leaves its eggs in the sand; all that we are in the habit of charging with want of brains, have a sufficient object in their contrivances: even the ass is libelled. He knows what he is about infinitely better than hundreds of his riders, and if his natural taste be for thistles, and his back be made for blows and burthens, he has a much better claim to respect than many a showy personage, who for the glories of a ribbon or a place, is content to swallow the thistle and bear the blow and the burthen, without the excuse of nature."

This was plain speaking among so many chevaliers, with so many stars and crosses. But boldness, when it is seconded by truth, goes far; and we were too much in good-humour with ourselves to think of examining the point for the present. "But do you actually believe in those preternatural influences?" said the Frenchman, turning to some remark of mine.

"I feel like Plato," was my reply; "the more I think on such subjects, the less I am able to come to a decision."

"For my part," said the German, palpably a student of the Helvetius school, "what I cannot see, I cannot believe."

"Strange," interrupted the Italian. "How then can you answer the innumerable evidences of interposition among us; you, who have seen the winkings of the Madonna's eyes, the tears running down St. Catherine's cheeks, and the moving of the Magdalen's bosom?"

"Those affairs make an exception to my maxim," replied the German, "for those I have seen, and cannot believe."

"But now for your opinion," said I to the stranger.

"Why, then, if you will have it out, I side with the gentleman who has made the eye the judge. We have not got those faculties for the purpose of being led into absurdity by them. I do not believe that there is a word of truth in any legend of witchery, red, blue, or green, from Bohemia to Lapland.—But, ha! look there."

A broad blue stripe of flame darted through the crevice of the shutter, and rested on the opposite wall, throwing our candles into eclipse by its strong brilliancy, and what struck us as more singular still, giving a kind of motion to the figures of the fair dames and gallant knights that had, hitherto, lurked in the general dinginess of the court of the Emperor Charlemagne, on black paper, apparently as old as its theme.

The stranger was delighted with the sight, which he protested was

worth living even in a German Wirthhaus for a twelvemonth to see. And, certainly, when the first surprise allowed us to look *en philosophe*, at the phenomenon, nothing could be more attractive. It seemed a phantasmagoria of the most vivid kind, not the puzzled and misty light that makes our magic-lantern figures as hard to be traced as a hieroglyphic, and deserving of the lynx eyes of M. Champollion alone; but an intense and steady splendour, that actually rekindled the faded gilding and perished purple velvet of monarchs, plumed chevaliers, and dames of pride, beauty, and distended petticoats, glowing from hip to heel with every flower of the parterre, an embroidered paradise.

I glanced into the open air to ascertain from what meteor, or accidental firing of the woods, the light was produced. But, except an occasional flash of the exhausted and thinning cloud, darkness had resumed her "leaden sceptre o'er the drowsy world." The storm had been fairly tired out, and the grim coronal of Durrenstein was distinguishable only by the phosphoric glimmer of the torrent still tumbling down the front of the mountain.

I was suddenly recalled from my view by a general exclamation. Across the ceiling, which had hitherto looked as black as its pitch-pine rafters could have made it, the procession of knights and dames was again glittering, and in the rear of the procession moved a shape that we all with one voice pronounced to be the Red Woman of Durrenstein herself, or something worse, if our gallantry would allow us to conceive it invested in the female garb. The shape was covered from head to foot with a cloak of the most powerfully sanguine colour; but under the hood looked out a face, which, whether it was fact, or the heated fancy of gentlemen loving their wine "not wisely but too well," contained all the ingredients of hazard to hearts and heads. It was excessively lovely, but with a pair of wild and deep eyes, that gleamed like the very seats of unhappy mystery. She came glittering in prismatic beauty from the darkness, like the kings and magicians of Rembrandt, and grew upon us until the eye absolutely shrunk from her concentrated lustre.

The German exclaimed, that "Frauenhoffer himself would be puzzled to make such a magic lantern: he would lay ten to one on the point with any man."

The Italian said, that he "had seen nothing so bright since the last eruption of Vesuvius, nor so beautiful since the last illumination of St. Peter's."

The Frenchman was unnationally silent, and sat, with his eyes alternately turned on the vision and the stranger, who had leaned his head on the table, and who, but for a broken word now and then, I should have supposed to be asleep, in quiet contempt of our phantom.

But be it what it might, I found that it had made us all grave, and I proposed calling in the landlord, if he should be still out of bed, to tell us what he knew of the matter. The little hall was dark as the night itself, and while I was feeling my way, awkwardly enough, along the walls, my foot struck against a heavy human incumbrance towards the end of the passage, which a groan and a few exclamations of alarm told me was the valorous Herr Michael. I raised him up, and convincing him, with some difficulty, that I was not among the spectral visitors of his sins of innkeeping, I rather carried than led him in to our festal room, which, however, had now become as silent as any sepulchre in the Abbey of Molk. The Herr was a most reluctant witness, and nothing but the

most persevering cross examination could extort an idea from his intense solidity of skull.

He was evidently afraid of the disastrous reputation of keeping a ghostly house, which would have prohibited for ever the sale of the very considerable quantity of damaged Bavarian beer, that, mixed with Vienna brandy, made his staple. Not a peasant would have been guilty of the immorality of getting drunk under the roof of a landlord who had dealings with ghosts; and the result to the Herr Michael would, as he pathetically observed, "be worse than purgatory, inasmuch as masses, though they may take a man out of future fire, were never yet able to take him out of jail." At length he acknowledged that sights of the kind which had perplexed us, had made his life miserable every year since he taken this cursed "gasthaus;" that an anniversary storm, enough to tear the skies down, had attended certain sounds and appearances, of which he dreaded to speak, and of which, indeed, he knew "little more than that they generally made him incapable of examining at the time, or wishing to examine them at any time after, as long as he lived."

The spectre upon the ceiling had vanished into a faint gleam that barely shewed the outline. But no persuasion could induce the shuddering landlord to presume so much as to survey even this diminished majesty of terror. He stood leaning his huge bulk on his hands, his hands on the table, and his eyes invincibly shut. Farther inquiry was useless with a boor half dead with fright; and we unanimously voted his dismissal, which he accepted with great gratitude, imploring, in the humblest terms, that the subject of the night "should never be mentioned, as it could be mentioned only to his undoing."

As he was blindly turning away, piloting himself by his hands, he rather abruptly touched the stranger, who started on his feet with an angry interjection, and gazed round for the offender. But whatever might be his surprise, it could not have been superior to ours. Never did I see such a change in the human countenance in so short a period. Ten minutes before, when he laid his head on the table, he was one of the handsomest men that I had seen in Germany; in the vigour of life, with a peculiarly bright eye, a high-coloured cheek, every feature full of health; the whole physiognomy like that of a gallant and animated soldier, bronzed by campaigning. Yet, but for his sitting in the same seat, I could not possibly have known the man who now sent his ghastly glare upon us. His fine Italian eyes were hollow and dim; his colour was leaden; his cheek hollow and wrinkled; and when, in answer to the general inquiry, "whether he was ill?" which might have naturally occurred from his drenching in the torrent, he attempted to make some acknowledgment, the tremor and almost idiotic difficulty of his utterance were painful to the ear. Fifty years had passed over him in these fifteen minutes.

He tried to laugh off his embarrassment; but it would not do. His laugh was even more painful than his speech; and, after an effort equally violent and abortive to recover his ground, he sank back on his seat, and burst into tears. We now altogether decided on what must have been the cause of his illness, and entreated him to go to rest, or at least lie down on our cloaks before the fire. But he resisted our nursing with almost passionate obstinacy, contended that he never was better in his life, sang a popular *chanson* to prove his undiminished gaiety, and, after

this display, in a voice quivering and dissonant with weakness, he began to tell his stories of the court with laborious vivacity. But the charm was at an end; and though I, as the entertainer, kept my seat, my guests gave palpable symptoms of a wish to consult their pillows.

But the German, who led the way in those natural though ungracious signs of weariness, which have cut short the periods of many an orator, had scarcely accomplished his profoundest yawn, when our invalid, starting from his chair, begged that he might be permitted to caution "that gentleman, or any of us, who should be imprudent enough to think of sleeping before day, against the hazards of that night of 'all nights in the year.'"

Here was something for our curiosity, and we waited for the disclosure with undissembled impatience.

"You saw me, Sir, I believe," addressing himself to me, as the host, "under rather singular circumstances this evening, of which you probably can give a much better account than I can, for the whole passed before me rather like a dream than any thing else. I am in the military service of the King of Bavaria; and, during the summer furlough of my regiment, of which I am colonel, finding the heat of the lower country oppressive, I have been a great deal in the habit of shooting among the mountains. Last year, a little later in the season, I happened to be in this neighbourhood, which I found in great confusion, in consequence of some strange appearances, on this 29th of September, which were followed by not less strange results upon a hunting party of nobles, who had treated the popular belief on the subject with a too ostentatious contempt. Insanity was, in some instances, the unquestionable results. In others, a succession of eccentric notions of having lost valuable property, of having seen extraordinary displays of juggling, of having drank some medicated liquors, which long bewildered them—and so forth. In short, the peasantry were, as usual, full of histories of the preternatural vengeance taken on the scorners, and fuller than ever of the marvellous power of the Red Woman of Durrenstein.

"Hating superstition of all kinds, I was wise enough to attempt bringing the peasantry to reason; but as argument was soon hopeless, I pledged myself to be upon the spot of enchantment, the very centre of the witch's kingdom, on the next 29th day of September, and there in person to shew the absurdity of the whole story.

"I have now been in the mountains a week; the peasantry had general notice of my determination to outface the Lady of the Rock. Many an entreaty was made to me to relinquish the unhallowed hazard, and many a prayer followed me, when, in the sight of the population of a dozen villages, I set out this morning. The true time to reach the Durrenstein is midnight; but the storm drove me out of my covert to find shelter where best I could. Turning the base of the hill, I saw this wirthhaus; but the difficulties between rendered all hope of reaching it totally idle. I sat down under a projection of the rock, to linger until the storm should be past. While I was amusing the time by sketching the veins in a remarkably fine slab of coloured marble, out of the solid rock moved a figure. I know how severe a tax this must lay on belief; but I can only tell what I saw. There stood before me, as clearly and fully defined—in fact, as substantial as the figure of any gentleman round this table—that personage which, whether from heaven above, or from earth below, was the one that I had promised to meet and hold at defiance.

How I felt at the moment, I have no power to explain. I hope that, on all suitable occasions, I should not want nerve; but the sensation was less like any thing that I could call alarm, than a feeling of complete helplessness. In the perfect possession of my senses and my understanding, I yet found that the physical powers were extinguished—perfectly paralyzed; as if flesh and blood were not made to abide the presence of such a being. I sat gazing on her as she advanced. I could not have spoken, nor moved a muscle, for the crown of Austria. Her words were brief, and in a tone of singular mildness, yet which penetrated me like a cold weapon. She reproved me ‘for the haughly presumption which had doubted of her power, and declared, as a sign of her displeasure, that, when next I saw her, I should know that she was come for vengeance.’

“She vanished even while my eyes were fixed on her—the solid wall of rock received her, and she was gone. What was scarcely less surprising to me, was the sudden recovery of my limbs. Their past feebleness seemed to be made up for by supernatural strength: at all events, whether in the strength of frenzy or terror, I darted from the cavern, sprang the precipice, and swam the torrent—to any one of which no bribe of earth could have tempted me half an hour before. I here found the hospitality to which I acknowledge myself so deeply indebted; and I began to hope that the vision had been merely one of those fantasies that play on the mind, exhausted by the considerable fatigue that I had undergone since morning, and shaping the absurdities of superstition into reality.

“But the glare upon the wall of this chamber, seconded by a certain indescribable sensation as if danger were near—such a sensation as a blind man may experience who knows that he is treading on the edge of a gulph, without knowing on which side of him it lies—told me that the time of the visitation was come. The figure that passed over the ceiling decided the question. It was, in every feature, the one that I had seen come forth from the solid block of marble, which opened and closed, as if it had been a curtain shaken by the wind.”—He paused, and his wandering eye seemed involuntarily searching for the phenomenon. Then, with an effort to smile, he resumed:—

“If I have exhibited any perturbation, I trust that it was not unmanly, nor beyond the natural embarrassment of finding one’s-self in so peculiar a position. You will forgive me, I know, for my talking no more on this painful subject. I perhaps have already said more than I ought, when the very presence of this extraordinary being may be visible the next moment.”

His voice sank, and he sat in an attitude of the deepest dejection; his countenance grew yet more depressed than when it first shocked us, and I insisted on his trying to rest. We actually feared for the life of this interesting and unfortunate man, whether the victim of his own heated fancy, of fever, or of fact, still alike unfortunate and in danger.

As I assisted him to the door, he turned, and said, almost in a tone of despair, “If you should find me by to-morrow, gentlemen, under the circumstances to which I have alluded, deprived of my faculties, or even beyond all the sufferings that can depress the human heart, do me the justice to believe that I deeply thank you for your forbearance with my strange malady; and do me the farther justice to believe that I fell a victim to a desire of doing public service.—To you, Sir,” said he to me, “I leave the painful but friendly task of acquainting my relatives in

Bavaria with the event, though I wish that as few particulars of this unhappy night may be given as possible. Would that I had died as a soldier, in the service of my good and gallant king, and of my loved and honoured country !”

We all listened with profound deference, and promised.

At the door, a sudden thought flashed across him, and he stopped again. —“Gentlemen,” said he, “there is one thing that, in my confusion, I had forgot. I heard among the peasantry, that the only hope of escaping the wrath of this fatal being was remaining sleepless, at least until day-break. I leave you now only because I feel myself unfit for society ; but I shall try to resist sleep, unless that too be a part of the infliction. May I make it a solemn request, perhaps a dying one, that you will remain together till morning, or, if you should go to your chambers, that you will not suffer yourselves to be overtaken by sleep.”

He waved his hand with a graceful and sad farewell, and, led by me, tottered to the lowly recess, which was all the receptacle that the wirthshaus afforded on occasions of superfluous tenantry. Grave discussion of the whole story was occupying my guests when I returned. In the spirit of master of the board, I proposed a round of toasts to the better health of the Bavarian : the proposal was honoured, but we were not the merrier. At last the German, with a yawn deep as the North Sea, declared that he must go to bed, though fifty witches were waiting to carry him on their broomsticks over every hill in the empire. I combated the motion ; but sleep was in my eyes, contradicting my eloquence ; and my resistance only inspirited the Italian to let out a little of his secret soul, and scorn alike the wonders of earth, air, and friars. The Frenchman was asleep during the last half-hour, but, on being roused by the bitter sneer of the Italian, declared that the witch had very handsome eyes, the better in his estimation for being *un peu malins* ; and that a visit would be quite an adventure after his own heart. The hint of danger, in fact, made it an obligation on us to take our chance. The question was put and carried by a general yawn ; our last laugh was given to the nonsense of being kept out of our beds by the whims of an unlucky devil of a Bavarian, shaking in mind and body with the ague ; the simple sight of our beds was a resistless spell ; and, to judge by the universal snore that echoed from cell to cell in the first five minutes, my whole company were of the most ghost-defying description.

But the snore began to sound more distant in my ears. I was anxious to keep awake, if for no other reason than to assist the invalid during the night. But nature said otherwise. I tossed and turned—walked about my chamber—broke my shins against bed-posts, chairs, and the crazy table—sat down to think what I should do next to rub the poppies from my sensorium—and, in the act of discovering an infallible contrivance for keeping awake for ever, dropped back on my pillow, and was, as the bards of the almanacks say, instantly lulled in the feathery arms of Morpheus.

My sleep was, like that of every man who finishes his day in the jovial style of mine, crowded with dreams, and every dream was, of course, a new version of the tale of the day. The Red Woman was flying about me, over me, with me, frowning, howling, fixing her flame-coloured fangs in my throat, and drying up my circulation with her intense eyes. At last the struggle broke my sleep. The Red Woman herself was standing before me !—I never remember to have been so thoroughly

overpowered.—I could not breathe.—My pulses were dead ; my limbs were stiffened into stone. The sight had paralyzed me as it had the unfortunate colonel. The phantom stalked slowly through the chamber. I saw her lay her hand on the table, which returned a pale gleam. She approached the pillow, and leaned over me. I was looking full at her. She started back ; waved her hand in solemn adjuration ; and with a low and ominous moan walked through the stone wall.

Whether I continued awake after this, or fell into a doze, I cannot tell to this day. But I still could not have stirred, from the singular dizziness of my brain, and the feebleness of my limbs. At length a confused sound, and a broad burst of light completely roused me. I thought that the catastrophe was come, whether it was to be insanity or extinction ; and bracing up my lost fortitude, determined, if I must perish, to leave behind no ground for suspicion that I had perished like a craven. On throwing open my shutters, I was rejoiced to find that the glare was from the sun, then not far from his "meridian tour." The sounds were still to be accounted for, and they grew more unaccountable every instant, a chaos of exclamations, rage, imprecations, and laughter.—I heard tables rolled about, chairs dashed against the wall, the old windows crashing in all quarters. I was beginning to doubt whether the witch's vengeance had not already fallen on the sleepers, or whether the frenzy was my own. I at length opened my door—the passage was full of broken furniture, in the midst of which stood the Italian in violent fits of laughter. The German was forcing his heavy frame across a bar that held one-half of his door fast, the other half he had contrived to tear down. The Frenchman was still barred in his dungeon, which he was belabouring on all sides with a poker ; and venting his fury in screams, roars, and imprecations, on the hand that had thus encroached on his natural liberty.

The Italian's laughter was contagious, and I joined him by the strength of sympathy, to the increased displeasure, as I was sorry to see, of the honest German, who grumbled something about "a couple of fools." But as I appeared to pay more attention to the remark than under the circumstances it perhaps deserved, my bulky friend recovered his temper, and with the face of a Diogenes, in jest, asked me "What o'clock it was?" I felt for my repeater.—It was gone.—"I must have left it in my chamber."—It was not there. My repeater was not the only absentee.—My purse, my pistols, my valise, my boots, my whole wardrobe, were gone along with it.

Every man of the party was in the same condition. The accident of sleeping in our clothes alone prevented us from being stark naked. I roared for the landlord. He was "deaf or dead," no answer came. I darted down stairs, every door was bolted and barred as firmly as if it were midnight. I thought of my invalid—he too was "deaf or dead" when I knocked. On second thoughts I kicked the door open.—The bird was flown.—The Red Woman had robbed us all.—There was not a florin, a brooch, a ring, a snuff-box, or a second shirt in our whole *coterie*.—The spoliation had been managed with matchless dexterity.—We might be thankful that it had pleased the Red Woman to let us keep our skins.

To make the *dénouement* more palatable, the story spread over the neighbourhood with a rapidity worthy of the Red Woman herself, and while we were considering how we should exist for the day, crowds came pouring about the house, and honouring each of us that appeared at the

window with roars of merriment. As the tale spread, the neighbouring nobles came in to enjoy their share of the amusement, and in our dismantled condition we were thus compelled to run the gauntlet of laughing condolence and burlesque compliment on our sagacity, from fair ladies and magnificent lords, who had seen us flourishing away among the circles of Vienna.

A year after, as I was on a mission to inspect the fortresses along our Rhenish boundary, I was struck with a familiar face among the prisoners working at Ehrenbreitstein. The fellow turned away; but I had marked my man, and on the bell's tolling for the close of their work, I accosted my old acquaintance, the Herr Michael Squeezegelt.

He had one surviving virtue, candour in great abundance, and when I had satisfied him that his story should not diminish his rations nor increase his chains, he was willing to let me have every secret of his soul. I, however, confined my curiosity to the "Red Woman," and her victim.

"That fellow," said the Herr, "was the cause of my ruin. He and I became acquainted in the course of the war, in which he had deserted from the Archduke's army the night before he was to be hanged as a French spy, and deserted from Napoleon's army the night before he was to be hanged as an Austrian one. He was a clever knave, however, and as trade was low at the Gasthaus, I found him now and then useful to bring it up by a little smuggling, a little gambling, and, I am afraid, by a little tax-gathering among the gentlemen who came to see the beauties of the country."

"But the Red Woman, the lights, the procession on the walls and ceiling—what were these? juggling?"

"My comrade had been twenty things after his escape from the gallows, for it is hard, in these times, for a man with but one trade to live. Among his talents was firework-making, and he could do what he pleased with figures and lights of all kinds. His equal never sent up a rocket from the Prater. I had overheard you, some days before, asking questions about the Durrenstein and the odd lights that every ploughman in Lower Austria is ready to swear to. I had laid a little plan to raise a trifle on you myself out of the story. But the coming of the whole party in the storm, made me give up my own idea for Signior Ignatio Trombone, which was to take in the entire company. His appearances and disappearances on the mountain, his sudden illness, for which he painted his face as it was lying on the table, and a couple of bottles of my best prepared claret put in the place of yours, when the palate could not have distinguished brandy from beer, put you all in the proper state. His recommendation that no one who was afraid should go to bed, would, he knew, only make gentlemen, particularly when heated by wine, the surer to defy the consequences; and, at all events, he knew that his opium would do its business. The signior played the Red Woman in person, and startled as he was by finding you broad awake, he contrived to go through the affair in a tolerably complete style."

The fellow could not help laughing at the feat, and I own that I could not help joining him.

"But you ran away and left your trade to shift for itself?" said I.

"It had done that long before," was the answer. "I was on the point of running away the week you came to the house, but you paid handsomely, and I waited for something to turn up worth making a

grand exit. The plunder of the company on St. Michael's night, was a grand prize in the lottery, and with it the signior and I took our leave of the Durrenstein."

"But where is the signior now?"

"He robbed me as we were passing the frontier. I swore I would give him up to justice. He knew that I was a man to make my words good, and, accordingly, he lost no time, but brought a pair of police officers to my bed-side; I saw him receive the reward for my caption, and walk off free as air, while I was sent to dig in these ditches. The last I heard of the signior was, that he had set up a *rouge et noir* table, a coach, and an opera box in Paris; though which of us will be hanged before the other, not even the Red Woman would be able to tell. But here comes the guard—and now for clean straw, horse-bean soup, and duck-weed water."

#### THE FORSAKEN HEARTH.

"And still the green is bright with flowers;  
And dancing through the sunny hours,  
Like blossoms from enchanted bowers  
On a sudden waited by,  
Obedient to the changeful air,  
And proudly feeling they are fair,  
Glide bird and butterfly:  
But where is the tiny hunter-rout,  
That revelled on with dance and shout,  
Against their airy prey?"—WILSON.

THE Hearth, the Hearth is desolate—the fire is quenched and gone,  
That into happy children's eyes once brightly laughing shone;  
The place where mirth and music met is hushed through day and night;  
Oh! for one kind, one sunny face, of all that here made light!

But scattered are those pleasant smiles afar by mount and shore,  
Like gleaming waters from one spring dispersed to meet no more;  
Those kindred eyes reflect not now each other's grief or mirth,  
Unbound is that sweet wreath of home—alas! the lonely Hearth!

The voices that have mingled here now speak another tongue,  
Or breathe, perchance, to alien ears the songs their mother sung;  
Sad, strangely sad, in stranger lands, must sound each household tone—  
The Hearth, the Hearth is desolate—the bright fire quenched and gone!

But *are* they speaking, singing yet, as in their days of glee?  
Those voices, are they lovely still? still sweet on land or sea?  
Oh! some are hushed, and some are changed—and never shall one strain  
Blend their fraternal cadences triumphantly again!

And of the hearts that here were linked by long-remembered years,  
Alas! the brother knows not now where fall the sister's tears!  
One haply revels at the feast, while one may droop alone;  
For broken is the household chain—the bright fire quenched and gone!

Not so!—'tis *not* a broken chain—thy memory binds them still,  
Thou holy Hearth of other days, though silent now and chill!  
The smiles, the tears, the rites beheld by thine attesting stone,  
Have yet a living power to mark thy children for thine own.

The father's voice—the mother's prayer—though called from earth away—  
With music rising from the dead, their spirits yet shall sway;  
And by the past, and by the grave, the parted yet are one,  
Though the loved Hearth be desolate, the bright fire quenched and gone.

F. H.

## NOTES FOR THE MONTH.

THE prorogation (at last) of both Houses of Parliament, on the 28th of July, has left the landowners at liberty to look to the getting-in of their harvest, and the lawyers to attend their no less profitable "duties" on the autumn circuit. The event, too, has been a grateful one to the editors of the newspapers; who, towards the end of every session, begin to be 'a weary' of the dense dark column, and to cry with Macbeth, "Bring me no more reports—let them fly all!" And to the Parliamentary reporters it is deliverance from the land of Egypt!—who, even from the 1st of May, regularly curse Mr. Hume a hundred and fifty times a night, and threaten physical force upon the uprisings of Dr. Lushington, or Sir James Mackintosh.\*

The session, although lengthy, has been more marked in the devisial of business than the disposal of it. One of the measures to which the country looked with the most anxiety—Lord Wharncliffe's Game Bill—was lost. The Currency question does not appear to be yet finally settled, and a report exists that Mr. Peel will resign his office upon it—a report which, it is hardly necessary to say, we trust is without foundation; since the loss of Mr. Peel's services at the present moment would be a matter of infinite disadvantage to the country. And the deliberations of the Finance Committee, of Mr. Brougham's Commission on the State of the Law, and the Committee of Police, will not be in a shape for consideration (at the earliest) before next year.

In the mean time, the address from the throne, which accompanied the prorogation, though satisfactory as far as it goes, contains little intelligence that is conclusive or material. In fact, upon foreign affairs, it was scarcely possible that any information could be communicated of a definite character. The clouds that arose six months since in our political horizon, have not burst; nor, on the other hand, are they dissipated. Nothing has occurred materially to increase the chance of a continental war; nor any thing to diminish the hazard or possibility of it. Russia, in spite of some sharp fighting, and a threat of the plague, on the part of the Turks, is advancing, steadily, and not very slowly, in the direction of Constantinople. The King of England's speech formally recognizes these hostilities, as "undertaken by Russia, on her own account, and on grounds unconnected with the Treaty of July, 1827." In a few weeks more, the Porte, which already seems inclining to a belief that insolence is not strength, will be contented, by abandoning all her claims on Greece, to purchase the aid or the mediation of the European powers. And, whether, when this interference appears, the Russian monarch will be content to retire from his conquest, upon such indemnity as France, and Austria, and England may think it safe to award him, is the point upon which the question of peace or war must turn:—which

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\* There are particular speakers in the House of Commons who are always unpopular in "the gallery;" and among these, especially, are Sir James Mackintosh and Dr. Lushington. Mr. Hume is an awful bugbear towards the close of an evening; but there is a practical purpose in what he says, and he is not "classical"—he does not declaim! But the right hon. ex-judge, and the learned civilian, when *they* rise, "leave hope behind." For, from the first, you may make sure of a "set speech," no matter what the occasion is, or what the subject. And the last, though irregular enough in his style, has only to be entrusted with a coal tax petition, and out there inevitably rushes a gurgling torrent at the length of twenty minutes, about every topic, and upon every question, but that before the House.

point is just as far from being concluded as it was before the first Cossack crossed the Turkish frontier.

Apart from the unsettled aspect of the East, there seems little else in the state of foreign politics that should disturb us. The Portuguese contest, for instance, notwithstanding the interest which a peculiar party is endeavouring to give to it, we must be deprived of reason to think of taking any part in. The real motive, and the only competent justification, of our undertaking the cost of sending troops two years ago to Portugal, was the threatened interference of Spain in Portuguese interests and affairs, while Spain herself was governed by the armies of our rival, France. That cause of interposition has now ceased. Civil dissensions will at present, under any government, continue to agitate Portugal; and, at some period or other, a revolution—sweeping away not this or the other particular monarch, but the whole existing political and religious system of the country—will terminate the contest: but that æra, we are afraid, is still distant; and certain it is that any British minister would merit to be impeached who should propose to lay out one shilling in hastening its progress. For the present, at least, the constitutional question is over. Don Pedro may endeavour to make an effort to enforce what he calls his “title”—that is, to regain possession of Portugal—and to continue to rule it by a regency from Brazil;—but he has no means (of his own power) of bringing half a regiment into the field for such a purpose; and, if he had, the question is one with which we have nothing at all to do. There is no public principle, nor any political consideration, which should prevent us from recognizing Don Miguel (if it suits our purpose to do so) to-morrow. If it was possible for the South American colonies to declare themselves independent of the old states of Europe, surely, *à fortiori*, it is competent to those states to hold themselves independent of their heretofore colonies? The course, however, of England in the affair is easy and plain. We have no title whatever, nor any interest, to interfere in the contest. We should continue our communications with the *de facto* government of Portugal—whatever it may be—as far as they are necessary for our convenience, as long as the struggle exists, and feel no scruple in “acknowledging” the victorious party at its conclusion.

From foreign policy, turning to domestic affairs, the first subject, of course, that presents itself for discussion, is—“The state of Ireland.” There is plenty of choice in the topic: turn which way we will, some variety of it occurs: “Irish distresses,” and “Irish rights,” and Irish cant, and Irish bluster; with, pretty nearly on all sides, Irish disposition to do mischief, whenever the opportunity may present itself of attempting it with success.

We are not disposed to exhaust the patience of our readers upon a subject, on which, in spite of themselves, they have already been forced to hear too much; especially as the suggestion of any safe or useful policy with reference to it, seems to become every day more impracticable. Our personal support has been given, firmly and uniformly, to the policy of Concession: but there are concessions which it is impossible to grant, and a tone of demand which no government, that means to be a government, can dare to listen to. The direct avowal of the Catholic body, through the medium of their “Association,” is now—not that the Catholics must have “Emancipation,” but “that the terms which have been asked for under the title of Emancipation *will not do*.” “The

people," we are told, "are organized; the weakness of England is their sure ally; and nothing short of full equal rights and powers with Protestants, a change of the Irish Church establishment, a repeal of the Act of Union, and a separate Legislature, shall content them!" Now, passing over the question—and our own answer to it, we avow, would be in the negative—Whether these are concessions which England ought to make? it is perfectly certain that there is no one of them, which, without a physical struggle, *she ever will make*. And the point then arises, which the opponents of Catholic claims generally (we are compelled to do them this justice) have constantly desired to stand upon:—"If we *must have a contest in the end*, is it not idiocy to be giving additional powers to the party that we shall have to contend with?"

Now there may be doubts as to the conclusiveness of this proposition, but there can be none as to its very considerable truth and force; and, unfortunately, almost every fresh act done by the Catholics is a matter of triumph to the party by which it is maintained. The language of the Catholics now, is precisely that which their antagonists have uniformly declared it would be: that which we *have done* for them is held up—and vauntingly and insolently held up—as a cause why we should be compelled to do still more. We are told, and in words of menace and contempt, by the very people who now pay a voluntary tax to forward the objects of riot and sedition, and who not five years since were asking for charity to preserve them from starvation at our door, that "*we stand committed* by what we have yielded already, and have lost the power now of refusing whatever they may demand." That we should have kept the Catholics of Ireland poor and degraded when we had them so: that our error has been in allowing them to acquire wealth and reputation: that we ought to have upheld the penal statutes, which kept them in exile, and moral and physical prostration: in short, that, unless we meant to make them our equals (or our masters), we should have kept them in the position of our slaves.

The policy then properly applicable to every question, must change with any change of aspect which that question may assume; and there can be little doubt that the events of the last six months have weakened the hopes of the supporters of Catholic conciliation very considerably.

The demand of "equality," as a matter of necessary right, in any case, is trash: the servant might assert it against his master; the very dog against the hand that feeds him: a little more brawl and babble about "equality," and the Catholic cause, for the next quarter of a century, is irrecoverably gone. As the cause stands, it has suffered mischief, and material mischief. The Irish members in the House of Commons may still vote for it; some from love—the greater part, from fear. The ultra Whigs may give it their support, because they fancy their political characters pledged to it; and they will judge no great mischief can ensue from the vote, if it is not likely to be carried. But the independent members, whose opinions were favourable to catholic conciliation, because they believed that Ireland would be satisfied with those concessions which England could afford to grant; these friends need but a little more to fall from the cause rapidly; and out of Parliament, they are already, we are much afraid, falling off in all directions. Under such circumstances, the duty of a government must necessarily be difficult; but the intentions of the present ministry—as far as it is possible to form an opinion of them—seem to be pretty nearly these:—They will

concede (unless on good securities) *nothing*: irritate as little as possible: look to the gradual progress of civilization and education for improvement in the dispositions of the Irish people: and, in the event of an insurrection bursting out—be prepared to dispose of it.

*The Thames Tunnel.*—An evening paper contains the following paragraph. It appears that this highly-ingenuous and perfectly-useless undertaking is at last (as we always predicted it must be) abandoned:—

“The Thames Tunnel is now entirely at a stand. A brick wall has been completed at the farther extremity of the excavation, which, being made water-tight, prevents any water oozing in in that part, and also does away with the fear entertained, that, if left in its unfinished state, another break-in of the river might be the consequence. The water the Tunnel *makes* (if we may use the expression) at present is very trifling, and the whole of the interior is as firm as before any accident happened. The workmen, with the exception of a very few hands who are employed in thoroughly removing every appearance of the late disaster, have been discharged; and even the few now at work will in another week no longer be needed. Public curiosity appears to have slackened in a great measure, as the number of visitors to inspect this wonderful attempt of art is now very limited; and, from the slowness with which money is collected for its completion, the undertaking would appear to have completely slipped the recollection of the public. Notwithstanding the appeals made, and the time that has elapsed since the new plan was first proposed and adopted, little more than a tenth part of the sum required to finish the work has been got together. We understand that it has been proposed, in the event of the sum of 100,000*l.* being raised, to commence working from the other side of the Thames as far as they can go; and, in case of the water breaking in, as they approach the dangerous part, which is the centre of the river, building up a similar wall to that now placed at the end of the present works, and afterwards completing the centre by means of the coffer-dam.”

The Report of the Parliamentary Committee on Police, &c., has found its way, by fragments, into circulation, and various opinions are put forth, as to its importance or utility. We are not ourselves disposed to consider a subject of so much moment upon partial or uncertain information; but, if the fact be, as we find it stated in some respectable quarters, that the Committee has bestowed great labour upon taking evidence as to the “detail and machinery” of crime, its researches on that head, we suspect, are likely to prove more curious than practically beneficial. The origin of crime, in London and its vicinity (we speak here of crimes against property) needs very little witchcraft in the way of discovery. It is not distress; for the lower classes are well paid, and the *thieves* are never distressed people: it is the desire of a certain number of individuals always to consume more of beef steak and brandy than they have the means legitimately of earning; and, instead of being idle one or two days in the seven, to pass the week in leisure and dissipation altogether.

We are afraid that this disposition, to be dealt with effectually, must be met by a change in the system of our criminal punishment, rather than in that of our police. Preventive measures will never do a great deal in a country constituted as ours is: the thieves will always outnumber and outwatch the thief takers, and, for the question of force, our police has physical strength enough to do all that the law will at present allow it to do (and more). The desideratum is some means by which we can render thieving a *less prosperous trade*, and thus deter a larger portion of the community from engaging in it; and, still more, by which we can *clear the country of our rogues*, after we have suffered

by, taken, and convicted them. A very few words will be sufficient here to explain our meaning. As the law and the punishment system stand, what between the difficulty of finding a thief after he has committed a robbery; the dislike of parties to undertake the expense and trouble of prosecuting; the uncertainty, where prosecution occurs, of making a case out in evidence; and the legal quibbles which seem left in our law purposely, to enable the culprit, when all other chances are against him, to get off: taking into consideration all these hindrances, we speak certainly within very guarded limits, when we say not one offence in six ever becomes the subject of discovery, trial, and conviction. But this is not the worst—the greatest evil is, that, of every ten men convicted in England, nine are speedily turned out to prey upon society again. Full one-half of the criminals tried at every sessions and assizes, consist of men who have been tried, and convicted (very often only in the preceding session) of offences before! The slightest attention to those cases in which offenders suffer the last punishment of the law (when the details of their lives generally come out) will shew that this estimate is not overrated.\* We sentence one man—a confirmed and notorious pickpocket—to twelve months' imprisonment in Bridewell. A shop lifter is sent to the hulks—from which he is probably liberated at the end of a couple of years. A horse stealer is sentenced to transportation for life, but escapes probably with a limited term of confinement. A case hardly occurs—except in the instance of forgery—of a man being hanged, who has not been capitally convicted four or five times.

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“EXECUTION.—On Thursday morning *Thomas Pring*, who was convicted of three burglaries at the last assizes, was executed at Bodmin, pursuant to his sentence. From the time of his conviction the unfortunate young man behaved in a manner becoming his situation, and met his unhappy fate with resignation and fortitude. At an early hour of the morning he was visited by the chaplain of the gaol, and attended divine service and received the sacrament in the chapel, with much apparent devotion. About half-past ten o'clock he ascended the platform with firmness; and after remaining a short time in prayer with the clergyman the drop fell, and his sufferings terminated after a few struggles. According to a statement made by him to the chaplain of the prison, he was about twenty-one years of age at the time of his execution. When he was about five years of age, his father, who lived at Stokeclimsland, was found guilty of stealing cattle, and was sentenced to be transported. His mother died when he was seven years of age, and he was bound apprentice, by the parish officers, to a farmer. He eloped frequently, and was, in his youth, more than once an inmate of Bodmin prison, for leaving his master, robbing orchards, gardens, &c. During one of his rambles, he robbed Mr. Mill's dairy of some butter, for which he was convicted and sentenced to be transported for seven years; but being sent to the Penitentiary at Milbank, he conducted himself so well there, that he was discharged in February last. In passing from Devonport, where he had been sent from the Penitentiary, he broke into a house, and stole a few shillings. In the early part of March, he went towards Truro, to seek for work, and on his way broke into a house near the Indian Queens, from which he stole six teaspoons and other articles. He lived with Mr. Peters, of St. Clements, for a few weeks, when he left, and afterwards returned and broke into the house. For this offence he was committed to Bodmin gaol, where he robbed a fellow prisoner, and was, in consequence, confined in a solitary cell, out of which he broke. He tried to catch a horse in a field near the prison, but not being able to do so, he broke into a stable, stole a horse, on which he rode to the Jamaica Inn, and broke into it in order to get some clothes to conceal his prison dress. He then rode to another public-house, which he also broke into, and drank liquor until nearly intoxicated. He then rode to the house of his old prosecutor, Mr. Mill, which he entered and carried off a variety of articles, with a bottle of spirits. He then entered an orchard, drank until he became intoxicated, and fell asleep. He slept several hours, and was awakened by the constable and three other persons, who took him into custody, and conveyed him back to the gaol from which he had escaped a short time before.”

Now the root of this mischief lies in the expensiveness to the country of the punishment of transportation beyond seas. We let the rat loose after we have caught him, because we don't care to put him to death, and it is too much trouble the carrying him to a distance. And, if there were no other resource than that of incurring this heavy charge, or of substituting capital punishment freely for transportation, we must let things remain as they are; but a scheme has been proposed by which convicts transported might be made to pay their own expenses, and, without assuming to decide in this place upon its practicability, we are certain that it is a question which ought to be inquired into. It is matter of notoriety, that the demand for convict labour, both in Australia and Van Diemen's Land, is intense. The heaviest misfortune that could befall the residents in these colonies, would be that the people of Great Britain should all become honest. The very caterpillars that prey upon society in this country, become, by their mere change of place, active and valuable subjects on the other side the hemisphere; applications are made to the authorities for their services, long before they reach their new country; and the general demand for them is not only constant, but far greater than it is possible to satisfy. Under such circumstances is it difficult to doubt, looking to the high wages obtained by free workmen, in these countries, and the demand already described for the services of transports, that a vast deal, if not the whole, of that valuable labour which is now given gratuitously by government, might be sold? and notwithstanding some alleged difficulties in the details, we have yet heard no perfectly satisfactory reason alleged why it should not be so. The same parties who now contend so actively for the possession of convict labourers—and with reason, for to such men the meat, drink, and clothes that they furnish, does not amount to one-third of the wages that they must pay to a free labourer—such employers would gladly pay to government a moderate premium for the services of each individual; and a tax of only *two shillings per week* received on the hire of each convict, would, in four years, more than pay all the charge of his transportation.

We know that one objection taken to this plan has been, that it would lead to abuse. That culprits transported from this country for robbery, and carrying with them (as it frequently happens) a considerable booty, would be taken on hire by some previously liberated associate, and live in a condition of ease and idleness, instead of suffering punishment. But besides the difficulty which might be thrown in the way of these arrangements by the practice of disposing of the labourers by lot, the fact is, that already the man who carries about him a stock of money, will live at his ease in Botany Bay—as he would every where else! The settler, to whom such a person may be allotted, wants nothing of him but his labour; and as long as he will pay that settler the hire of a free servant, he may enjoy his leisure, and his liberty, and welcome, for the free workman is of course more valuable than himself. This objection, therefore, which, at first sight, appears considerable, dwindles almost to nothing in importance upon closer consideration, and we confess we have not heard any other which is capable in the slightest degree of being maintained.

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At any rate, we think it is much to be desired that the attention of a Committee of the House of Commons were addressed to this particular subject. No system can be devised that will be wholly free from objec-

tion ; but we strongly believe that the more free use of the punishment of transportation would be beneficial to the parties immediately concerned as well as to the public. We say this in perfect seriousness. Judges are not—nor are lawgivers—much gulled by the doctrine of “reformation.” They know that there is no reformation for a thief after the second offence ; scarcely ever after the first. Such a man cannot reform—he cannot recover his character, and with it his only means of livelihood—in this country, if he would ; and, with his old associates about him (tempted on by the mere fact of his escape), he would not if he could. The only true cause of the comparative disuse of the punishment of transportation is its expensiveness ; and that difficulty, the system which we have recommended, if found practicable, would remove. For the notion which has got abroad that thieves are mightily pleased with such a sentence—we would venture for once to give them the benefit of their liking : but, in plain terms, we doubt the fact. We believe that the fondness for a sentence of transportation occurs chiefly when it comes (as it commonly now does) in the shape of a reprieve from the sentence of death ; but, if it be so peculiarly agreeable as is assumed, our argument is strengthened—it is rather hard that only the most desperate culprits should be selected to enjoy the advantages of it.”

The *Examiner* of last Sunday says—“A person who has taken the pains to ascertain the fact, states that, of the persons who entered a celebrated *gin-shop* in Westminster within a given time, the women were in the proportion of nineteen to one man,”—Lackington, the bookseller, observes, in his *Autobiography*, on the authority of Wesley the preacher, “that more women are converted to *methodism* than men.”

The following paragraph from the *Bucks' Gazette*, has been making the round of the London papers :—

“*Windsor Castle*.—It is now ascertained that it will be impossible to get the Castle in a sufficient state of forwardness to enable his Majesty to dine there with any thing like comfort on the 12th. It is expected, therefore, that his Majesty will entertain a splendid dinner party at Virginia Water on his birth-day.—The brass guns, which have hitherto stood in front of Cumberland-lodge, will be forthwith removed to the battery lately erected at the Belvedere, opposite the Chinese-house.—Within a few days a new opening to the terrace has been made, contiguous to the Store Tower, and, *judging from the spirit with which it has been commenced*, many more days will not be required for its completion. The new gate, which is to be of open iron work, will in future, therefore present from the Castle-yard a splendid view of *some portion of that delightful scenery, which, heretofore, could only be seen one day in the week from the Terrace*.—In addition to raising the Round Tower, which is being commenced, we hear that it is in contemplation to form a *magnificent collection of pictures*, to be called the Waterloo Gallery, and as there is not any accommodation for such a collection, it is presumed that a new gallery will be forthwith erected for that purpose. Should it be found practicable to carry this desirable object into effect, it is, we understand, his Majesty's intention to throw the new gallery open to the public. In furtherance of this plan, purchases have been already made to the amount of between 30,000*l.* and 40,000*l.*—In order to prevent interruption to the workmen employed in the improvements at the Castle, the public are still rigidly excluded ; no one being admitted except the members of the Royal Family and the visitors at the Royal Lodge.—It is but justice to state, and we do it with the sincerest pleasure, that Mr. Wyatville has *very kindly interceded and used his best exertions to obtain for the public admission to the New Grand Terrace* ; objections on this head, however, are supposed to be still entertained in a high quarter.”

We have always resisted, as a mistake, as well as rather a cockney piece of insolence, the claim, as a right, on the part of the public, of access to the palaces or mansions of the crown. Such a doctrine has always seemed to us to involve a good deal of mean feeling, as well as of obtrusive impudence. The Sovereign has the same right to the privacy of his palace that a simple tradesman has to that of his dwelling-house. The paltry fact of its being built with what is called "the public money," makes no difference in the case. The seats of many of the noblest families in the country have been built or purchased with the "public money;" that is, with money most fitly and politicly granted to them for services that they have performed; but the "public" has never yet been held to possess any "right of entry" to such edifices; and a good many of the owners, we suspect, would be inclined to restore them to the public, if any such right could be made out. But, on the other hand, there is something horribly offensive in the contents of this Windsor paragraph; something very humble, and yet very craving; very disgraceful to all real English heart and feeling, and likely to be a tit-bit for the columns of an American newspaper. The deep admiration of the writer at the "*spirit*" with which a hole has been broken through the store-house wall, to make an additional opening to the terrace! And the joyous anticipation of seeing, *through* "the new gate," which is to be built of "open iron-work," some portion of that "delightful scenery" all the week, which he has hitherto only been allowed to contemplate on a Sunday! This is all base, and mean, and hungering; and, what is basest of all, hungering after luxury: an honest man would go without "scenery" for ever, rather than purchase it on such terms. The suggested purchases "to the amount of 30,000*l.* or 40,000*l.*" for the "Waterloo Gallery" of pictures, we rather hope exist only in the writer's heated imagination, or, at least, that such an outlay is not to be made at the national expense; because his Majesty, we believe, already possesses as many pictures as he can well dispose of for his private entertainment; and an expenditure of 40,000*l.* to fit up a new picture gallery at Windsor Castle would sound almost like extravagance, when we are dismissing twenty inferior clerks to save 2000*l.* a year. The last four lines of the nonsense, however, contain the crowning morsel! The protecting "*exertions*"—we are really overpowered with the thought!—the kind "*mediation*" of the excellent architect!—the "*intercessions*" of "Mr. Wyattville," the builder, on behalf of the British nation! It is impossible not to be moved by the beneficent interference of this excellent gentleman, in favour of the whole of the inhabitants of England, Scotland, and Ireland—not to speak of the natives of Berwick-upon-Tweed, and the people that drop in occasionally from India and the colonies! to obtain "admission" for them to the "New Grand Terrace," and to remove the "objections entertained in a high quarter" to their enjoyment of so much indulgence! But the thing really passes a joke, and rises into the pathetic. The British public indulged at the "*intercession*" of Mr. Wyattville! What an intellect must the man have who could imagine that even a suggestion offered on such a subject and from such a quarter could be listened to, and what a heart, if he could consent—were an advantage offered to him so obtained—to accept it! We owe the justice to Mr. Wyattville to believe that he has in no way authorized this monstrous hanging-up of his own name to ridicule. It is as impossible that he should have desired to have it supposed that

he was mad enough to offer his mediation upon a question of public arrangement to the King of England, as that his Majesty personally should have failed to expire with laughter, had any such "kind intercession" been proposed. But country news-papers are read by a large class of persons whose means of information are limited; and, to suffer a paragraph like this to pass without notice, might lead to a belief that it was possible for persons of decent feeling to read it without contempt.

The Hackney-coach proprietors of the metropolis, who have, for some time past, found their trade, more than their vehicles, upon the "go," have held a meeting at the sign of the "Hercules' Pillars," in Great Queen Street, to receive the report of a petition laid before the Lords of the Treasury, against their opponents, the "cabriolet" drivers, and to consider of farther measures for obtaining what they call "fare" play. The owner of the coach "No. 1" of all England was called to the chair; and, mixed up with a good deal of erroneous philosophy, the parties seemed most of them to have some glimmerings as to the real causes of their ill condition.

The petition presented to the Lords of the Treasury, prayed, that, for the relief of the suffering hackney-coach proprietors, an act might be passed, as nearly as we can collect, to the following effect:—1st. That the fares of the hackney-coaches should be reduced by the sum of two-pence per mile.—2d. That all *drivers* should be compelled to have licences.—3d. That stage-coaches should be prevented from taking up or setting down passengers *in the streets*; and that all "branch coaches" (coaches which the stage proprietors send round town to collect passengers from their different booking-offices) should be stopped.—And, 4th. that "plates" should be made transferrable, from coaches to cabriolets, and *vice versâ*, at the pleasure of the holder.

Now the petition of the hackney-coachman, even although we can only agree in the propriety of a portion of it, deserved a better reception than the reply from the Lords of the Treasury, that, "after due consideration, they did not deem it expedient that its suggestions should be adopted." The third and fourth clauses—those curtailing the privileges of the stage-coaches—are wholly inadmissible. It is true that a change is wanted in the arrangement; but it is a change the other way; and the increased and increasing extent of London on every side, renders it disgraceful to the controllers of our police that the restrictions upon "short stages," as they are called, have not long since been removed altogether. Upon what principle is it that an individual, whose business happens to call him from Oxford-street to Blackfriars, or from Charing Cross to the Bank, when a conveyance as good as he desires for the distance can be supplied to him for nine-pence, should be compelled to use one which costs half-a-crown or three shillings? Why must such a person be compelled to walk on foot, through the heat of July, or the rain and mud of February and December, merely because he cannot afford to pay three shillings for a ride, which a hundred traders (but for the prohibition of the law) would be glad to furnish him for one? Here is no duty paid to the state; no supply carried to the public revenue; which a man may be consoled for having contributed even in an objectionable shape; because, if he had not paid it in that form, he must have paid it in some other. The tax is merely imposed for the benefit of our friends, the "hackney-coachmen," who have no earthly title to inflict any such penalty upon the public; and, whom in fact, it does *not serve* when all

is done—for the law does not *enable* a man to pay three shillings, when it forbids him to purchase at one shilling ; and the consequence is that he pays neither—he goes without the convenience.

The second request—the stoppage of the “ branch coaches ”—though a point of less importance, stands upon the same principle. In this case, no objection would arise on the part of the “ proprietary.” The stage-coach masters, who *charge* nothing for this collection of their customers, have adopted it only to meet competition in their own trade, and would be sufficiently contented with a law which should prohibit the practice generally. But then there is no reason why a traveller, who is about to pay—thanks to an open trade, and the most profitable disposition of capital and power—only thirty shillings for his conveyance from London to Liverpool, should be compelled to pay five shillings for his conveyance, a fiftieth part of the distance, from Marylebone to the “ Swan with Two Necks,” or the “ Bull and Mouth ; ” more especially when the “ Bull and Mouth ” coachmaster is ready to take the trouble of carrying him that journey without any charge at all. The restrictive system, therefore, must be given up. In fact, the best thing the “ hackney ” gentlemen could do would be at once to abandon it, and try to turn their property to account by the establishment of the very “ street stages ” which they now reprehend. But all that part of their plan which goes to the amelioration of their own commodity, is well judged, and merited aid and consideration. The reduction of “ fare ” we do not think would exactly have the effect that they propose. The same abatement of profit would be better laid out in the improvement of their vehicles, which are, in general, in but a rickety condition ; and even at the ten-pence per mile—the price that they offer to come down to—they are mistaken if they suppose they will ever compete with the “ cabriolets.”

The cabriolet—especially the description of vehicle last produced—is a better thing for the purposes for which people want hackney-coaches, than either the coach or the chariot. It can be better got up—built, horsed, and appointed—at eight-pence a mile, than the coach or chariot can at one shilling ; and, from the superior neatness of its equipment, the rapid rate at which it is worked, and the peculiar facility with which it is directed in driving from place to place about town, even if the rates of fare were equal, it would always get the preference, in fine weather and with single individuals. In fact, many of the cabriolets are now built and horsed in a manner which can hardly be surpassed by any private equipage. We suspect, therefore, that the hackney-coach owners had better improve their carriages than reduce their (lawful) fares ; but their good intentions, fortunately, need not consume for want of exercise on this point—the distinction between the fare *payable* to a hackney-coachman, and the fare *paid*, as times go, is a very material one ; and this discrepancy, with a very great many other nuisances and mischiefs, would be got rid of by the course proposed of “ licensing ” the drivers.

It is only justice to the individuals who make a profession of driving of hackney-coaches, to declare, that they contain within their guild, or body, a sprinkling of the most eminent rascals about town. In burglaries, their accessoryship is known to be considerable. They do a good deal in the way of picking pockets, on wet nights, at the opera or the theatres ; and are invaluable coadjutors to the receivers of stolen property and the

"resurrection-men." And, for the matter of *charge*, as the practice stands, extortion is part of the purchase. Every man who hires a hackney-coach expects, as a necessary corollary to the act, either to have a squabble, or to pay fifty per cent. over the amount of his fare: which is practically so much added to the hiring rate of the conveyance. Now we cannot expect to make these conductors scrupulous people; but there is still room for amendment; and we see no course by which that amendment is likely to be attained, so readily, as by subjecting them all to the control of a licence. At present, the means of redress, where evil has been done, are (practically) slight. A man feels indisposed to wait several hours in "summoning" a rogue by whom he has been cheated of eighteen-pence; and, besides, he feels the inutility of the proceeding. He takes another coach, and, within fifteen minutes, is cheated again. There is obviously no good effected, unless the whole 1,200 dignitaries of the box had but one person, so that he could take them all to "Essex Street" at the same time. A few examples of degradation, or even temporary suspension from the seat of power, such as it would be in the power of the magistrates (if the system of "licensing" were adopted) to inflict, would probably make these artists feel the convenience of conducting themselves more guardedly.

There remains but one more point, then, in the carriers of men's petition—the desire that they may be at liberty to apply their "plates" to covered vehicles or cabriolets, as they think fit; and this is a request, we think, so reasonable that some plain and sufficient objection ought to be assigned if it is not to be granted to them. If the trade is to be in any degree an open one, then the holders of the cabriolets can have no right to a monopoly of the employment of that carriage; they have enjoyed the advantage already for a considerable period of its prior introduction. And, if the Commissioners are to use their authority for the purpose of determining what quantity and what description of accommodation the convenience of the town demands, then their decision at present is a most absurd or a most unjust one; because the cabriolets are too few for the public demand, and the coaches and chariots (as the long ranks that stand for hours in the streets sufficiently testify) very greatly too many. Certainly, with a view to general convenience, the power of transferring the "plates" or licences here demanded would be desirable: as the mere change of season makes a difference in the description of carriage likely to be in request; and its refusal to the coach-owners challenges the closer examination, because there are persons likely to possess influence—Mr. Bradshaw, the banker, for instance, and "the Hon. Mr. Ponsonby Staples"—among their opponents, the holders of the cabriolets.

Cobbett, who is always mad four times a year upon some new conundrum, is now rampant on the subject of producing Indian corn in England. The following is an account of an experiment made by himself in its cultivation.

"I should think that eight acres had bestowed upon them about twenty large cart-loads of tolerably good manure, taking one part with the other, and no more. The corn has had two complete and good hand hoeings, and the ground is now as clean as a parterre ought to be. The field, as I said before, is the handsomest Indian corn-field that I ever saw, and I have seen millions of acres. Every body knows what *sort of a summer we have had*; that we have had full six weeks of wet and shady weather, beginning about the 8th of

July, and ending on the 18th of August, just the very part of the summer when we might have hoped for that heat which is so favourable for plants of this description. I was afraid to look at the corn: I skulked away for a whole month; but, St. SWITHUN appearing, on Monday last, to have brought the dispensation of his favours to a termination, I mustered up courage to come and take a survey of his ravages upon my Indian corn. I have now examined it well; and I can see no reason for believing that it will not ripen; and, if it do ripen, I have not the smallest doubt that it will produce a hundred Winchester bushels to the acre. If it ripen this summer, there never will be a summer in which it will not ripen, if sowed in proper time. In about a month from this time we shall cut off the *tassels* and the *long leaves*, which give a prodigious quantity of fodder to the acre, and which fodder, weight for weight, sells much dearer than the best hay in America. The ears then remain on the stalks until the latter end of October, by which time the grain is hard, and then the ears are plucked off, and put away for preservation. The great stalks are then cut off or pulled up; and, if given to hogs, they will gnaw them to pieces, and live upon them for a good while: at the least, they will serve to bed up yards and styes. In America, where the weather is hot enough to dry these stalks through, they serve as fodder for cows throughout the winter, and cows will do much better upon them than upon hay of the very best quality. The truth is, every part of the plant abounds with saccharine matter. My field is of the *dwarf* kind of corn, such as I have never seen in America; it does not grow to much more than half the height, but is more productive, acre for acre.

*An inveterate Thief.*—A French paper gives an account of the escape of a prisoner, who was being conveyed before the Juge d'Instruction at the Palais de Justice in Paris, by tripping up his two guards, and running along the roof of the palace, in sight of the police agents. It seems that he has been recaptured, but he had not lost any time: he had cut off his whiskers, and taken a place in the Havre coach, at the Messageries Royales, under the name of *Henri*. He was taken just as he was getting into the coach. On being taken, he said, "I shall escape again; and the next time, I will take the jailor with me." He is charged with several flagrant robberies, but belongs to a wealthy and respectable family at Macon.

The petition from the county of Clare, claiming the effective majority in the election for Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald, gives a curious history of the impositions and mummeries by which Mr. O'Connell's return was obtained. Among other frauds upon the lamentable ignorance of the multitude, it is stated that "an empty coffin was carried in procession, amidst an immense concourse of people, through the town of Ennis, on the fourth day of the election, by the contrivance and with the connivance of Mr. O'Connell, his committee, agents, friends, and supporters—particularly of the priests, who gave out that the coffin contained the body of a freeholder, who had died suddenly, in consequence of having voted against Mr. O'Connell!"—This sort of trash can only serve to convince the people of England, that the Irish Catholics have more "political rights" already than they are competent properly to manage.

A Paris correspondent of the *Globe*, commenting upon the state of criminal law in France, declares that, "on one point, all parties are agreed; viz. the uselessness of executions, even in cases of murder." And this opinion is supported by the testimony of several considerable lawyers at the Parisian bar. The writer continues:—

"Any person who has had an opportunity of witnessing an execution in Paris, will bear testimony to the heartless levity and indifference which pre-

vail upon such melancholy occasions. The number of females, and those of the most respectable appearance, usually greatly exceeds that of the men, and one would rather imagine the ceremony to be intended to celebrate some joyful circumstance, than for the purpose of witnessing the last sad struggle of a wretched criminal. All the wine shops in the neighbourhood are crowded with labourers, who usually leave their work to carouse upon such occasions. Cakes, lemonade, and refreshments of various kinds, are hawked about the crowd, who amuse themselves with every species of *badinage* without one single reflection upon the suffering about to be inflicted upon a fellow-creature.

At an execution which took place a year or two ago, a hearty laugh broke from the assembled crowd at the moment the axe fell upon the neck of the criminal, which was caused by the shrill cry of a woman, who vociferated '*Gâteaux de Nanterre!*' just at the fatal period, without paying the least attention to what was going forward, and solely intent upon selling her hot cakes."

The error of this theory lies in the supposing, that, because people are indifferent about seeing their neighbours hanged, they are, therefore, at all the less disposed to avoid being hanged themselves. It is in the very necessary course of things, that the spectacle of a public execution should be looked at (unless under very rare and peculiar circumstances) with little other than feelings of vulgar curiosity. Mankind in general—we may choose to overlook the fact, but we cannot alter it—feel almost solely for themselves. Any portion of danger or suffering, that we see pressing upon a third party, affects, or fails to affect us, almost entirely, as there seems a possibility that the same malady may arise, immediately or remotely, to ourselves. We shrink from the narrative of a "fire," or of the overturning of a mail-coach, or the foundering of a steam boat, because these are casualties to which we may to-morrow be personally subject: but we feel very little sympathy at seeing a man hanged, because hanging is out of our way; it is not a risk that we believe we shall ever be called upon to encounter. As far as the reasoning faculties are concerned therefore, men can hardly be expected to take any deep interest in the execution of a criminal; and, for all beyond this, the *spectacle* is not of a *character* to produce any very active impression upon the senses. To excite the feelings strongly, there must be a display of actual, unequivocal suffering; few men ever witness a military punishment, though for the fiftieth time, without sensations of acute pain. Here the suffering stands forward, and is made clearly apparent to us. We hear the lashes fall, and witness the writhings or supplications of the offender: and, moreover, we are sensible, probably, that the fault for which the punishment is inflicted is but slight. But we feel little compassion (on reflection) for a culprit condemned to the scaffold, who we know has amply deserved his sentence, or he never would have received it; and the forms of an execution, both in France and England, are purposely so arranged, as to give as little offence to the feelings of decorum or humanity as possible. Were the thing otherwise, however, it is nonsense to contend, that the apathy which we exhibit for the fate of others, has any thing to do with the regardlessness of similar infliction upon ourselves; it would be just as reasonable to assume, that because men see funerals pass them every day, without comment, or even notice, they are, therefore, less careful to avoid all that seems likely to produce death in their own persons. "Mister Corder," the gentleman who has just been hanged in Suffolk; who murdered the woman

with whom he cohabited, and who had borne him children; kept articles of her property, after the murder, about him in the way of remembrance; made *equivoques*, when questioned as to what had become of her; and altogether exhibited the most philosophical *sang froid* in her death; the moment *his own* appears to be on the approach, becomes the most concerned and anxious person imaginable. The real truth is—and, in despite of theories, the feelings of every man approve it—that the penalty of death is the severest, and, in the way of example, acts as the severest that can be inflicted. Crimes are committed, not in despite of the gallows, but in the hope of escape from it. The story about the *Gateaux de Nanterre* proves nothing more than that people are generally seized upon by any thing that is violently unexpected or incongruous. In the deepest scene of a tragedy, the chance pop of a soda water bottle sets a whole audience laughing. For the vender of cakes herself, she merely acted as all the world acts: with the same object and feeling, though under less ordinary circumstances. She came to the execution, because there would be a crowd there, who would be likely to buy her pastry. And she cried, "*Gateaux de Nanterre!*" not because she underrated the inconvenience of hanging, but because her affair was *to be heard*, in the seeking of her livelihood.

That ghosts do not return from the grave is certain, or we should sometimes hear of the tearing to pieces of a biographer. In addition to the hundred and one volumes of twaddle already printed about Dr. Parr, Mr. Barker, of Thetford, has put forth a hundred and second thick octavo, of "*Parriana*;" and threatens to deliver himself even of another. This first infliction of Mr. Barker's consists principally of trivialities at second hand, digested or reprinted, from the histories of earlier writers. We afford a few extracts to exemplify how the follies of a really learned, though very tedious, man, may be raked up to disparage and throw ridicule upon his memory. The first reminiscences are from the pen of the Rev. John Stewart, curate of Sporle, in Norfolk:—

"I think I never saw a genuine, fame-loving whist-player except Parr. Victory was his sole aim. The spoils of it he left to others. One rubber always amused him—he seldom played a second—he paid always, when he lost—he never accepted payment when he won, in so far as I have seen him. It so happened that, upon the night in question, Parr's partner ruinously finessed, and Parr remonstrated. The former, who had hoped to 'shadow himself with laurels,' felt compelled, on the contrary, to 'pass under the yoke.' To extenuate his own disgrace, he flew at a noble quarry, and made a sharp and offensive retort. As he waxed warmer, Parr became cooler, until the latter had finally reasoned down his temper to the most enviable repose. For some time he remained silent; but it was an eloquent silence, felt as well as seen; and when at last he did speak, in place of the terrible chastisement fairly earned, and by me anticipated, Parr coolly reviewed and pointedly censured his faults, both of play and temper, demonstrated, triumphantly, his egregious blunders in each, and made him the slave of his pity rather than his anger."

Now what fourteen out of fifteen of these eloquent lines mean, we profess ourselves at a loss to understand. But we give another story from the same "sweet remembrancer." The prostration of all these narrators before their great Apollo, is the most curious part of the affair. "I prithee put thy foot upon my neck!" seems to breathe out in every sentence that they utter.

"One morning I hastily entered his library, and found him calmly occupied in dictating to two amanuenses at the same moment. He appeared the very personification of the '*clarum et venerabile nomen*;' enjoying '*otium cum dignitate*.' Seated in his easy chair, and crowned with his *bonnet rouge*, with paper-matches, a lighted candle, and ammunition-saucer of prime Nicotiana, upon a very small table to his right, there he held his long pipe with a graceful nonchalance; awaiting in a half-recumbent posture of tranquillity and self-possession, the transcription of his thoughts. His whole expression of face seemed an expansion of intellect, and his ideas to be concentrated in even more than an usual profundity of reflection. I was ashamed to have broken in upon him; but he did not manifest the slightest displeasure; silently bowed me into a chair opposite, and left me to the undisturbed observation of what was passing. I noticed that according as each amanuensis finished copying the portion repeated, Parr proceeded directly, without pause or embarrassment, to dictate farther to whichever of the two might require it first. I remarked, with admiration, that the intervention of the one or the other had no effect to snap or even entangle the respective threads of his communications. The same distinctness, and acuteness, and energy, were exercised in speaking to each. No matter whether the first he dictated to, was the first to have done, or, *vice versâ*; it was quite the same to Parr. At last, there was, of necessity, a stop. The sage's tube had to be cleared by a couple of smart taps on the small table, before he could enter upon the process of replenishing; and while the interlude lasted, he thus accosted me:—'My friend, mind!—Voltaire could occupy three secretaries at the same time. I am able to cut out work for two!' The pipe was already renewed; its active fragrance was felt; and Parr's eye bent on me, and his finger at the same instant pressed upon his lips, significantly enjoined silence. I readily obeyed the warning, while business progressed rapidly, regularly, and without an apparent effort."

This idolatrous adoration of mediocrity, is the vice, we are afraid, of gentlemen generally who live very much in the country; but the good Doctor's own view of his havings, it is but fair to observe, fully bears out the estimate of his historians:—

"The Doctor's pupils in and about Norwich wished to present him with a piece of plate. We had a small committee to conduct the business: and found it less difficult to raise the money than to provide an appropriate inscription. One produced a scrap of Greek, another a sentence of Latin. The Doctor having an intimation of what was going forward, relieved us by sending an inscription with three superlatives, *doctissimo, optimo, integerrimo*, in which we readily acquiesced."

In another case.—This is from the recollections of a clergyman of the established church:—

"Left to himself Parr was a sloven; but he was very punctilious, when he meant to be dressed. He plumed himself much upon the fulness of his gown, and bade me admire it. In the vestry he bade me examine his dress to see that all was correct. Observing sometimes, what did not please him in the buckling of his shoes, he put up his foot, and with a smile said—'Here, you dog, alter this.'"

One more anecdote is all that we can afford: although the story of Mr. Stewart's flannel waistcoat, and the half glass of brandy in his last cup of tea, is worth the whole price of the book if we had room for it:—

"Soon after this I went with him to the gallery of the House of Commons. Sir James Mackintosh, I think, went with him. The debate was of great importance. The Doctor sate in the side-gallery, from whence he could see and be seen by the leading members of the opposition. Mr. Fox rose, and spoke. The Doctor's eyes sparkled with animation. As Mr. Fox proceeded,

the Doctor grew more animated, and at last rose as if with the intention of speaking. He was reminded of the impropriety, and immediately sat down. After Mr. Fox had concluded, he exclaimed :—‘ Had I followed any other profession, I might have been sitting by the side of that illustrious statesman ; I should have had all his powers of argument,—all Erskine’s eloquence,—and all Hargrave’s law.’ ”

Mr. Field’s second volume of “ *Memoirs* ” (the first we noticed in our Magazine some numbers back) is out ; with a good characteristic likeness of Parr, by way of frontispiece. It is dull as a narrative ; but, as it contains less “ personal anecdote ” than the former volume, it exhibits the learned Doctor under an aspect less ludicrous.

A writer in the *Post* of this morning, who signs himself “ A Friend to Fair Dealing,” is prodigiously angry with our review of Mr. Kinsey’s “ *Illustrations of Portugal*.” If “ *Fair Dealing* ” have no better friends than this gentleman, her condition is somewhat an unlucky one ; but the poor *Post* is absolutely run mad these last twelve months, about politics and religion. There is a stop to all that choice “ *Fashionable Intelligence*,” and still more to those inimitable “ musical and dramatic criticisms,” which we used to copy out every month for the admiration of our readers ; and the editor does nothing, as it were, but sit upon the house top—at the office, just by Exeter ’Change, in the Strand—crying out “ The Duke of Wellington, and the Established church ! ” from one month’s end to another. We confess we don’t like these symptoms about the *Post*. Calling us heretics and Atheists, because we refuse to damn French barbers for going to the play on a Sunday ! And we shall watch its symptoms, and perhaps admonish it from time to time as we see reason.

The whole “ Protestant interest ” of Ireland, is looking, in open-mouthed astonishment, to the speech of their heretofore representative and champion, Mr. George Dawson, the member for Derry. Mr. Dawson, it appears, as violent people on all subjects are not unapt to do, has all at once entirely changed his opinions upon the Catholic question ; and the reasons which he assigns as having produced this alteration of view, we shall give in his own words, as we find them in the Irish report of the Derry meeting. After describing the universal interest felt by all classes in Ireland on political subjects, Mr. Dawson says—

“ It is true that we have a government to which an outward obedience is shown, which is responsible to parliament, and answerable to God for the manner of administering its functions ; but it is equally true, that an immense majority of the people look up, not to the legitimate government, but to an irresponsible and to a self-constituted association, for the administration of the affairs of the country. *The peace of Ireland depends not upon the government, but upon the dictation of the Catholic Association. It has defied the government, and trampled upon the law of the land*—and it is beyond contradiction, that the same power which banished a cabinet minister from the representation of his county, because he was a minister of the king, can maintain or disturb the peace of the country just as it suits their caprice or ambition. The same danger impends over every institution established by law. The church enjoys its dignity, and the clergy enjoy their revenues by the law of the land ; *but we know not how soon it may please the Catholic Association to issue its anathemas against the payment of tithes ; and what man is hardy enough to say, that the Catholic people will disobey its mandates ?* It depends upon the Catholic Association—no man can deny it—whether the clergy are to receive their incomes or not. The condition of the landlords is not more consoling—already they

have been robbed of their influence over their tenantry—already they are become but mere ciphers upon their estates—nay, in many places they are worse than ciphers—they have been forced to become the tools of their domineering masters, the Catholic priesthood; and it depends upon a single breath, a single resolution of the Catholic Association, whether the landlords are to be robbed of their rents or not. So perfect a system of organization was never yet achieved by any body not possessing the legitimate powers of government; it is powerful, it is arrogant—it derides, and it has triumphed, over the enactments of the legislature, and is filling its coffers from the voluntary contributions of the people. I say, that the Catholic Association, by securing the voluntary contributions of the people, consolidates to itself a power from which it may supply the sinews of war, or undermine, by endless litigation and persecution, the established institutions of the country. Such is the power of this new phenomenon; and I will ask any man, has it been slow to exercise its influence? The aristocracy, the clergy, the gentry, are all prostrate before it. In those devoted regions a perfect abandonment of all the dignity and influence belonging to station and rank, seems to have taken place; or if a struggle be made, as in Clare, it is only to insure the triumph of this daring autocrat."

Now it will hardly be a matter of much surprise, that this address, delivered in the town of Derry, was received with very unequivocal tokens of disapprobation; and, notwithstanding the "utter contempt" which Mr. Dawson professed to feel for the individuals who opposed him, we suspect that the hon. gentleman's change of opinion will have lost him the greater part of his old friends, without gaining him many new ones. That which is exaggerated in his speech (which is a good deal) will be treated, by all parties, as a cry of "Wolf!" set up to cover his own flight, or excuse his apprehension: that which is sound and true (which is a very great deal) he ought to have discovered some years ago. The rights of the Catholics of Ireland have not increased one jot, since Mr. Dawson was among their most determined opponents. If it be their threats which have worked upon him, such a conversion does almost as little credit to his personal honour, as to his political judgment. For ourselves, as we shall rejoice to see this question in any fair way amicably settled, we are content to find one more seceder from the policy that resisted concession altogether. But we are compelled to say that Mr. Dawson's arguments in favour of accommodation, are likely to excite more opposition to that course, than any he ever used against it. The question is not quite yet, as he puts it—"Whether we will meet the hazard of a rebellion in Ireland, or submit to its dictation?" But, if such were the case, painful as either alternative would be, we should not hesitate a moment in deciding upon the former.

The evening papers of to-day, state that "the pistols" with which Mr. Corder committed murder, have become an object of great curiosity and contention, in Suffolk. The police officer, Lea, "*who is collecting a museum of weapons with which persons have been destroyed,*" claimed them as a "present" made to him by the culprit on his first apprehension: and the High Sheriff of the county, who also, we presume, is forming an armorial collection of some description, insisted that they were his by forfeiture in virtue of his office. The newspapers, in describing the controversy, say—

"At the close of the proceedings, the High Sheriff proceeded to the gaol, and after transacting some business, he said to the gaoler—'Mr. Orridge, my carriage is at the gate, you had better put the sword and pistols into it.' Mr. Orridge represented to him that Lea had sworn they had been presented to

him by the prisoner, when he was only suspected. To this the High Sheriff replied, 'No, no! why, man, *I would not part with them for one hundred guineas.*' The sword and pistols were then put into the sheriff's carriage."

The worshipful Sheriff's profession of the estimate that he sets upon the property, is rather an odd mode of answering another person's claim to it. But it occurs to us that "presents" ought not to be received by officers of justice from criminals in their custody; and, indeed, that the interchange of courtesies generally between parties so situated, has been carried, by modern refinement, to rather too extended a degree. There should be some demonstration, at least outwardly affected by the ministers of our gaols, that a robber or a murderer is a scoundrel; and not merely a gentleman who has to try a question with the law, which unfortunately may be serious if it goes against him. We should be inclined even almost to object to conversations in the manner of the following—described as having taken place between Mr. Lea, the thief-taker, and Mr. Corder, a few days before his trial; and given, by the daily prints, for greater perspicuity, in the form of question and answer.

*Lea.*—"Well, Mr. Corder: I promised to call upon you; and *I am glad to see you so well.*"

[This is to a fellow who is about to be hanged, for one of the most cold-blooded, cowardly, and brutal murders that ever perhaps was put upon record!]

*Corder.*—"I am much obliged to you *for your kindness.*"—*Shaking hands with him very heartily.*

[This friendly recognition is to the very gentleman, to whose particular offices the "obliged" party is, in a great measure, indebted for his approaching execution.]

After the trial and sentence—the material point in the case being settled—a more general and discursive kind of conversation is used to pass away the time of Corder. And accordingly, one of the guardians who sits up with the murderer in the condemned cell, opens a very pleasant, edifying colloquy with him, *on the manner in which he got a wife by advertisement!*

Another individual, belonging to the gaol, speaks at another time of the murder, somewhat as of a curious and interesting experiment.—"Mr. Corder, you must have *had a good deal of nerve* to dig that grave with the dead body of the woman there beside you!" &c. &c.

There is an offence to reason, as well as to decency, in thus coquetting with the cutting of throats. A murderer should be a person with whom we decline "shaking hands heartily;" and "table-talk" is out of its place, with a person going to suffer the last penalties of the law to-morrow. The officers of the law, especially, who are responsible to the public for the decorum of their conduct, should be made to understand that they are not to enter into such communications. The treatment of criminals, whether under accusation only, or under sentence, should be temperate, and free from all needless cruelty; but the affair of justice is not to jest or trifle with such people; and even among the lowest of her ministers, the sternness of her character should not be lost sight of.

New books are scanty always in the present season. Nothing in the shape of light reading has appeared in the course of the last month: and Dr. Granville's "Russia," from which a good deal is expected, is not yet out. There is one book, however, Dr. Burrows's Commentaries on Insanity, which we recommend to all our readers—who can afford to read on such

a subject. It is a work no less valuable as a production of science, than curious from the great mass of singular and striking anecdote that it contains: not more grave and instructive with "wise saws," than entertaining with modern instances. We restrict our recommendation, however, of perusal, to those who can venture to read upon such a subject: and a very great many may take our word for it, they cannot. Nervous persons, and those of lively imaginations, should eschew the study of medical works generally, and especially of those which treat upon insanity. We are all of us very much the creatures of sympathy and imitation. The impression made by any scene or description of horror, is got over for the time: but, in an after hour of sickness or dejection, it is apt to return, and sometimes with a vividness, the effect of which it may be difficult to calculate upon.

We copy the following paragraph from a London evening paper:—

"THE BISHOP OF LONDON ELECT.—The amount of subscriptions raised in the parish of St. Botolph, Bishopsgate, for the piece of plate to be presented to the new Bishop of London, on his departure from that parish, is about 500*l*. The amount would have been much greater, but that the meeting on the subject was 'got up' by some of his lordship's indiscreet friends, who, in the hurry of their zeal, *forgot to consult the proper parochial authorities*—the churchwardens and others: what was intended to be a general measure, dwindled into the act of a few forward individuals. One of the churchwardens went out of town a day or two before the meeting; and although their names were put on the committee, it was without their sanction, and they have not since co-operated with any zeal in the proceedings. A confectioner in Bishopsgate-street-Within, in answer to an application by the committee for his subscription, said *he had but little to give in charity; and what he had to bestow he gave to the poor—not to a rich bishop, who wanted nothing earthly he could desire*. The piece of plate is to be a splendid *epergne*, about two feet high, richly chased.

Without intending the slightest offence to the noble and reverend prelate here particularly in question, it seems to us that the confectioner had all the reason in the world. Ninety-nine "subscription" affairs of this kind out of a hundred, are, to say the best of them, very excessive impertinencies. The last of the kind, the "Duke of Clarence's Medal," is a job offensive to common honesty; and one which we are surprised the Royal Duke should have been wrought upon even to lend his name to. It must require a vanity beyond the vanity of princes, that should induce his Royal Highness to believe, that there is any thing in his personal pretensions, or connexion with the navy, which should dispose a long list of junior officers, cramped upon the narrow allowance of half-pay, to give a guinea for a copper medal—a pocket-piece—bearing his likeness; and if this be not the case, what is the whole proceeding but an indirect extortion? a legal forcible obtaining of so many guineas from a number of men who can very ill indeed afford to part with them, and who submit to the demand absolutely from no other cause than dread that refusal may "injure them in the course of their profession?" The Bishop of London's collection is of a less offensive character than this; because the object is one which lays no compulsion upon the contributors; but still it challenges a number of men (under no sort of authority), to publish their private opinions of a particular individual; and moreover, to *pay a fine of twenty shillings*, if the judgment be a favourable one. A tradesman may be perfectly well satisfied with the conduct of the clergyman of his parish, without being induced to place a silver *epergne* upon the reverend gentleman's table—while, perhaps, he finds a difficulty in putting a joint of mutton upon his own. It is

curious, too, the reason assigned in this case for the subscription having only reached 500*l.*:—the “indiscreet” neglect to propitiate the “church-wardens,” and other local dignitaries, in the first instance. Hence it appears that the real question—whether the tribute suggested should be paid to the late reverend incumbent of St. Botholph’s?—did not depend upon the feeling of the parishioners, but on the countenance that the “vestry” might or might not give to the object. Such “subscribing propositions” generally are the jobs of a handful of meddling individuals, who are desirous to pay some court or serve some private purpose, at the expense of their neighbours; and the public is indebted to every individual who has the courage to risk unpopularity by setting the example of resistance to them.

The public attention continues to be devoted very sedulously to the subject of Mr. Corder’s murder; and a weekly newspaper advertises “the picturesque” of it! in a series of wood-cuts, engraved for the occasion. The *John Bull*, speaking of the result of Corder’s trial, makes a very extraordinary assertion. “It is singular,” he says, “that of all the murders on record, not six have been committed with impunity!” John’s wish, we are afraid, has been father to his belief here. To go back to “all the murders upon record,” or even to those on record within the last ten years, collecting all particulars of name and place, would be more trouble than we can bestow just now upon the subject. But, within only the last twelvemonths, four cases at once suggest themselves to us, in which murders have been “committed with impunity.” The case of the old man, Akehurst (if we recollect the name right), and his housekeeper, near Leatherhead, for which William Page and Mary Acres were tried and acquitted; the case of Mrs. Jeffs, for which Jones was tried and acquitted; the case, only a few weeks since, at Bedford, in which Eavestaff was tried for the murder of a woman, found in a wood with her throat cut, and (very properly, upon the evidence) acquitted; and the case of Sheen, who cut his own child’s head off, and who was also tried, and, upon an informality in the indictment, acquitted. Besides these, there is at once the case of Mrs. Donatty, and a number of others which we could refer to: but the names and dates are not exactly in our memory, and they will probably be familiar to the greater portion of our readers.

It is a singular feature, in the case of this fellow Corder, who seems to have been a “cogging rascal” all his life, that he makes what he calls a confession of his guilt before he dies, and even that confession is a lie. His story of “the quarrel,” and “the scuffle,” in which he is, in our view, wholly unworthy of credit. It is too inconsistent with the fact of his having enticed the woman from her home by a false statement; and, besides, it is manifestly a piracy from the scheme first hit upon for his defence—that he should acknowledge the manslaughter, and fudge some story of “a struggle” in which the fatal wound had been given. The denial, too, of having inflicted the wounds with a sharp instrument, seems to us to be entitled to no consideration. It becomes a question of importance, whether the medical men examined were, or even could be, entirely in error in all that they stated. And we do not think that the evidence of intelligent and respectable individuals, ought for a moment to be impugned upon the statement of such a ruffian.

The newspapers have announced the final resignation of the Duke of Clarence as Lord High Admiral. His highness and the heads of the government are known to have been jarring for some time; but the

immediate cause of his retirement is variously stated. *The Globe* says, in noticing the difficulties likely to follow the event—

“One story which has been propagated—that the expense of his Royal Highness’s tours has been a subject of difference between him and the First Lord of the Treasury—may be true, but can scarcely be the real cause of his removal. The expense must have been in itself very trifling, and *if it had been much greater, must have been repaid by the activity which a vigilant superintendence produces.* To suppose, however, that the difference between the Prime Minister and the High Admiral arose on a question of economy, though a trifling one, is to put it on the footing most favourable to the former. If the real cause of the resignation of the Duke of Clarence was the desire of the ministry to interfere with the patronage of the navy, the event will be deeply discreditable to them.”

The true spirit of Whiggery peeps out in this paragraph. The expense of his royal highness’s fêtes and tours, at the rate at which it was proceeding, would have spent more in a fortnight than all Mr. Hume’s motions of economy could save in a month. And the *Globe*, and those who support it, if the expences had been paid, would have been the first to exclaim against the “profligate extravagance” of ministers for allowing them. The true cause of this sudden and unwonted liberality on the part of the *Globe*, is that the Duke of Clarence is supposed to be in some way or other opposed to the Duke of Wellington, and that he was one of the stays set up to prop the tottering throne of Mr. Canning.

We observed a little way back, in noticing Dr. Burrows’s “*Commentaries upon Insanity*,” upon the disposition of that malady to communicate itself by sympathy. It is universally admitted, indeed, that a great proportion of individuals, if compelled to associate with persons in a state of derangement, would become mad in the course of a short time themselves; and there is as little doubt that many of the medical men, whose practice has been devoted nearly altogether to cases of lunacy, have gradually undergone a change in their habits and demeanour very nearly approaching, at times, to mental alienation. A singular instance of this fact presented itself only a few weeks since to a foreigner of some distinction, who was desirous of seeing the interior of a lunatic asylum. He visited (by permission) an establishment of considerable eminence, and was a good deal interested by what was shewn to him, though something uneasy at finding himself occasionally almost left alone by the officer who attended him, among a number of persons who walked about perfectly at liberty, but who were, nevertheless, as he was assured, in a state, many of them, of incurable insanity. One man was described to be religiously mad; a second as melancholy; a third, who had been confined seven years, could not be convinced that he was not a hair-dresser: but all walked about the passages and avenues of the building, and conversed with the keeper, occasionally, apparently with reason and good sense. At length, as they were passing through one of the lower halls, a man of very singular aspect and manner came up and spoke to the attendant. He was a little man, very spare in figure, dressed in black clothes, and spoke with great rapidity and gesticulation; he talked for some moments, laughing repeatedly, and, at parting, shook hands repeatedly with the superintendent.—“What is the matter with *that man*, now?” asked the visitor, who had been struck by the oddity of the person’s demeanour; and concluded of course that he was a patient. “Him?” was the reply—“Why, that is our house-apothecary!”

The veracity of hunters and anglers is proverbially held of a punie description. A huntsman who can tell how many hairs a fox has in

his tail, by the very way in which he breaks cover; and a fisher, who professed that he could throw his line blindfolded, and, the moment he got a rise, swear to the weight of the fish at the end of it, would either of them be considered in many companies to be "using the sportsman's privilege." Sir Humphrey Davy, however, in his "*Salmonia*," throws all former performers of miracles into shade; and we hope that his testimony will put an end to these heretofore injurious suspicions. The three fishers—*Haliæus*, *Physicus*, and *Poietes*—are angling in the Colne; and *Haliæus*—the adept—(understood to be Sir Humphrey himself)—has caught a trout, which the two others are admiring. The dialogue then continues thus:—

"*POIET.*—This great fish, that you have just caught, must be nearly of the weight I assigned to him.

"*HAL.*—O no; he is, I think, above 5lbs. but not 6lbs.; but we can form a more correct opinion by measuring him, which I can easily do, the butt of my rod being a measure. *He measures, from nose to fork, a very little less than twenty-four inches, and, consequently, upon the scale which is appropriate to well-fed trouts, should weigh 5lbs. 10oz.*—which, within an ounce, I doubt not is his weight.

"*PHYS.*—O, I see you take the mathematical law, that similar solids are to each other in the triplicate ratio of one of their dimensions.

"*HAL.*—You are right.

"*PHYS.*—But I think you are below the mark, for this appears to me an extraordinarily thick fish.

"*HAL.* He is a clean fish, but, in proportion, not so thick as my model, which was a fish of 17 inches by 9 inches, and weighed 2lbs.—this is my standard solid. We will try him. Ho! Mrs. B.!—bring your scales, and weigh this fish. There, you see, he weighs 5lbs. 10½oz."

The nicety of the gentleman in the play who calculates the expences of taking Breda.—"Please your highness, it will cost you one thousand two hundred and forty dead on the field—six hundred and ninety-seven legs—three hundred and twenty-eight arms—a hundred and fourteen compound fractures—ninety-two operations for the trepan," &c. &c.—was a trifle compared to the fractional accuracy of our friend Sir Humphrey Davy.

*The Poor Laws in Ireland.*—The author of a clever and tersely-written pamphlet just published, entitled, "*Finance and Currency*" [of England] "for the year 1828," desires to have the establishment of a system of Poor Laws in Ireland made one of the very earliest objects of parliamentary consideration.

"Why," he asks, "should Ireland have the liberty of *exporting her poor*, and her produce, free to Great Britain, and yet herself be exempt from land-tax, small tithes, and *poor's-rate*?" Why should England continue to uphold a system, "which enables the absentee Irish landlord to extract to himself more of the produce of the land than the landowner of any other country, and that at the expense, and to the injury, of Great Britain?"

Now we are among those who take the English poor laws, when fairly administered, to be an incomparable advantage and relief, rather than a burthen to the country; and as far as the interests of humanity and public order are concerned in their existence, we should be extremely glad to find them capable of being introduced into Ireland; but we think that those who expect that the establishment of poor laws in Ireland, will stop the emigration of Irish poor into this country, will find themselves

mistaken.—For example. The wages of labour in Ireland are at present very low—incomparably lower than either in Scotland or England. Some of the best-informed witnesses who gave evidence before Mr. Wilmot Horton's Emigration Committee, state that an able-bodied Irish labourer may be considered fortunate who earns, through the year, seven-pence a day; and that the common diet of the agricultural classes, (who expect little better), is "potatoes and water." Now, if this be the condition of labourers *in employ*, it becomes necessary, of course, that the relief afforded by a *poor rate* in Ireland should be fixed at a very low rate indeed; or else men would have no inducement to prefer obtaining work, to throwing themselves upon the parish. And then, if the relief given, is to be of this very narrow character, can it be expected that an Irish reaper will remain at home—say on a parish allowance equal to three-pence per day, when he can get a shilling, or even eight-pence, by coming over to work in England? This position of affairs alone, we suspect, will be quite sufficient to answer those who believe that the establishment of poor laws in Ireland will at once produce an important relief to this country. But the argument, if we are not mistaken, might be carried even farther than this; and, instead of *materially preventing* the influx of Irish pauperism into England, it is by no means clear that the establishment of an Irish poor law would not tend rather *to increase it*. The emigration of Irish labourers to England, even though only for a season, is already encouraged by all those who possess property in Ireland; and it is even in proof that societies have been regularly formed for the purpose of assisting and promoting it. There is nothing in this surprising. It is natural that the Irish landowners should desire to clear a surplus and starving population as much as possible off their estates. But if they are thus anxious, as the matter stands already, to send their poor to England—when, in fact, they are no way bound, even indirectly, to contribute to their support—how much more interested they would become in the accomplishment of the same object, if a law existed by which they were compelled to maintain them! It may be urged, that the enactment of a poor law in Ireland would have other effects beyond those which we have stated; that it would render parishes in that country liable for the charge attendant on their poor in this; and that the expense of their removal, &c. from time to time, would diminish the gain accruing to the proprietors by getting them over. But, practically, this would not be the case; for it is not the *Irish* labourer who, in the surplus supply of labour beyond the demand, will become chargeable in this country. The Irishman will *get the work that there is*; for he will be content to take it at ten-pence the day: the man who becomes chargeable will be the *Englishman*, whom the stranger displaces, and who cannot afford to perform the same work under two shillings, or, taking the lowest rate, under eighteen-pence. The fact, we are afraid, is, that there are no means of maintaining a different rate of wages long in two countries which have the means of ready communication with each other, unless by some arbitrary enactment which should prevent men from travelling from their homes. A good deal of misery will be saved, and a good deal of common begging and pilfering checked in Ireland, by the establishment of poor laws; but the labourer will still continue to take advantage, where he sees a possibility of doing it, of the increased gain to be acquired by coming to offer his services in this country.

## MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN.

*Burton's Diary.* 4 vols. 8vo. ; 1828.—Here are four goodly volumes of parliamentary debates during the Protectorate, not an atom respecting which was ever supposed to have been preserved, and of the recovery of which, of course, no mortal could ever have dreamt. To Mr. Upeott, of the London Institution, and his passion for old papers, are the public indebted for these inestimable treasures—*inestimable* they are, for they introduce us directly, and most intimately, to a conference on scores of subjects, with scores of distinguished men, whose names and general achievements are as well known to us as “our own houses,” but of whose specific sentiments on any one topic we had scarcely any memorial.

Here then we are, we had almost said, suddenly deluged with such information—the supply is not only unexpected, but abundant, and almost superabundant. It is cut and come again to satiety—but to a satiety contrary to the common course of things—which quickly reproduces an appetite—if it does not exactly grow by what it feeds upon. We have read them, and shall read them over and over again—for really no conceivable mode of communication could be so directly calculated to give a thorough acquaintance with the characters of men, who had, numbers of them, played distinguished parts on the theatre of the world, and whose inextinguishable energies, though kept down for a time by the strong pressure of a powerful and iron hand, were continually bursting forth.

But the reader is yet very much in the dark, and can have little sympathy with us; and it is our sole business to tell him what he has to expect in the volumes before us.—The *Diary* then consists of the debates of Oliver Cromwell's last parliament, and Richard's only one. Oliver's parliament assembled on the 17th of September 1656, and sat till the 26th of the following June—about nine months. The *Diary* commences on the 3d December, has a gap from January to April, and then resumes—proceeding uninterruptedly to the end of the session. The same parliament, the reader will know, re-assembled, according to the terms of its prorogation, on the 20th of January, 1658, and was dissolved at the end of a fortnight. Of this short session *Burton's* reports are complete and minute. In the September of this year Oliver died; and on the 27th January, 1659, Richard assembled a new parliament, which sat about three months—the debates of this also are complete and minute.

The MS. of these debates were placed by the discoverer in the hands of Mr. Towill Rutt, who has in numerous places illustrated them with biographical and historical notes, collected with great research and ability. In the course of his labours he

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had the good fortune to unearth, from the piles of MSS. in the British Museum, a considerable volume, containing another *Diary*, written by Guibon Goddard, a member of the 1654 parliament, which record the discussions through the whole session, but without individualizing the speakers. The substance of the debates is given collectively, while *Burton* exhibits the sentiments, speaker by speaker—regularly, and very much after the supposed improved manner of our own days. This MS. of Goddard's contained several speeches of Cromwell's, which, as is believed, were never published—bearing upon them the stamp of unquestionable authenticity.

The possession of all these treasures prompted the editor to present the public with a complete view of the whole of the Protectorate parliaments, and accordingly, in the volumes before us, the reader will find, first, the proceedings of the Little Parliament, or Barebone's Parliament, as Hume ridiculously calls it—but taken literally—there was no other source—from the common journals. Then follow those of the second parliament, which assembled under the sanction and authority of the Instrument, on the third of September, 1654, and sat till it was abruptly broken up by Cromwell in the following January. The materials are supplied wholly by Goddard's MS.—who was himself member for King's Lynn, and colleague of Gen. Skippon, and one of those who accepted a certificate of approval from Cromwell's council, to enable him to retain his seat through the session—“though condemning,” he says, “the breach of privilege (*i. e.* being excluded from admittance into the House, but upon submitting to receive a certificate of approval) as much as any, yet he doubted not but to acquit himself to God and his country, in so doing, rather than put the nation in another combustion and confusion.”—Next follows Cromwell's third parliament, the proceedings of which are taken from the journals from the opening of the first session till *Burton's Diary* begins, and from the same common source is supplied the middle of the session—the remainder, and the whole of the succeeding session, and the whole of Richard's parliament, are, as we said, all furnished by *Burton's Diary*.

This, then, is the feast which is ready for the reader's enjoyment—we assure him he will find a rich repast. Let him not suppose, for a moment, that, because Cromwell kept a tight hand over his institutions, there is a lack of freedom of debate. He had turbulent and energetic spirits to deal with. There is abundance of plain speaking, and that by men of eminent abilities—much, indeed, upon topics of private interests, but more, and for the most part, on subjects of permanent importance. Oliver's

last parliament was occupied during a part of the first session chiefly on matters of a private, but often of a very interesting character—the whole of the discussion relative to Nayler, the crazy quaker, are of the most instructive kind. About the middle of the session was detected the conspiracy by Sexby, Sindercomb, &c., against Cromwell's life; and from that period was started the project for making the Protector king. The remainder of the session was in consequence taken up in arranging the terms of the "Humble Petition and Advice," by which Cromwell was to be invested with the name and attributes of royalty, and empowered to name another house, consisting of 70 members. When presented for his acceptance, the articles of this "Petition and Advice" were, in many respects, distasteful to the Protector, and underwent, in consequence, a long and minute revision; and finally, as every body knows, he found it expedient to reject the dazzling offer, but accepted the powers (which indeed he exercised before) conferred by the new instrument, under his old title of Protector, and appointed another house. A new inauguration took place, amidst a most splendid ceremonial.

When the period of prorogation expired, the parliament re-assembled, and among the members re-appeared as many of the 93, who had been excluded at the beginning of the former session, as had not before, by one means or other, procured their re-admission. Some of these were men of the most resolute spirits, and, above all, Harterigge. He had been nominated to the other house, but insisted on taking his seat in the Commons. Tumultuous scenes of debate followed, chiefly on the name and powers of the other house—the Commons refused to acknowledge them as *peers*, and at the end of a fortnight—all hopes of accommodation being despaired of—they were abruptly and angrily dissolved.

On the assembling of Richard's parliament, the same resolute persons re-appeared—and besides, Vane, Ludlow, and others; and the same determination was shewn to resist the usurping authority of the other house—the "negative voice upon the people of England"—augmented now by the little respect or dread they felt for the old protector's feeble successor. The Commons immediately questioned his right to the "succession"—day after day was the question keenly and fiercely debated; and when at length the point was conceded, others of equal interest succeeded—the privileges of the other house—the Scotch and Irish members—the militia, &c., for full three months, till, finally, by the cabals of Wallingford House—sanctioned by Fleetwood, the dupe of more designing men—Richard was induced to dissolve, and, in a few weeks, himself to resign.

The debates of Richard's parliament occupy two of the volumes, and are detailed at greater length, and with greater care than

those of the preceding one—there is more vigour and interest, both in the matter and manner.

Independently of all historical value, and that is incalculable—these volumes furnish a mass of colloquial phraseology, a body of sound and vernacular English, that contrasts most advantageously with the more laboured and artificial writings of the period—shews how little is *our* real improvement—and often puts to shame the stilted, parading, balancing elaborations of our own days.

*Salmonia, or the Days of Fly-Fishing*; 1828.—A volume of dialogues on the art and mystery of fly-fishing—written in studied imitation of Isaac Walton's fantastic but not unamusing book, and, like most other imitations, with scarcely an atom of the original spirit. Indeed, the very attempt at imitation seems to involve a consciousness of the lack of independent and distinctive power; for surely no man, possessed of it, would think of servilely tracking the path of another—he would insensibly pursue the impulses of his own soul. One man of genius, it is true, cried out, on contemplating a picture, "I too am a painter!" and proved it too—but not by imitating the artist, whose performances had aroused his own latent energies.

The author of the little volume before us—no less a personage than Sir Humphrey Davy—has not, we repeat, a spark of Isaac's fire about him; though excelling him, no doubt, in extent of positive facts, and perhaps in sagacity of inference—and yet, for the apparent abundance of his facts, we may trace him to well-known sources.

Excepting as a record of certain facts, the whole concern—particularly the machinery of it—is stupid and pedantic to a most intolerable degree. The characters chosen to support the conversations are—*Halieus*, an accomplished fly-fisher; *Ornither*, generally fond of the sports of the field, though not a finished master of the art of angling; *Poietes*, an enthusiastic lover of nature, and partially acquainted with the mysteries of fly-fishing; and *Physicus*, who knows nothing of angling, but is fond of inquiries in natural history and philosophy. The sentiments of each are of course meant to be characteristic. But *Halieus*—the accomplished, the finished fly-fisher—he is prime talker, as well as director and performer. He is *au fait* in all departments. The rest of the dialoguists are insignificant, and the poet a fool.

The introductory dialogue is occupied in rebutting the squeamish charge of cruelty, and in finding out—a more difficult task, and a very superfluous one—the moral advantages of fly-fishing. For the first, the fishing in question is fly-fishing, and with the *artificial* fly—so much for the bait; and as to the fish—its nervous system, it seems, and that indeed of all cold-blooded animals,

is less sensitive than that of warm-blooded ones; and if not, the hook is usually fixed in the cartilaginous part of the mouth, where there are no nerves. Besides, fishes often, after they have been hooked—with the hook still sticking in their jaws—will leap at the natural fly, and feed as if nothing had happened; and, moreover, the catcher usually knocks his prize on the head, and thus puts a speedy end to any tortures it may by possibility suffer. And as for the moral advantages of fly-fishing, it so obviously demands patience, forbearance, and command of temper, that not a word need be said—and no doubt every fisherman practises with an especial view to the cultivation of these virtues.

The fisherman, moreover, is favourably placed for acquiring "natural" knowledge. His attention is insensibly directed to the modes of life of fishes, insects, birds; and, moreover, fly-fishing furnishes materials for the poet—"green meadows—shady trees—songs of nightingales—full and clear rivers"—and similar stuff.

The rest of the conversations are taken up with the details of eight days' fishing in the Colne and the Wandle, for trout—in the lochs and rivers of Scotland, for salmon—in the Downton, for graylings—and finally in the Traun, of Upper Austria, for something else. The whole circle of the sciences is enlisted in the service—philosophy, metaphysics, and mathematics. Mathematics?—Yes. Similar solids are to each other in the triplicate ratio of one of their dimensions. What then? Why, if you have ascertained the proportions and weight of one fish, you can, by merely measuring in one direction, calculate the weight of another of the same species (nature never errs, though man may), and thus save the trouble of carrying scales with your fishing-tackle. To determine the weight of a fish is evidently—by the stress laid upon it through every day's fishing—of indispensable importance.

Then, again, Sir Humphrey's geology and chemistry find a place—in discussing the colours of waters; Ornithor talks of migrations, and the physician of the generation of eels; and prodigious taste, judgment, and ability are shewn by the whole party in cookery, flavours, and digestion—the red mullet has the most exquisite flavour of all our fish—a fresh fish, if not crimped, is *generally* tough—&c.

The real knowledge the volume contains—which is considerable, and entirely to be depended on, we have no doubt—we should like, for our own parts, to have had in some other shape. The dialogue is all an incubance, and, we should think, must prove so to the most passionate or dogged admirer of the sport. How his companions could tolerate the insufferable coxcomby and conceit of Master Halieus, is to us a marvel. He is absolutely oppressive with his superiority, and could surely excite no other emulation than which should kick him first

—the temptation to duck him, too, must have been irresistible.

We must give up our hopes of seeing a mermaid, we perceive—Sir Humphrey has clapped a *logical* extinguisher upon them. After quizzing Sir John Sinclair about his Caithness mermaid—which proved to be nothing but a *gentleman* with unclipped locks, at some distance from the shore, seen not by himself, but some young ladies, who very naturally mistook the genus and the sex—"I do not," Halieus solemnly declares, "I do not believe God ever did make a mermaid."—And why?

Because wisdom and order are found in all his works, and the parts of the animals are always in harmony with each other, and always adapted to certain ends consistent with the analogy of nature; and a human head, human hands, and human mamme are wholly inconsistent with a fish's tail. The human head is adapted for an erect posture, and in such a posture an animal with a fish's tail could not swim—and a creature with lungs must be on the surface several times in a day—and the sea is an inconvenient breathing place; and hands are instruments of manufacture—and the depths of the ocean are little fitted for fabricating that mirror which our old prints gave to the mermaid. Such an animal, if created, could not long exist; and with scarce any locomotive power, would be the prey of other fishes formed in a manner more suited to their element, &c.

This is not begging the question—nor exhausting the resources of nature—nor, in some respects, arguing in the teeth of facts—Is it?

*Subterraneous Travels of Niels Klim, from the Latin of Lewis Holberg; 1828.*

—Niels Klim is a poor scholar of Norway, whose ardour for science prompted him to explore some distant cavern of unknown dimensions. Scarcely had he descended ten or twelve yards, when the rope by which he was let down snapped, and he shot down with the rapidity of lightning, for some quarter of an hour or so, as near as he could guess, till he found himself alighting in a new world—the reigning inhabitants of which were not human beings, but trees with human passions, but with manners and understandings philosophically disciplined. In the scale of intellect and honours, these arborescents ranked according to their branches—the more boughs the more brains; and the object of the author is to represent their customs and institutions, and contrast them with those of us bipeds above—very much, of course, to our disadvantage. Among other indications of superiority, one is that among them offices are assigned according to the qualities of individuals; and Klim himself, after due investigation, is made running-footman to the government, from the extraordinary make and length of his legs—the extreme quickness and consequent slipperiness of his intellect disqualifying him for any more important appointment among people

as much distinguished for the slowness of their deliberations as of their locomotion. Mortified at this contemptuous treatment, he never rests a moment till he discovers some mode of proving his capability of more usefulness; and at length, by dint of importunity, he is employed in surveying the globe—which it was calculated he might accomplish in a couple of months, though two years or more would be required by one of themselves. In this tour he meets with all sorts of varieties—some nations all oaks—some all cypresses—some with one ocular power, some with two, and others more—some, as to their creeds, tolerant, and some intolerant—some devotees, others mere moralists—in some the young had the privileges of age, and the old exhibited the follies of youth—in some the females ruled, and kept the gentlemen in subjection—some were all philosophers, and of course every thing was in sixes-and-sevens—some all reasoners and wiseacres, and the great lack of the nation was folly—some saw clearly at immense distances, and nothing under their noses—&c. &c.

Returning, and communicating the results of his survey, his merits are still overlooked; but, nothing daunted, and still sighing for distinction, he proposes to the nation some new law—which not being approved, by the custom of the country, on such occasions, he is ordered for execution; but the punishment is finally commuted for banishment by the post-birds. These are migratory birds, returning periodically from nobody knows where. To one of these, pursuant to sentence, he is attached, and borne along with perfect ease and safety to another planet, where new races are presented to his wondering eyes—chiefly quadrupeds and birds—and eventually he drops on a nation in a state of semi-barbarism, which, by his European superiorities, he drills into order, and, by the introduction of gunpowder, enables them to overcome their enemies—particularly a neighbouring people of tigers. Grateful for these benefits, they elect him king; but seared, according to the common course of things, with the common vice of grasping, he makes war on all sides, and adds kingdom to kingdom—elephants—monkeys—cats, &c.—thus founding the Fifth monarchy—till at last his cruelty and despotism, fostered as usual by success, rouses up numerous enemies; and, in a sudden explosion of the public feeling, he flies for his life, and taking shelter in a hole, and pursuing it to its exit, he unexpectedly discovers a passage to the upper world, where he arrives in safety, stript of his subterranean crown.

No mortal can read the book. The whole is a sheer piece of extravagance, where the object originally contemplated is fairly lost sight of in the extreme absurdity of the contrivance. The source of the failure lies in the want of the minutiae. Every thing is too vague and general. The author has nothing

approaching the wit or the particularity of Swift. Instead of aiming at endless variety, he should have confined himself, as Swift did, to developing two or three—and at least satirizing intelligibly.

*The Dialect of Craven, by a Native.* 2 vols.; 1828.—The deanery of Craven is a kind of insulated district in the rocky regions of the West Riding of Yorkshire, extending to the distance of thirty miles each way, and embracing twenty-five parishes, with about 60,000 inhabitants. The pronunciation of the natives is, in some respects, quite peculiar; and words and phrases abound which are thought to be used in no other spot on the globe. The marking peculiarity of the pronunciation is the *breadth* of it, making monosyllables dissyllables—*co-al*, *fo-al*, *no-a*, *so-a*, *bre-ad*, *le-ad*, &c.; but its native purity is, it seems, fast corrupting. The southern boundaries partake of the dialect of Leeds, Bradford, and Halifax; and to the eastward, house, and mouse, and cow, is *hoose*, and *moose*, and *coo*, exactly as in the North and East Ridings. Its vernacular beauty is to be found solely in the interior of the district—perhaps from Skipton to Strother; and even there it is evaporating. The author, from his own knowledge and experience, testifies that many words and expressions, which were in constant use thirty or forty years ago, are either lost or imperfectly understood by the rising generation.

The language of Craven, says he, with becoming pride, is not the contemptible slang and patois which the refined inhabitants of the southern parts of the kingdom are apt to account it, “but the language of crowned heads, of the court, and of the most eminent historians, divines, and poets of former ages.” He has his own theory as to its genealogy, and, upon the whole, the soundest we have seen among philologists—corresponding best at least with admitted historical facts. The language of Craven is that of the Saxons—if not altogether in its original state, certainly in its highest existing purity. The Saxons drove the English to the frontiers—to Wales—to the lowlands of Scotland; the English, in like manner, drove the Scotch to the hills, and the Saxons pursued the English even there. The conquerors imposed their laws and language (the one is not, however, we dare say, so easily accomplished as the other), and the language of England and the lowlands of Scotland became thus essentially one—the effect was only not so complete in Scotland, as in the northern counties of England. The language of the hills continued distinct—call it Gaelic—Irish—British—it was the same, both there and in Wales, and in Cornwall, and in Ireland.

In spite of all Dr. Jamieson’s learning and authority, the lowland Scotch and the English of our northern counties is, in the author’s opinion, the same—Saxon. Gawin Douglas’s translation of Virgil establishes

the fact. The old English authors—Langland, Brunne, Chaucer, Gower, Spencer, Fairfax, Wiclif, Verstegan, Elyot, Latimer, Ridley, Hooper, Hall, Bacon, Beaumont, Shakspeare, &c.—contain numerous words now unintelligible in the south, but well understood in the northern counties; and many expressions, now obsolete there, are still common in Scotland—the lowlands—but evidently imported from England. The language travelled north.

The lowland Scotch is nothing but a corruption of that which is now spoken in Craven and the northern counties of England. The author is doubtless a little too peremptory. If our old English writers be better understood by the Scotch lowlands than by our northern counties, then must the Scotch be the less corrupted. He is, however, imperative—he is fully convinced, if the Scottish dialect were accurately analyzed, and all the English words, now in use in the northern counties, extracted from it, the residuum would be a moderate portion of archaisms, and a large quantity of modern slang. But what would be those archaisms? Might not some of them be Saxon—the words now lost in Craven? No doubt the men of the Hills would leave some Gaelic behind them; but our historical conclusion—we have no knowledge of the facts—would be, there is more Saxon in Scotland than in Craven.

In the execution of his task, the author's principle has been to admit no word which he or his friends have not heard used in the deanery. With this we quarrel—the principle is evidently wrong—he should have confined himself strictly to *peculiarities*. As it is, his work is full of words and phrases that are met with in every corner of the kingdom—some the language of the unlearned, or even the learned—others the slang of the refined—many perfectly legitimate, and admitted as such in every circle—and others sheer modern introductions. Much of this must arise from misapprehension—from not knowing what is actually in colloquial use in other parts of the country. He is himself a Cravenite; and, learned as he undoubtedly is, his is the learning of books, and books only. We must make good our assertion in as few words as we can.

These are mere slips:—*authority* for *authority*—*bacco* for tobacco—*dacity* for audacity—*consate* and *dissait* for conceit and deceit—*bailey* for bailiff—*priminary* for *præmunire*—*souger* for soldier—*howsomdiver* for howsoever—*admirablest*—*argufy*—*hainous*—*mends* (for amends)—&c.

Others are universally received.—*Boot*, “something given to effect an exchange”—no, a sort of make-weight;—to *badger*, “to bait, to give trouble;” borrowed from the animal so frequently exposed to barbarous treatment—no doubt about it at all—consult Lord Goderich; *back-stitch*, a needle-work phrase, understood and used by all who use a needle—*barring-out*, the school-boy's sa-

turnalia—*castor*, a little box, pepper-box—*cheatry*, fraud—*churching*, thanksgiving after childbirth—*cockering*, indulging—*dog-ears*, the twisted or crumpled corners of leaves—rather dog's-ears—*dumpy*, short and fat—*dunderhead*, blockhead—*fidgit*, restless, impatient—*finnikin*, particular in dress, trifling—*footing*, money given by a person to his fellow-labourers, when he enters on a new office or employment—*fiddle-faddle*—*Scotch-fiddle*—*gauky*, “simpleton, staring vacantly; TEUT. *gauch*, stultus; SWE. *gack*,” but obviously it seems to us from the French *gauche*, with an English or ignorant pronunciation—*goose*, a silly fellow—*greenhorn*, inexperienced youth—to *haggle*, to attempt to lower a bargain, to *higgle*—*handsel*, the first use of a thing—*harum-scarum*, *helter-skelter*—*jog-trot*, a gentle, equable pace—*lickspittle*, a toad-eater, a base parasite—*moonshine*, a mere pretence, illusive shadow—*chatterbox*—*ragamuffin*, covered or *muffled* in rags—*narrow-souled*, parsimonious, ungenerous—*nest-egg*, “a fund laid up against adversity;” rather the beginning of such a fund—to *pet*, to indulge—*prial*, three cards of a sort, a corruption of *pair-royal*—*smallish*, rather small—*sess-pool*, an excavation in the ground for receiving the deposition of streamlets—(could not the author have said simply, a reservoir for drains?)—and very many more.

Others are every where equally intelligible, though used colloquially only, from one end of the kingdom to the other. As—*It's all Dicky with him*—*he's dished*—*he's done up*—*balderdash*—*gab*—*Old Nick*—*granny*—*span-new* (i. e. new-spun)—*sly boots*—*side-wipe*, for indirect censure—*prim'd*, drunk, exhilarated with liquor—*Sawny*, for Scotchman—*quandary*, from French *quand-irai-je*, or *qu'en dirai-je*, or *qu'en dirai*—*fudge*, not, according to Mr. Todd (whose *dicta* are seldom worth a rush), introduced by Goldsmith, for the author finds *fage* used by John Lidgate, which, however may not be the source of *fudge*—*squad*, a party, or company—*banger*, large; she's a *banger*—*whap*, blow—*king's picture*, “money;” rather, formerly, a guinea—*Adam's ale*, for water—*butter-fingered*, “one not afraid of touching any heated vessel or instrument;” is it not one who cannot holdfast?—and, finally, *AVMACKS*, “all sorts,” intelligible to us for the first time.

Others are merely coarse or vulgar.—*Flea-bite*, a matter of indifference—*greedy-guts*—*thorough-go-nimble*—*foddum-clean* (what implications!) *sir reverence*, i. e. according to Mr. Nares, *salvâ reverentiâ*, corrupted to *sa' reverence*, and thence *sir* or *sur reverence*—*game-leg*, from *cam*, crooked—*down i' th' mouth*—*word o' mouth*—*born-days*—*marrow*, for equal—*muzzy*, drunk—&c. &c.

Others, modern flippancies:—*Circumbendibus*—*uncomcatable*—*undercumstand*—*schism-shop*, a dissenting-chapel—*scandal-broth*, tea—&c.

Others, though provincial, are as well known in Leicestershire, for instance, as in Craven—as *jist*, cattle taken to graze—*clam*, to hunger, to starve.

The book, again, is stuffed with proverbial phrases, familiar to every body, high and low;—as, *to have other fish to fry—to make fish of one, and fowl of another—to burn one's fingers—to burn daylight—to make ducks and drakes of one's money—to make no bones of a thing—to stick in the gizzard—to grumble in his gizzard—in apple-pie order—in black and white—blind man's holiday—to kick the bucket* (an unfeeling phrase, adds the author, for to die)—*to give the go-by*;—and others too coarse at present for common usage; as, *to look as big as bull-beef—to make a bridge of one's nose*, which is used, he says, by a party of toppers drinking out of a common vessel. Thus, if the first drink, and, by way of joke, offers to give the mug to the third, the second will exclaim, “Stop thear, thou sall’nt make a brig o’ my noaz.” We have heard it used, by good authority, in the provinces, for “thrusting your nose where you have no business.” Of these phrases, generally, the *use*, not the origin, is explained.

Here and there quaint phrases, still not peculiar to Craven, are successfully illustrated. *Cater-cousins—quatre-cousins*, or intimate friends, or near relatives, being within the first four degrees of kinship, (Blount). *Jack Robinson*—What a strange perversion of words will time frequently occasion! (is the author’s exclamation). “As soon as you can say Jack Robinson,” is a phrase common in every part of the kingdom; but who would suppose that it is a corruption of the following quotation?—

“A work it ys as easie to be doone  
As ‘tys to saye, Jack! *robys on*.”

Old Play.

*Bishopp’d—the bishop has had his foot in it, &c.* We were going to quote; but we perceive, by a second glance, the author has left the obscurity where he found it.

We may say the same of *bonfire*. He talks of the *Baal hills*, as hillocks on the moor, where fires have formerly been, which he refers to the ancient idolatry of Baal; and then asks, “Is not Baal-fire the true etymon of bonfire?” Mr. Todd (whose guesses are no worse than his *dicta*) supposes the primitive meaning to be a fire made of bones. This, notwithstanding his profound veneration for Mr. Todd, to whom he dedicates, does not satisfy the author. The Craven pronunciation *baan* for bone, changing the letter *n* for *l*, exactly corresponds with *Baal*. Here be proofs! Moreover, he doubts if a sufficient quantity of bones could be collected, on any public occasion, to make such a fire—but does *not* doubt whether bones, were they collected, would readily make a blaze.

On the word *fell*, a hill, he again questions his patron’s correctness, though not

without throwing a screen before him. Mr. Todd’s authority was—

“So shall the first of all our *fells* be thine;”

which, one Mr. Moor observed, was irrelevant. The *fell* here mentioned (in the verse) is synonymous with the Craven word *fall*, or a crop of lambs. The following line confirms the supposition, as it relates solely to cows and goats:—

“And with the beestning of our goats and kine;” which shews that, though Mr. Todd, with many another critic besides, can read one line, he cannot read two.

*Under the rose*—a derivation is suggested from the Persian *ander-raz*, in secrecy.

*To patter*, to speak hastily; “the people patter and praie” (Chaucer). Will not this come from repeating the *pater-noster*, in the way in which such repetitions were and are notoriously performed?—*To peg away*, “to move hastily.” Has not this a reference to the game of cribbage?

We have no space to notice illustrations of sundry customs, particularly such as relate to courtship and marriage. The *pighul*, or farthing candle—the *pitchering*—throwing the stocking, virgin garlands, &c.; nor of the dialogues—in which the author professes to furnish specimens of the dialect in its most immaculate elegance.

*Italy as it is, or Three Years in Italy; 1828.*—This is another volume by the author of “Four Years in France.” The writer is well known as Mr. Best, who some years ago became somewhat conspicuous for his apostacy—rather a harsh term, to be sure—from the church of England, of which he was a minister, to the idolatries of the church of Rome. This very decisive act—the result of the purest conviction, however absurd it may sound to Protestant ears—nobody can by possibility impute such an act by such a man, so circumstanced, to sinister motives—deprived him of certain civil rights—placed him, to a certain extent, in a state of degradation; and, by the generosity of the world—by which must always be understood the reigning party—he found himself comparatively cut—curtailed of his fair proportions—his former acquaintance shying him—and, in imagination still more than in reality, a sort of outcast—a proscribed offender. Luckily for him, he was independent in fortune, and could go where he liked; and, accordingly, he withdrew with his family to the Continent, at once to screen himself and his children from mortifications, and educate them in a Catholic country. After a seven years’ residence in France and Italy, he returns to England, less sensitive perhaps than when he left it, and more capable, we trust, of sustaining, without wincing, the arrogance of his orthodox contemporaries.

The ostensible motive for publication is his conviction of peculiar advantages for describing Italy. His is not the narrative of a

tour, but of a residence—not of the residence of an individual, but of a family—the results of the varied and multiplied impressions of many individuals—not of one who “protests” against the religion of the country he visits, but of one who professes it, and well understands the religions of both;—not of one—we give nearly the author’s own words—who, proud of his own rights and privileges, looks with contempt upon every country unblest with English institutions, but of one who is relieved from all extravagant admiration of his own government, by being refused all share in it—placed, in short, *inter ærarios*—with no privilege, but that of paying taxes.

Mr. Best is plainly a reformer by circumstances—necessity forces him forward; not led by ratiocination, nor prompted by any generous desires to promote the common advantages of improved institutions, but driven by suffering. As a Fellow at Oxford, and reading for the Bampton lecture, he was, we scarcely doubt, a zealous champion for the powers that be—a railer, perhaps, at Catholics and dissenters—charging all opponents of the existing administration with a wilful design to pull down the church and the constitution, so long the admiration of the world—resolute to keep down all that were down—exclaiming against change as innovation, and treachery, and treason—imputing scandalous motives where it was safe, and damning with faint praise where it was not. Now he takes the tone of a man born in oppression—the iron has sunk into his soul—the sense of wrong is inveterate in him—he is alienated from his country—is blinded to her superiorities—sympathizes with his Catholic brethren of Ireland—vindicates their rights to freedom and independence—is spiteful towards King William, and rails at the Custom-house. “Is an ecclesiastic a fit person to be a temporal sovereign?” he asks, when discussing the Pope’s sovereignty. “Why, as to the internal government of a state, if by this phrase is meant all the farrago of protecting, prohibiting, and countervailing duties, and interference in the affairs of commerce, down to the retail trade of the lowest shopkeeper—if it mean the balancing of party interests, and the work of determining how far the good of the whole should be sacrificed to the clamours of parties—if it mean the business of remedying the irremediable evil of poverty, an evil only aggravated by political regulation—if it mean the preservation of hares and partridges from the profane touch of those on whose land they are nourished—if such and such be the senses in which the words ‘internal government of a state’ are to be understood, an ecclesiastical person is an unfit head of the state,” &c.

Nevertheless, the author’s thorough good-nature occasionally overcomes his ill-humour, and his natural turn for the facetious throws a gleam of sunshine over the gloomy and querulous cast of his political sentiments.

It is difficult—zealous Catholic as no doubt he is—to believe that he is not laughing in his sleeve, even when taking his sternest tone of defence. At Turin, he speaks of a chapel much frequented by Protestants for a sight of the holy napkin, exhibited to the faithless once a year, but to the faithful at any time on especial application, and “assisting” at mass. Protestants visit, it seems, for the sake of saying something in their “tour” about miracles—“as the colonel put sticking-plaister on his shoulder, that he might in his dispatches report himself wounded. Fortunately for the mockers,” he continues, “there is somewhere in Flanders another holy napkin: it follows, therefore, that no veneration is to be paid to relics, and that popery is a cheat throughout, Q. E. D.” What thinks the Protestant of this retort? Again: “at Florence is a picture of the blessed Virgin, said to be by St. Luke; it is a relic much venerated, and kept in a little chapel, which, being an inclosure of bars of brass, looks like an aviary or other large cage. It is enriched with all that looks glittering and precious; a golden lamp, the present of Charles IV., hangs from the ceiling. The picture was exposed twice during our stay: once on occasion of prayers for rain, and once during the lying-in of the archduchess—both times with good success; for the archduchess recovered, and the rain came *subito*, as a workman in the Palazzo Nicolini observed to me, immediately on the exposition of the picture. I know not if the conservators of this madonna had the prudence of the Bishop of Avignon. His clergy waited on him to propose that the image of St. Agricola should be carried through the streets in procession, with prayers for rain: the bishop went to look at his barometer, and seeing the top of the mercury to be quite spherical, said, ‘Messieurs, ne compromettons pas le crédit du saint; attendons.’” After telling this story, the author adds, with all imaginable gravity, “This will be called trickery by those who blame the Catholic clergy for believing in modern miracles, and at the same time for not expecting them to be wrought whenever they ask for them. The church of England has in its prayer-book prayers for rain and fair weather, which are recited at times, I believe, in the country parishes during haymaking and harvest.”

The church of St. Paul fuori delle Mura, in the Via Appia, by the carelessness of some workmen repairing the roof, took fire, and burnt furiously thirty-six hours, when the roof fell in, and the whole was a mass of ruins. The beautiful marble pillars were found calcined, or fallen, or cracked, or tottering. The shrine in which repose the relics of the apostle, though in the centre of the conflagration, was unhurt. “Yet so incredulous is the age,” observes the author, “that no one cried out, ‘A miracle! a miracle!’ Does the miraculous nature of a fact depend on human belief? If so, ’tis

man, not God, that works the miracle."—*Anticyram ratio illi destinet omnem!* At Naples he describes the church, where—taking his own phrases—"the precious treasure, or precious trickery, as faith or incredulity may decide, of the blood of St. Januarius is seen. Kneeling at the rails of the altar, I touched with my lips, and, by consequence, had very near to my eyes a phial, in which was a liquid substance resembling blood. Persons of my family testify to having seen this substance in a solid state a few minutes before, when the phial was turned in every direction by the hands of the priest."

Speaking of the late Pope Pius VII., he observes he was a man of great mildness and urbanity, and of a tolerant spirit; of which an instance occurred a few years before his death. The Duchess of Devonshire, then at Rome, said to an Anglican clergyman, "It would be a great comfort, if, on a Sunday, you would read prayers to us;" meaning by *us* those English in Rome who might wish to attend. The clergyman assented, with some apprehension of giving offence to the papal government. The duchess undertook to speak to Cardinal Gonsalvi, and the cardinal communicated her wishes to his holiness. The pope quietly answered, "*Meglio il parlo senza—Better, that is, do it, and don't ask.*"

It is very much, he observes, in the style of Italian finesse to let a deceit work its own way. An English gentleman at Florence had a fall from his horse; besides some slight bruises, he felt great pain in one of his thumbs, which was soon attended with inflammation; and the surgeon continued to dress this thumb after the other hurts were cured. One day his son attended in his stead—"Have you visited the Signor Inglese?" said the father to the son in the evening. "Yes, I have drawn out the thorn, and—" "Pazzo che sei!" cried the father, "*ecco finita la bottega—Block-head that thou art! then there is an end of the shop!*"

The volume is full of churches and pictures; but really, after all, we find nothing to distinguish it above the common run of tours, which he inclines so much to depreciate; nor any thing that shews very conspicuously the advantage of a residence over a tour.

*The Cambrian Tourist*; 1828.—For touring people, little compendiums of this kind, if not absolutely indispensable, are at least very useful reminders of local historical events; and of the existing state of things, if they do not always make the most accurate reports, they enable you, by suggesting on the spot the specific subjects of interest, to do more for yourself by personal inquiry than you would without them. Nor are they altogether useless to the *stay-at-home*—for our own parts, we, who must always be supposed to be spell-bound in the centre of the publishing circle, glanced over

the pages of the *Cambrian Tourist* not without pleasure, from the reminiscences it suggested, and which without it might have been extinguished for ever.

The similarity of productions of this kind is worth remarking.—One might readily believe them all written by one person—they have all the same tone—see with the same eyes, and think (!) with the same soul: but as they cannot all be the products of the same pen, there must be some common cause, and that, we suppose, is to be sought for in the means which are universally had recourse to, to *make the book sell*—to please those, that is, who are likely to buy the book, or to recommend it. Accordingly, every where, especially at watering-places—all the establishments—libraries—rooms—hotels—baths, are of the most admirable kind—skilfully arranged, and capably and courteously conducted. Then as to the magnificoes in a neighbourhood, their houses and grounds are all beautiful and in excellent order—their manners conciliatory and affable—their liberality unbounded, &c. Next, as the great are all Tories, and those who cater for their accommodation, of course, Tories also—there are no limits to the extollings of our excellent constitution—our laws—our liberties—and, above all, our unparalleled sovereign. All this is supposed to hit the taste of the wealthy—and who but the wealthy travel—and who but the traveller buys a *Tourist*?

But be the taste, or the sentiments, or the composition, what they will—books of this kind are next to indispensable, and this is as good as any of its class. It is strictly a tour—with a single exception, from Abergavenny to Caermarthen—coursing the boundaries only—from Chepstow to Chepstow again. There are maps of North and South Wales, and a view of the beautiful Menai bridge, to this sixth edition of the *Cambrian Tourist*, and rules for uttering unutterable Welch.

*Illustrations of the Literature of the Eighteenth Century*, by J. Nicholls. Vol. V.; 1828.—This is a posthumous volume of that incomparable scraper-together of odds and ends—good, bad, and indifferent—the veteran John Nicholls: two more are still to come. Nicholls was an excellent man of business, with a good deal of *bonhomie* and simplicity about him, curiously mixed up with conceit and coxcombry—a collector and compiler, equally indefatigable and indiscriminating—connected, beyond any man of his time, with the minor fry of authors—topographers, and antiquarians, and black-letter folks—the peddlers and pioneers of literature—critics, and editors, and publishers—himself the Cerberus of a bottomless pit, into which were thrown monthly the rags and fag-ends of the learned and unlearned—the very refuse of which grew into piles and pyramids, convertible all to publishing purposes.

From the masses of acquisition, thus gathered in the course of a long life, the good man published first—we know not how many volumes of what he called *Literary Anecdotes*; and then the immediate precursors of the present, which, with his usual felicity, he termed “*Illustrations of the Literary History of the Eighteenth Century*,” intended to be in character, as well as in order, the “sequel” of the *Anecdotes*—bushels of chaff, with but here and there a grain of corn. The particular volume before us contains, if possible, still fewer “grains” of a marketable quality—scarcely, indeed, any thing of general or permanent interest; and yet an idle hour may not unagreeably be spent in turning over the pages even by those who never heard of the numerous persons here celebrated for every virtue under heaven; and no doubt with deep interest by their surviving friends. Most people like to see their *dead* acquaintance brought into notice; it gives distinction to themselves.—“I knew him.”

The more remarkable part of the original materials are some letters of Dean Swift’s—not the Dean’s, but a relative of his—to Nicholls, when Nicholls was projecting an edition of the Dean’s works, containing—the Letters we mean—particulars, especially of his birth—invaluable to his biographers, and we cannot imagine why they were not communicated to Sir Walter Scott, who certainly fished in Mr. Theophilus Swift’s reservoir. There are half-a-dozen letters also of Priestley’s, chiefly concerning his “*Theological Repository*,” of no intrinsic value; some of George Steevens, Sir Henry Croft, Daines Barrington; and others from persons who were never, we imagine, heard of in their own days, and it would puzzle any body to find out why they should be in ours.

Of the biographical parts, there are lives of Malone, by a son of *Jemmy Boswell’s*—of Windham, by Malone—the sum and substance of which have already figured in the *Gentleman’s Magazine*—of Parsons, Bishop of Peterborough—of Pearson, master of Sidney—of Barrington, Bishop of Durham—and Milner, the Catholic bishop—the latter, by-the-way, much the most attractive of the volume. Among others of still less significance are those of Jefferson, Archdeacon of Colchester—Christopher Hunter, tutor of Sidney—Dr. Ford, of Melton—Hugh Moises, of Newcastle, Lord Eldon’s tutor—&c.; the whole exhibited in a laudatory strain—written, indeed, by the friends of the parties—where all is told *en beau*, and whatever does not tell well is suppressed. Archdeacon Jefferson’s preferment was all conferred *unsolicited*—to enhance his merits—which may, for any thing we know, have been very considerable; but then we do know that he was tutor to some of the Duke of Beaufort’s children, and got what he did get, mainly or wholly, through the interest of the family.

M.M. *New Series*.—VOL. VI. No. 33.

A long story is told of one Mr. Gulstone, a gentleman of somewhat eccentric habits, who contrived to get through a magnificent property without himself knowing how, and who died a ruined man at forty-one—*nobody’s enemy but his own*. Nevertheless, it seems, he brought legitimate and illegitimate children into the world—neglected the education of some, and left all without a provision. He was, however, a collector of old books and papers, and had “completed a biographical dictionary of all the foreigners who had ever been in England, forming a supplement to Granger.” At his death, the voluminous MS. sold for little; and, it is believed, bought by Mr. Jeffery, the bookseller, of Pall Mall.

We distinguished Swift’s Letters, and will give an extract:—

It is true that a negative upon all occasions is hard to be proved, and sometimes almost beyond the power of reason to prove, so far as to convince gainsayers, if an alibi do not intervene. But happily for the reputation of Swift’s mother, it was quite, nay absolutely impossible, she could have had any connexion or intrigue with Sir William Temple; for Sir William was constantly resident at Brussels, as appears from his correspondence with the ministers of state in England, from September 1665, until the January after Dr. Swift was born. And Swift’s mother immediately after her marriage went over to Ireland, where his sister was born about a year, I suppose, or thereabouts, before her brother; and her husband having died a very young man, about the time of the spring assizes, in the year 1667, she was invited to my grandfather, Counsellor Swift’s house, in Dublin. And, as I have been told, and believe it to be true, she was then so young with child, that properly speaking, she was not aware of it, and the Doctor was born at my grandfather’s house, the 30th of November following. How soon after the doctor’s birth his mother returned to Leicester, where I think she was born, I cannot exactly say, but at Leicester she spent the remainder of her days, and lived to be an old woman. Neither was Swift’s mother ever out of the English dominions, *excepting in Ireland*, during her whole life. What I have said to you respecting the doctor’s mother, I declare to you upon my honour, or *what is infinitely more sacred*, I will declare to you upon my oath, if you please, that I believe it to be true. And if true, is not that negative proved by an alibi to a demonstration? Or, is it possible to resist the force of it? All I shall further say is, that, if you were acquainted with the name and spirit of the SWIFTS, you would soon acknowledge, that if a woman of infamous conduct, after marriage with any of the family, should have the impudence to attempt a visit to one of her husband’s relations, instead of meeting with favour or pity, she would have had the door shut in her face; or, if she happened first to get into the hall, she would as suddenly be turned out of the house with reproach and contempt. And give me leave to assure you, that it is a remark in the Swift family, and so delivered down by tradition, that no woman of the name was ever known to be guilty of misconduct; nor, what is more extraordinary, was any woman that ever married into the family guilty of the like.

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The same Swift, speaking of the Dean's works, says—

As for the Journal to Stella, not one line of it would ever have been printed, if it had not been for me.—In short, I was the person who about the year 1740 saved all that part of the journal from the flames, which was published by Hawkesworth. In the next place, the first paragraph in Hawkesworth's preface is really and truly a confounded lie, for Swift never in his days gave one line of his writings to that Dr. Lyon, who had no more capacity to judge of Swift's productions, either in prose or verse, than he had to write an Iliad. Neither had Swift any the least intention that his letters to Stella, which now go by the title of his journal, or perhaps any other letters in that collection, should ever be published. And now I must tell you, that if Hawkesworth had not published that part of the journal, I never should have published the rest of it, &c.

But he was plainly a hot-headed person; and little is the reliance to be placed on a memory, or a judgment, which passion is so likely to over-rule.

*Specimens of the Lyrical, Descriptive, and Narrative Poets of Great Britain, from Chaucer to the present Day, by John Johnstone. One small volume; 1828.*—This is a companion to the Specimens of Sacred and Serious Poetry published a short time since by the same editor. To the selections are added an animated sketch of the history of early English poetry, and short biographical accounts of the more distinguished poets. Remarkable for neatness of construction, the absence of prejudice, and independence of tone, the selections themselves give evidence of the editor's sound judgment.

His object is to put into the hands of young people, with whom poetry is a passion, but whose tastes are necessarily false or unripe, a volume of specimens calculated to raise their poetical feelings to a higher standard—even to the highest of all—that formed by the fathers of English poetry. No specimen is introduced which has not stood the test of time, or been allowed to possess enduring qualities. The volume contains, in the editor's judgment, more beautiful verse—far more of the very highest order—than is likely to appear in all the periodical volumes that shall be published for the next hundred years—glancing, we suppose, at the *annals*. The larger extracts are taken from the early poets, for the purpose of diffusing a more intimate knowledge of them—such as Herrick, Caren, Lovelace, and the Nut-brown Maid. The specimens from living poets are very defective. We were struck by some omissions. Among the ladies, we do not find Miss Mitford; and, by the way, we are not sure Mr. Dyer, in his collections of poets, has noticed her; and certainly his reviewer, Leigh Hunt, has not.

In his preface, Mr. Johnstone expresses a wish it were possible, by some *short-hand*

process of printing yet undiscovered, to compress half the pages of Wordsworth into a cheap work, adapted to the daily household use of the people of England—it would gladly have been done in the warm and sincere conviction, that no poems of nearly equal merit now remain to be freely diffused among them; and among the specimens so fitted for popular use, is *Ruth*—which ends, the reader may remember, with the following doggerel:—

Farewell! and when thy days are told,  
Ill-fated Ruth! in hallow'd mould  
Thy corpse shall buried be;  
For thee a funeral bell shall ring,  
And all the congregation sing  
A Christian psalm for thee.

*On Indigestion, by David Uwins, M.D.; 1828.*—Some men indulge their vanity by professing to know more than others—Dr Uwins gratifies his by professing to know less, and the gratification, we venture to say, is at least equally exquisite. The book before us is as full of conceit, to use a vulgar but expressive illustration, 'as an egg's full of meat.' His very abnegations become as pretty affirmances as even he, in the fullness of pride, could desire. Ingeniously and delightfully this contempt for contemporaries involves a self-superiority, which shines through the liquid veil of his humility with a brilliancy perfectly unclouded. Refusing, as this important person does, to affirm one thing to be fact, or to adopt another, or admit a third, or indeed any thing at all, Truth herself, delighted with his fastidiousness, in her own naked charms, rushes to the Doctor's exclusive embrace. To reject is all the art he knows to make men wise and keep them so—what is left, at the bottom of the crucible, is the *sympna*—though it be often nothing but a *caput mortuum*. Others, at a pinch, take the reverse of wrong for right; but Dr. Uwins will neither accede to the one, nor take to the opposite; no, nor turn in a middle path, if that should be one which another could trace; he will have nothing to do with what is common, nor scarcely with what is uncommon—he will take no precedent, nor is he inclined to make one.

This is the general complexion of the book. Now and then the author starts a paradox—rather of the oldest too: for instance—seeing is not always believing, even in medicine; for disorders of the skin, which are most obvious to sight, are the least understood; or a truism, as—disorder is not the same thing in every body—the idiosyncrasy of the individual makes a new disease. What then? Why, then, Dr. Uwins will have no classing for it—no naming it—no vulgar treatment of it. Every case becomes thus a new case—one *sui generis*—not to be judged of by others, but exclusively on its own merits, and all experience must go for nothing, for you never meet with a case a second time. For our own parts, ignorant as we confessedly are of

these matters—(but then the book was written expressly to illuminate persons in our unenlightened state)—we see not how Dr. Uwins can himself, with any consistency, venture upon prescribing at all—not even a grain of his favourite fox-glove—and yet we ourselves saw a prescription of his the other day lying on the counter of a druggist's shop. With his convictions, prescribing must be altogether, and at all times, *tentative*—a matter of chance and guess-work. To prove the soundness of his conclusions, he produces cases, where the disease has, with the profession, taken a name—been attended with common symptoms, and treated for a time in the usual manner—and where, by some chance or other, a different course being adopted, a patient, before despaired of, recovers—"all which," he says, with the utmost gravity, and as becomes the latent oracle—"proves that there is something more in the workings of the morbid state than the philosophy of morbid anatomy dreams of."

If this course be not enough to establish covertly the loftiest pretensions, the Doctor takes another tack—he raises the more alarming and terrible shadows, and then by a wave of his magic wand disperses them into invisible air. "There is no such thing," says he, "as an abstract disease." No body says there is; but, then, to destroy an assumption is something, though it be your own. "If I am asked"—this is Dr. Uwins himself—"whether I subscribe to the doctrine of Clutterbuck or Broussais? I reply to both and to neither. Does any one appeal to me on a disputed point (no matter what) whether asthma and hooping-cough are affections of the stomach or the lungs? I say, they are both and neither. Is fever contagious? I say it is, and it is not." Could the inquirer do any thing but laugh in the Doctor's face? If there was any definite sense in these dicta, we should have supposed he might, by possibility, mean that the seat of disease was sometimes one place, and sometimes another, the source of it sometimes one thing, and sometimes another—but, in his own language, which he considers to be popular, these discrepancies are referable to the "constituent and circumstantial variety of condition with which the excitant is engaged." We assure Dr. U. he is not yet entitled to take the high tone of authority he does—notwithstanding he contributes, as he informs us he does, to the Quarterly. While affecting to ridicule practitioners, who assign the stomach, or the brain, or the lining of internal surfaces, as the primary seat of all disease, he exposes himself to a similar charge of quackery—for with him even all is referable to indigestion. Abstracting, however, all the affectation, verbiage, and pretension, the common sense of the book, and there is some of that valuable quality in it, amounts to this, that every man, in the matter of indigestion, may be his own best

doctor. Every man must know *what* sits uneasily on his stomach—and that it is for him to avoid, and thus avoid also two other disagreeable things—swallowing drugs, and paying fees.

*The Beauties of Don Juan, including those Passages only which are calculated to extend the real Fame of Lord Byron; 1828.*—This is well meant, but ill planned. The object may be good, but it is impracticable. There is no handling pitch without soiling the fingers. Obvious gaps—broken stanzas—interrupted narrative—what are they but excitors to curiosity—setting the imagination a working, and suggesting probably worse than what is suppressed—they are signals for the entrance of forbidden topics.

And, to mend the matter, the expurgator tells us in the preface what has been omitted, with respect to which, also—lest, perhaps, he or *she* should be thought not to appreciate the passages thoroughly—the most superlative terms of eulogy are employed. "Innumerable passages of the most brilliant wit and caustic satire have been omitted, but a fearless sacrifice has been hereby made to Lord Byron's *real* fame, &c."—Pray, who that reads for the first time—and the book is expressly meant for such—will not choose to see this brilliant wit, &c.? Again, "if much of the wit and humour of Lord Byron's powers, and of the astonishing insight he possessed into the deepest and most dangerous recesses of the human heart, *have been sacrificed*, all the serious and contemplative parts of his poem have been retained, together with a considerable portion of its playfulness and variety." Really the good lady had better have said nothing about the matter—does she suppose *nobody* will see the preface? Or is the preface meant for one class of readers, and the book for another?

The great difficulty in the general selection has arisen out of that extravagant admixture of the burlesque with the pathetic, in which the original abounds. In many instances the burlesque has been carried to such excess as to neutralise the pathetic entirely; and there is something almost withering in the scorn, with which the noble author, after having awakened the best and most elevated feelings of the human heart, dashes the cup of promise from our lips, and with a sudden and a stern misanthropy, surrenders to ridicule and contempt the very emotions his genius had inspired. It has been the object of the present volume to defend the reader, as far as possible, against the pain of this cruel and unjust reaction, &c.

This is well said; but the very persons for whom the writer cuts and carves will defeat the project. The bad must go with the good—there is no clapping an extinguisher upon it—they must go together—and make their own impression. The good may correct the bad, as well as the bad cor-

rupt the good. Why should the writer suppose none will feel the incongruity but herself?

"A lady of my acquaintance," says Mr. Best, in his *Three Years in Italy*, "was standing, with her little boy, before a naked bronze Cupid, that supported the wax lights on the sideboard. The figure was regarded by the child with peculiar complacency; and the lady, for the purpose of correcting the expression of fun that appeared in the eyes of her little one, said, as if addressing the cupid—'Naughty little boy.'—'No,' said the child, 'not naughty, mamma, only no clothes on.'"

*An Account of the Public Charities of the Town of Bedford*, by R. B. Hankin, Solicitor, Bedford. 1828.—Our readers may think "*An Account of the Public Charities of the Town of Bedford*," perhaps, hardly deserving a place in a review of literary productions. The utility of such works, however, may plead an excuse for the indulgence. The *idea*, at least, is a new one; and if it had been acted upon some years ago, through the different towns in the kingdom, there would, probably, have been less occasion for the labours of Mr. Brougham on the subject of public charities. The present book is dedicated to the Duke of Bedford; and the editor begins with an analysis of a very recent act of parliament, for the better management of what is called, commonly, "The Harpur Charity." He afterwards gives an account of a great many minor bequests and donations, at different periods, for the benefit of the town of Bedford; and concludes with a topographical description of the place. The notice of the town will not be uninteresting, even to a stranger—and it seems that Mr. Hankin has not been contented with availing himself of the researches of others, but has frequently gone in quest of antiquarian novelties himself. We hope his example may be generally followed; and that the inhabitants of other places may, by similar publications, be made acquainted with the nature and extent of their advantages, and be able to obviate or correct the abuses which are the inevitable consequence of their being unknown or disregarded.

*A Compendium of Modern Geography, for Schools*, by the Rev. Alex. Stewart; 1828.—Mr. Stewart is favourably known by some judicious school abridgments of histories. The advantages offered in this compendium—similar compendiums abounding—is first, "by a judicious typography," more information in the same compass. It contains all the usual materials of what is now-a-days called a geographical grammar, with exercises, questions, &c.; but what the compiler avowedly wishes to be regarded as the characteristic superiority is the tabular list of the more remarkable places annexed to the description of each country, with vernacular pro-

nunciation of each word critically marked. This, correctly performed, must prove unquestionably a great accommodation to untravelled Englishmen—tutors and governesses; but correctness in this matter, not only for Europe, but the world, is not easy of accomplishment, and even if the difficulty of acquisition be overcome, the author may not succeed in conveying his knowledge correctly to the reader. Mr. Stewart has, probably, upon the whole, done as well as any one individual can be expected to do; but looking to his English list, he has plainly given us some of his own *Scotch*. Leicester is directed to be pronounced Leester—Reading, Reed'ing—Chichester, Chee'chester—Lincoln, Ling'con, when Lin'con would have been nearer the mark—Doncaster, Dong'-caster. Is Chee'vot for Cheviot right? Evesham is accented Ev'esham, though it should be Ee'sham—Kes'sick, but Kess'ick would be nearer the sound.

The *Scotch*, we have no doubt, are all correct enough, and we shall, for our own parts, confide in them. The Irish are generally, we believe, right, though Monaghan is not—Mr. S. directs Mona'gan, but it should be Mona'an, or perhaps Monawn. But when right himself, he may mislead by placing the accent, when it is used with the last syllable, on the last letter—that is where that last letter is what grammarians call a silent e—for instance, he marks Ballinrobé, Athloné, Kildaré. To be sure, this will mislead no Englishman who ever heard of these places; but the same system will inevitably mislead pursued with the French names. Alsace is marked and spelt Alsancé—Angouleme, Angoolam'é—Puy de Dome, Pwee de Domé—The Spanish Badajoz is directed to be uttered Vad'ahos—Barcelona, Var-the-lóna, which is a useless nicety. Granada is not accented at all. The Portuguese Braganza is Vagran'ha—Coimbra, Coimvra—all which, though correct enough, will be adopted by nobody. In Greece, Scio is described Skéo, which, we believe, should be Shéo. The penult of Egina is accented according to the quantity, we suppose, in ancient days; but the modern Greeks undoubtedly make it short.

The Compendium is the best and fullest we have seen.

*An Etymological Dictionary of the Latin Language*, by the Rev. F. E. I. Valpy, A.M.; 1828.—To discover what a writer is driving at, is of course the prime object with every reasonable person, when reading the language of his own country, or any modern language with the idiom of which he is familiar, without troubling himself much with the involutions of phrases, or their general or specific senses—much less with the niceties of particular terms—an obscure conception of a few words obscures but little the ultimate glance—his habitual acquaintance with customary combinations

carries him lightly, but safely, over passages, with the minutiae of which, if he dwelt upon them, he would soon be perplexed. But with languages which exist only in books, which are only to be understood by dint of great labour—by searching and sifting—single phrases, and even single words become of prior, if not of mightier importance—for before you can get at the sense of the whole, you must detect, and, to a certain degree, define that of the parts. For the accomplishment of this purpose, etymological learning comes usefully in—not that the bare knowledge of immediate derivations will carry you safely through writers of every kind and every age, who use the language. Amidst an abiding analogy, and a general steadiness, there are great and progressive changes, which have arisen not only from changes as to the knowledge of the thing the word indicates, but from the introduction of new phrases by successive writers, and the consequent application of the old to new purposes, or at least a modification of the old usage, for they were seldom utterly abandoned—and these from a variety of causes—fashion—whim—intercourse with foreigners—pedantry—power. But still the tracing back to their sources tends to specify the sense, and frequently suggests to the inquirer the causes that led to new or unusual applications. It is a sort of general index—or, still better, it is the polarity of the language. Every body feels that he has a firmer hold of his native tongue, the more he knows of the sources, whether Greek, Latin, or Saxon, from which it flows; and the same satisfaction, in degree, is derivable from the same sort of knowledge in every other language, though it be true that he cannot get thoroughly to the root of them.

The author of the volume before us, one of the numerous, industrious, and learned family of the Valpys, who come into the world with Latin at their tongue's end, as some do with their teeth ready cut, has made a very useful book—nothing of the kind has hitherto been introduced to schools—compiled from a variety of books, most of which are beyond the reach of numbers, and quite useless to learners—not that we mean to insinuate the volume is wholly borrowed, for the author has shewn considerable sagacity, and, occasionally, no little dexterity. In the preface, he proves that the Latin and Greek are relative languages—mother and daughter—not sisters or cousins—by a very obvious and satisfactory process; for instance, *Domus* and *δομος*—plainly the same words—which is the progenitor? What can we make of *Domus* in Latin? Nothing. What of *δομος* in Greek? Refer it to *δομαι*, to build, and that to *δωω*, to bind, or bind together. Therefore, *Domus* comes from *δομος*, and not *δομος* from *Domus*. To be sure both, by possibility, may be traceable farther

back, and to a common source, and thus be proved to be sisters—though we have no great expectation from oriental sources, not even from the Sanskrit, to which certain scholars seem disposed to point; and none at all from the north—though Egypt we think not utterly unlikely, should the present researches of Champollion, Young, &c. make any progress. The very history of Greece and Rome, however, leads to a confirmation of the author's hypothesis; and the dates are precisely marked of numerous words, when they passed from Greece to Rome. At all events, the more the Latin language is looked into, the more are words traceable to significance. Vossius, as Mr. Valpy remarks, did not know that *πρωινη* was the source of *pruina*—a thing of the morning—hoar frost.

The great fault of the book is too fixed a determination to find a Greek origin for every thing, and the consequent admittance of wild and random guesses. Too much reliance, again, is placed upon analogous substitutions of letters—e. g. "*Dirus* for *dinus*," says Mr. Valpy, "from *δινος*;" and by way of proof, or, at least, of illustration and confirmation, he adds, "*mora* from *μωρη*." Refer to *μωρη*, and you find it supported in like manner, by *dirus* from *δινος*; and so they prop one another. But farther, to shew that *dirus* may very well come from *δινος*, that is, that in this case *n* may be changed into *r*, an instance is produced where *r* is changed into *n*, as *donum* from *δωρον*, which itself, if it really have any thing to do with the matter in hand, wants authority. But other sources are, it seems, thought worthy of being quoted. It may come from *διος*, *δαιος*, fear; for *νυος* makes *nurus*, which latter, though it be true enough, will go a very little way in establishing the other. Or again—this is still Mr. Valpy—if the Greek utterly fail, the Anglo-Saxon may be called into requisition—*dere*, hurtful, mischievous—Shakspeare has, "would I had met my dearest foe in heaven,"—which itself had surely better be read *direst*—but who, except an etymologist by profession, would have gone to Anglo-Saxons for a word in use with the Romans long before the Romans came in contact with them. Surely the wiser and more manly way would be to avow ignorance; the tendency of the present course is to confirm errors, or to check inquiries, or to excite ridicule.

Take another instance—*Cōmis*—courteous, mild, affable; from *cōmo*, I trim, polish, as Quintilian has *comere et expolire orationem*. Hence *cōmis* is much the same as our word *polite*, from *polio*—all which may do. But not content with this, we have *al.* from *κοσμεω*, I adorn with care; *al.* from *cosmis*, from *κοσμηω*, I adorn; *al.* from *κωμος*, festivity, hilarity. Once more, *al.* from *com*, i. e. *cum* and *co*—somewhat as the Greeks use *συμπεριφρομαι* for I am obsequious, or complaisant. But *o* would be

short as in comes. All which is surely miserable trifling.

"*Facetus*—witty, facetious, from *φᾶω*, to speak, as *dicax* from *dico*. *Cetus* seems to be a termination—somewhat as *cundus* in *facundus*." Very like a whale, my Lord! *Manifestus* seems to have been found a tough morsel. "Held so, as it were (*manu*), by the hand, that it cannot be denied or dissembled." But what is *festus*? asks Mr. V. It can scarcely be a termination. Why not, say we, as well as *cetus* and *cundus*? Some refer it, continues Mr. V., to *fendo*, to find, discover; whence *fensi* and *fenstum* (as *hausi*, *haustum*), then for softness, *festum*. Others refer it to *festim*, i.e. *confestim*, immediately. In *manibus positus et confestim cognitus*. Or, as from *εἰλωω*, was formed *εἰλωφᾶω* (through a word *εἰλωπτω* *pf.* *εἰλωφα*); shall we say that from *μηννω*, to disclose, make known, was a word *μηννῶφᾶω*, whence *μηννῶφαιω*, and (through the *pf.* pass.) *μηννῶφαιστος*, Dor. *μηννῶφαιστος*? Like *Ητταιστος*. To all this rig-ma-rol is added, by way of confirmation, a note—*ταῖς*, clear, is a word which Schneider admits, though with doubt; and *μανος* was rare, fine, clear.

Less learning—less display of it of course we mean—would have pleased us better; and we cannot think that Mr. Valpy would have done any discredit to his judgment, his candour, or his courage, by frankly confessing ignorance upon pressing occasions, and fearlessly rejecting the worthless guesses he has sometimes so wantonly accumulated. The great merit of the book—and it is a very great merit—is the English explanations, free and full, of the sense of the words, according to their origin and composition, where that origin and composition is distinctly traceable.

*Farewell to Time, &c., by the Author of the Morning and Evening Sacrifice; 1828.*—As a book of devotion, it is long since we have seen any thing so free from objection both in matter and phrase—so full of sound and practical good sense—with so many marks of reflected thought—and so much infusion of a philosophical spirit.

Among the offices of religion, that of ministering to the instruction and consolation of the afflicted and dying, is surely one which demands the most careful preparation—none can be more important—none more imperative. But it is not the clergy only on whom the task of consoling the dying devolves. Their visits can be but occasional. The office of comforting the sick chamber falls infinitely more on those who take a deep and family interest in the welfare of the sufferer—who should, therefore, be qualified to discharge it. The author found reason to regret the want of "good helps" for the performance of this duty, among the multitude of treatises, in other respects of great value, which profess to have this object in view. His purpose, therefore, has been to supply what appears

to him a deficiency—to make his book *directly* useful to the afflicted—to assist the younger members of his profession—and to enable Christians of all ranks, in their visits to the death-beds of the sick, or in the hours of patient watching, to soothe and instruct.

For the successful prosecution of his purpose, four things appeared to him pre-eminently proper to be attended to, and his book is constructed according to that arrangement. To *enlighten their understandings* on the subject of religion—to give them, that is, such views of the character of God—of his providential dispensations—of his future plans—as may enable them to repose, with some measure of confidence, in the loving kindness of Him, who, during all the past portions of their existence, has never failed to watch over them "for good;"—to assist them in the performance of their *devotional duties*—to give those duties such a direction and tone as are suited to the condition of those who are labouring under mortal disease—who require consolation and strength in the trials they are undergoing;—to *enforce certain actions*—such as setting their affairs in order—being reconciled to those with whom they are at variance—giving a beginning to useful plans—offering good advice to those whom they are about to leave, and for whom they are naturally interested;—and finally, to suggest and impress *prospective views*—respecting that future life on which they are about to enter; and which may render it an object of desire, which, as the greatest of all the articles of revelation, it was undoubtedly intended to awaken.—"These views differ in some respects," says the author, "from such as are commonly given." He is, however, satisfied it is important to render the great doctrine of everlasting life as interesting to the affections of the human heart as possible;—and that though the subject is confessedly above the complete investigation of any mortal mind, yet views better founded on nature—more conformable to the plans of divine wisdom as we now observe them—and more consolatory to the sick, as well as engaging to the healthy and active, than those commonly presented on these topics—may be gained by those who apply themselves to the interpretation of the "visible things of God," with all the helps which improved knowledge, and a judicious use of revealed truth, are fitted to afford.

Of the devotional services, some are adapted to the funeral forms observed by the Scotch. The constitution of the Scottish church, and the habits and views of the people of Scotland, do not admit of any formal service—such as is used in most Christian countries. "But, perhaps," observes the author, "lest this should look like a reproach—the want of it has been less felt in Scotland, than it would have been among a people of different habits;—

and, indeed, there is something about all the forms which are observed in Scotland on this occasion, that not only accords most strikingly with the unostentatious character of all our religious services—but that has been felt by all observers of our ceremonies to be in affecting unison with the severe but simple and serious piety by which our people are distinguished."

The reader may, perchance, like to know how this ceremony is conducted—

The relations and friends of the deceased are invited to assemble, commonly, an hour before the time when the funeral procession is to take place. A simple repast is prepared, suited to the circumstances and means of the family; a short prayer is said, craving a blessing, before the refreshment is handed round; sometimes a short thanksgiving is pronounced after this ceremony; the procession then moves slowly to the place of interment;—the whole ceremony of interring the corpse is performed amidst the reverential silence of the attendants, the chief mourners commonly standing uncovered at the head of the grave; a silent sign of acknowledgment is made by the principal mourner to the company, when the last turf has

been laid, and the attendants then disperse to their several homes, commemorating, by their conversation, the virtues of the deceased, or with other reflections suited to the interesting character of the ceremony they have witnessed.

If we objected to any thing in this devotional volume, it would be to a section, entitled "Short Ejaculations in the Language of Scripture to be used by the Sick."—This is a direct initiation into cant—that is the adoption of customary phrases, without specific application—unprompted by the natural course of the feelings. Some of them are very strange—and some only not ridiculous. "Why hast thou set a mark against me, so that I am weary of my life?" Surely there is too much of the querulous here?—"I have fought a good fight—I have finished my course—I have kept the faith—henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of life"—and here too much confidence. "O that I had wings like a dove, for then would I flee away and be at rest"—which under the circumstances we will not designate.

#### MONTHLY THEATRICAL REPORT.

THE summer theatres are now making their harvest, not indeed according to the maxim, while the sun shines, but in spite of as inveterate a monsoon as ever washed the black visages of Hindostan. Our rivers overflow, and so do those little theatres, and we can only hope that the sympathy will not go further, and that they will not run dry together.

The Haymarket has been, since the commencement of the season, exerting itself with great activity in the performance of new farces, and those other brief displays of plot and pleasantry which have been so long appropriated to this very pleasant stage. The latest and the most amusing that has appeared late enough for our notice at present, is the "Green-Eyed Monster," a two act farce, from the French of course, but extremely well adapted by Mr. Planché, who is becoming one of the most dexterous and successful contrivers of those very amusing little productions.

The reigning idea of this farce is jealousy. The old *Baron Speyenhause*n is jealous of his showy wife; the eccentric gardener, an humble copy of the Baron, is jealous of his intended bride, and the Baron's ward is jealous of the Baroness. So far goes the real passion. But, for the purpose of repelling the difficulties to which the passion subjects the more rational personages, the Baroness and the ward's lover assume its appearance, and become furiously jealous, the one of her husband, the other of his mistress. The plot proceeds, thickening and entwining to the last; when the Baron is forced to confess his absurdity, acknowledge the claims of the lover, and promise eternal confidence in the wife.

Farren is *Speyenhause*n, and his acting is excellent. The affectation of a superiority to all suspicion, with the eager readiness to turn every shadow into reality; the nervous struggle to appear calm, with the miserable agitation of fear, shame, and doubt, growing into conviction, are portrayed with as much nature as perhaps the modern stage has exhibited. But the part is closely and studiously adapted to his style. Miss F. Kelly, as the *Ward*, is clever, as she is in every thing; yet, before she can rise to the height to which her talents would naturally lead her, she must be more mistress of her physical means. She always gives proof of a striking and peculiar conception of character. Some of her "effects" are finely true to nature, and the general description of her style is power. But she still wants the facility of voice and figure, that ought to second her ingenious mind. Her tone is often harsh, and apparently beyond her guidance. Her voice breaks, and runs alternately into high and low key, each the reverse of harmony. This is a formidable defect in female performance, which must be so frequently conversant with sentiments of the tender, the delicate, and the touching. One of Miss F. Kelly's efforts on those occasions is enough to put the whole covey of Cupids to flight. She must study the management of her rebellious throat, with unwearied perseverance, and she will succeed in the conquest; its gutturals will no more startle the stage hero and the audience together, and this very intelligent and promising performer will realise the promise that she has made.

Cooper should be an example and an encouragement to her and to all like her. No actor of the metropolis startled the echoes with a

more turbulent voice during his first three or four years. It has at length begun to be modulated into an excellent and articulate tone. His acting was harsh and inanimate. He has learned better things, and is now among the liveliest players of the liveliest dramas. His performance of the lover in this farce is as spirited a compound of soldierlike sincerity, gentlemanly feeling, and gay burlesque as we have lately seen.

One subject more of our not unwilling panegyric remains, the peasant-love of the old gardener, Louise. Mrs. Humby is a favourite with the audience from her singular neatness of dialogue, pleasant archness of expression, and prettiness of face and figure. We have no actress who makes more of the insignificant supernumerary characters of those little dramas. She has the talent of saying the most piquant things with the driest simplicity, and is always accurate, lively, and amusing. We can scarcely understand why both she and Vining, who is a good deal in her style, and an excellent and bustling stage intriguer, valet, and coxcomb, should not be transferred to either of the winter theatres. They would undoubtedly be popular.

Miss Bartolozzi has gone through several of the principal operas of this house with considerable effect. She is young, well-looking, and evidently a carefully-taught singer. But she has some obvious deficiencies which will require both study and time to overcome. Her embarrassment on the stage may wear off by the habit of looking an audience in the face; but her stage action will require additional variety, expressiveness and ease. Her voice is naturally powerful, and may yet be of the very first order, for its tone is fine and Italian. But it must cultivate flexibility, finish, and accuracy, peculiarly in the higher parts of the scale. However, a few months may make a prodigious improvement. The *debutante* and the popular performer live in different elements, and when this showy, and certainly clever girl, shall have acquired the self-dependence of practice and popularity, she may be a highly-important acquisition to opera.

This theatre has lost some of the principal public favourites since last season. In this we admit and allow for the difficulties of the management. The proprietor may be indefatigable, as we entirely believe he is, in providing the best possible company for his stage; while the actors are equally indefatigable in struggling for the largest possible emoluments that they can contrive to extract from the manager; or, if he grow wisely reluctant, from the curiosity, taste, or profusion of the Squiredom.

Thus the bidding is raised on the theatre which has brought those performers into the public view, and the manager of a single establishment, with but a quarter of a year to reimburse him for the necessary expenditures of a year, has to contend with the

whole pocket money of the provinces. Every play-going shilling in the range of the empire is in open conflict with his single purse, and the victory is, of course, soon decided by the weight of numbers. Thus, we have lost the poignant and lively performance of Vestris; Miss Tree has taken to flight with her beauty and her grace; and Liston has, either in fastidiousness of the Summer Treasury, or in some other odd impulse of the most eccentric and amusing humourist of the stage, hid his pleasantries from us for the season.

The "Friends," a little drama from the French, and well adapted by Mr. Lacy the violinist, has been popular for some time. The plot turns upon the rather repulsive conception of a love between a supposed brother and sister, and a real brother and sister. A young captain of a privateer, who had saved a child from a wreck, brings her up as his sister, to avoid the indecorum of having a young stranger in his house. He becomes enamoured of her on her approach to womanhood; but believing her attracted by another, and dreading that she would fly from his house at once, if she knew that she was living with only a benefactor, he refrains from the discovery. The captain (Cooper,) has for some years quitted the sea, and is now a merchant. His partner (Farren,) is the suitor to the presumed sister. The captain sees a love scene between them, and in a fit of furious jealousy, quarrels with his partner, yet without developing his secret. The agitation which this quarrel excites, betrays to the sister that her fondness for her brother is of a more ardent kind than belongs to mere relationship. She is confirmed in this alarming opinion by the experience of her pretty little friend, (Mrs. Humby,) who is on the eve of matrimony, and describes the genuine passion in all its symptoms, with her usual *naïveté*. The high-minded and delicate girl is shocked by the involuntary crime, and instantly determines to marry the suitor whom she had previously rejected. The captain is distracted at this intelligence, and believing that all hope is at an end, reveals the secret. The heroine's terror is suddenly turned to joy; she acknowledges her passion, and vows to live and die with him. The summoned suitor now comes, but it is only to be rejected a second time. In the midst of his chagrin, the additional discovery is made that the captain's bride is the suitor's actual sister, supposed to have perished in the vessel in which his mother was lost returning to France. He is consoled by the discovery, and all are in raptures together.

There is in this slight story much more for the taste of the French stage than the English. Those equivocal relationships always excite an unpleasant feeling with us, and the mere possibility of brothers and sisters falling in love with each other, borders upon the disgusting. The heroine is

well played by Miss H. Kelly; Cooper's Captain is spirited, and Farren's Merchant is strikingly characteristic. The busy bride, played by Mrs. Humby, is, after all, our favourite of the entire. Nothing on the London Stage is more animated and amusing than her matrimonial eagerness; her sinking all subjects, let their importance to others be what it will, in her own marriage; and her reminding all the world every five minutes, that the hour of "her wedding is two o'clock." The only performer whose appearance discredits the play, is West, who has unfortunately conceived a very passable part in the most quirkish spirit of a low attorney, and whose dress is something between that of a baker and a stable-boy. Yet he is in a merchant's counting-house, and there is no reason for this idle caricature, unless it be that the actor chose to sharpen the wonder of the audience at Mrs. Humby's matrimonial zeal when such was to be the prize. However, West is a smart actor, and when he shall reform his costume, will probably appear to advantage.

The English Opera House has laboured with great, and we conceive, successful diligence, since the beginning of the season. Four or five performances, all of merit, and some very striking, have followed each other. Mozart's music in the "*Così fan Tutti*," has attracted considerable attention, and is still among the nightly displays of the Theatre. The "*Bottle Imp*," a mad tale from our mad friends of Germany, is the best that we have seen of its species; altogether outdoing the *Freischütz* in oddity, variety, and effect, with the single exception of the bullet casting scene, which absorbs all the horrors of Rhenish invention so effectually, that there is not a horror left for any future dramatist of the infernals. The music of the *Freischütz* is, we need scarcely say, not likely to find a rival. Yet the "*Bottle Imp*" offered so striking an occasion for that finer order of composition which is essentially dramatic, that we regret its not having fallen into the hands of some great composer.

As it stands, however, it is a highly eccentric, and even pleasant piece of *Diablerie*. Keely, as the innocent instrument of the spells, is completely in his vocation; and between actual sheepishness, peasant craft, and real terror, he exhibits a very curious versatility.

A *petite* piece, "*He lies like Truth*," translated from the "*Menteur Véridique*," is also popular. Wrench is the hero, and in his abhorrence of the simplicity of fact, which he calls dull and mechanical, embroiders every thing with the most elaborate invention. He is on the eve of marriage with a lady whose father hates this vigorous faculty so much, that with a view of getting rid of the son-in-law, he protests that he will not give his consent unless the hero can abstain from a "lie" for the next twelve hours. The promise is made instantly,

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which unluckily turns out to be only a fresh illustration of the inventive talent, for it is as instantly violated by a merciless exaggeration about a place under government. But the lady, who is solicitous for the match, dextrously provides against the detection, by introducing a stranger who corroborates the statement, and declares the place to be only waiting his acceptance. The lover falls into another breach of the contract, by detailing the history of a fictitious quarrel. The lady introduces the very man with whom the quarrel had existed. The liar is naturally as much astonished as any one else; but the gentleman, after demanding his presence with pistols, and finally accepting the due apology, retires, and all is safe for the time.

A third exaggeration as to the patron who is to supply him with place and pension, is about to be sustained in the same way by the lady's agent, when all parties are thrown into equal embarrassment by the appearance of the actual individual, who is alike unconscious of having thus extended his patronage, and of the very visage of the hero. The lady trembles for her marriage; the agent, for his master's reproof, he being the valet of the newly arrived personage, and dressed in his court suit; and the lover for the results of inevitable detection. But farce is, luckily, not tragedy. The affair ends in a laugh, and the father forgets the invention, and forgives the inventor.

The great Theatres are sedulously preparing for the winter opening. A tragedy, said to be by Miss Mitford, is, we believe, in managerial hands, and we may expect the usual succession of pleasant *petite* pieces from the usual writers. Messrs. Poole, Peake, Planché, and Renny, are, of course, hard at work, and we shall have the benefit of their Summer roamings up the Rhine, down the Danube, and across the Black Sea. A Turkish Pastoral, Sultan Mahmoud, in the disguise of a shepherd, makes love to one of the sisters of Nicholas, who, captivated by his skill on the flageolet and his rural simplicity, elopes with him from the stately halls of St. Petersburg, for, as she presumes, the rustic happiness of a cottage in Asia Minor, and finds herself, to her astonishment and delight, conveyed to the Ottoman Court, and sitting beside the handsomest man of Europe or Asia, with the longest beard and the best diamonds, is to be read on the opening of the Theatre. Green-room whispers are already active on the subject; and the authorship is divided among several pens of the very highest rank of the noblesse. But the general opinion attributes it, beautiful as it is, to the genius of a literary Duke "not a hundred miles from the Green-park." So say the papers, and as they are bound to know every thing, and to tell all they know, we are bound to believe them.

A celebrated dramatist has a play vibrating between the Theatres. The story goes, that the cause of this vibration was the

author's wish to leave it to the managerial judgment, whether his play should be considered as the offspring of *Thalia* or *Melpomene*. One Theatre, after some hesitation, in the first instance pronounced it a Comedy, the other Theatre pronounced it a Tragedy; further consideration made both reverse their judgments, and the former advocates for its comic rights now pronounce it a Tragedy, while the latter are "fearless in giving their opinion" that it was intended for a Comedy. Until the point is settled, the proprietorship is held in abeyance. Several Operas are conjectured at Drury Lane, where Young is engaged. Charles Kemble is stated to have sold his interest in Covent Garden to Mr. Willett. The projected arrangement with Mr. Harris is put aside for the time. M. Laporte, who has not been shot by his heroic ballet-master, nor, we rejoice to hear, kept back by the tyranny of the *Théâtre Française*, for the purpose of playing the principal roles in Paris, promises to open his Theatre in December with an influx of singers and dancers unparalleled since the Norman invasion. The grand Opera of

the "*Eumenides*" is to be among the first achievements, and Pasta, Sontag, and Pessaroni, are to play the three *furies*. In the course of the year we are, we understand, to have two new *Divertissements*, which is one more than we had in the last; and one new Ballet which the manager may assure himself will be a novelty—if the news be true.

The showers have washed Vauxhall nearly out of recollection. But the lamps glitter there still. Mr. Cooke plays his pleasant caricature we presume, and from the shots heard in that direction about the witching hour, we have reason to believe either that Vauxhall exists, or that the French have sent an expedition up the Thames, and are storming the Commons of Clapham.

However, the weather must grow dry some time or other, and as the managers are really active, and have made Vauxhall a really pleasant place, instead of the tedious affair that it was before their reign, we wish that they may be able to revenge themselves for the showers by a full tide of the monied currency, before their season be over.

## PROCEEDINGS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES.

### DOMESTIC.

#### ROYAL SOCIETY.

May 8.—A communication was read to the Society, containing some particulars of the earthquake felt in the Netherlands, and in some of the frontier towns of France, on the 23d of February, in a letter to Captain Sabine, from Professor Quetelet, of Brussels. It was particularly felt along the banks of the Meuse; its greatest violence was in the towns of Liege, Tongres, Tirelemont, and Huy; many of the walls and buildings of which suffered considerable injury, but no lives were lost. In the adjacent towns of Maestricht, Namur, Louvain, and Brussels, strong shocks were also experienced, but their violence diminished in proportion to the distance from the former or principal seat of concussion. An account was also read of some particulars of an earthquake experienced at Bogota, and in the Cordillera, between Bogota and Popayan, on the 16th of November, 1827, in a letter from Colonel P. Campbell. The city was in great measure destroyed, but not more than five or six persons were killed. To the north of Bogota the earthquake was not much felt, but to the south the devastation has been most extensive. Popayan, which is 200 geographical miles S. S. W. of Bogota, and Patea, still farther to the S. S. W., have suffered severely.—May 15. A long and elaborate paper was read, entitled, *A Comparison of the Changes of Magnetic Intensity in the Dipping and Horizontal Needles throughout the Day at Truernberg Bay, in Spitzbergen*, by Captain Foster.

Also was read a paper on experiments, relative to the effect of temperature on the refractive index, and dispersive power of expansible fluids, and on the influence of these changes in a telescope with a fluid lens, by Peter Barlow, Esq., from which it appears that the author considers it as probable, that in all expansible fluids the index of refraction varies directly as the density: on the other hand, it would appear that the dispersive ratio remains at all temperatures constantly the same.—May 22. A letter was read from Thomas Andrew Knight, Esq., containing an account of some circumstances relating to the economy of bees. He infers that not a single labouring bee ever emigrates in a swarm without having seen its proposed future habitation. He finds that the same remark applies not only to the permanent place of settlement, but also to the place where the bees rest temporarily soon after swarming, and also concludes that unions of swarms are generally, if not always, the result of previous concert and arrangement.—June 5. A paper was read, entitled, *Description of a Sounding Board in Attercliffe Church, near Sheffield*, by the Rev. J. Blackburn, minister; it is the section of a paraboloid, and so placed, that the mouth of the speaker is in the focus.

### FOREIGN.

#### INSTITUTE—ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

Paris, May 12.—A sealed packet, containing a memoir on urinary concretions, and a note on a new treatment of gravel,

was delivered to the secretary from Dr. Miguel. M. Cogniard de Latour observed, that brass wire, after having been stretched for a few days in the open air, easily breaks when bent at a sharp angle, which seems to imply some change in the molecular state of the metal, and proposed to investigate the cause.—19. M. Dupetit Thouars made some remarks on a note of M. Mirbel, relative to Cambium and Liber. M. Finot claimed the priority of invention of sizing paper by means of amidon. M. Guy-Lussac made a proposal for establishing to investigate and determine the various prizes.—26. Mr. Warden gave some details of an earthquake felt at Washington and other places in the United States, between 10 and 11 p. m., on the 9th March. The minister communicated all the details his office could furnish regarding gunpowder. MM. de la Billardiere and Desfontaines reported favourably on a botanical memoir of M. Cambessedes, and recommended its insertion in the *Recueil des Savans Etrangers*. M. Poisson read a memoir on some points of the *Mécanique Céleste*. He terminated his memoir by various remarks on the invariable

plane which M. Laplace determined for our planetary system, and on the plane which M. Poinsoy had recently proposed, and which alone he regards as invariable. MM. d'Arcet and Chevreul reported upon M. Donne's memoir upon Iodine and Bromuim.—June 2. M. Baudelocque announced certain discoveries he had made in the obstetric art. M. Villermet read a memoir on the medium height of the inhabitants of France.—9. M. Cuvier presented to the Academy some teeth of the gigantic tapir, which had been dug up in the arrondissement of Saint Gaudens.—16. At the public meeting held this day, La Lande's astronomical prize was awarded to MM. Carlini, of Milan, and Plana, of Turin. M. de Monthyon's prize for experimental physiology was given to Dr. Dutrochet, and MM. Andouin and Milne Edwards. The memoirs of Dr. Vincent and M. Collard de Martigny, were honourably noticed. M. Monthyon's statistical prize was bestowed on M. Thomas. On the other subjects, for which prizes were offered, none of the competitors were thought worthy of success.

#### VARIETIES, SCIENTIFIC AND MISCELLANEOUS.

*Prospects of British Science.*—The peace which almost ushered in the present century was scarcely ratified, when the greater number of our ships were dismantled with precipitate haste, and the marine stores, with which our arsenals were amply provided, were eagerly disposed of at any price, to any one who would take them: hostilities soon recommenced, fleets were to be equipped anew, the recently sold stores were to be repurchased at any cost, the urgency of the case was appreciated by the sellers, and government paid dearly for their ill-timed economy. This occurrence was characteristic, but the example has been lost.

So long as the aristocracy of England think it right to provide for the younger members of their families at the public expense, instead of setting apart for the purpose any portion of their revenues, no minister will dare to effect a reduction of the expenditure of the country, under the head of places and pensions. A finance committee, composed of the most able and upright men, may be embodied; they may investigate with scrupulous fidelity; may censure with indignant freedom, but the sinecurists and placemen deriving strength from the extent of their own delinquency, will brave their denunciations, and too powerful to be awed by the frowns of a minister, will laugh at the clamours of the people. When, therefore, as at the present moment, the embarrassments of the country are deeply felt by the executive, and an honest as well as sensible body of gentlemen are in consequence required to examine, and recommend for

abolition every office of no immediate utility, they will, if not with the hope of producing any other beneficial effect, still with the expectation of quieting any public discontent, proceed to the removal of all petty places within their reach, since those of greater weight defy their jurisdiction. Unfortunately, with rather reckless indiscrimination, the present finance committee has prosecuted their labours: one of their last acts, for as theirs it must be considered, was the abolition of the board of longitude; not that we are the advocates of that board, for, with the exception of perhaps three members, it was as badly constituted as such a board could be, and its conduct was framed, as might reasonably be expected. It had the disposal of £4,000 annually for philosophical purposes, in other words to be jobbed with, and jobbed with it was accordingly; every scientific conundrum of its members was prosecuted to the fullest extent of their funds, while objects of real utility submitted to their consideration were treated with contempt or neglect.\* Still, in a maritime nation, some board of the sort is almost indispensable. With the termination of its existence, that of the nautical almanack is *supposed* to have terminated also: yet, such as it was, this, or some similar publication, is absolutely necessary. Unchanged for more than half a century, it was consequently the worst of its kind in Europe; but still it was bet-

\* On the flint-glass making scheme, and the furnace now lapsed to Messrs. Pellat and Green, together with various other of their proceedings, we shall supply the details at some future time.

ter than none at all. For a maritime nation thus to be left without a competent body to superintend and direct the scientific arrangements for its navy, shows in the government lamentable indifference, to call it by no harsher name: but before we prosecute this subject further, we shall notice a few topics which have some relation to it. It was proposed some time since, by an able navigator at the head of a naval office, to establish a sort of journal, for communicating to the public interesting abstracts of the voluminous and accumulating information which at present is supposed to be lost in the archives of that department. From various causes, the idea of this journal was abandoned, nor was it thought advisable to place foreign nations in possession of intelligence which was collected at the expense, and for the service of England. To a certain class of reasoners this latter argument was specious enough; but what was the fact? The whole of this intelligence had to pass through the hands of another personage, who receives from a trading bookseller £500 per annum for communicating it to a journal, of which he is the proprietor: patriotism thus appeared, as is usual, but a cloak for self-interest, and so jealously was this self-interest guarded, that when, on the return of a celebrated expedition, one of the persons who had accompanied it was applied to to contribute a slight sketch of its proceedings to a popular work, a direct refusal was given, for fear of offending the fortunate gentleman who profited by the sale of the intelligence, and would resent with the whole weight of his official power any interference with his prerogative.

But these are the days of retrenchment and economy, and as the scientific character of the nation cannot be expressed in pounds, shillings, and pence, it may consequently be estimated as nothing, and scientific establishments an useless burthen, we would therefore recommend the completion of the work that is begun. The royal observatory at Greenwich, and its astronomers, are the laughing stock of Europe; and assailed on all sides by invective and ridicule, the latter is upheld only from the partiality of private friendship, or because it has been made the point of attack upon a system in which its supporters are interested. Should it be necessary, from his own acknowledged incompetence, or from natural causes, to appoint a successor to Mr. Pond, it is in vain that we should look in Great Britain for an individual able to compete with the continental philosophers; there has been no public encouragement here to stimulate or reward exertion, so that among those who might have conferred honour upon the appointment, not one has thought it worth his while to sacrifice his individual pursuits, and at the expense of much bodily and mental fatigue, prepare for a difficult situation, when, should it be otherwise disposed of, his labours would be totally lost. Do away then with the mockery of Greenwich altogether; if we

cannot have a high scientific character as a nation, let us enter into no competition; it is better to have no national philosophical establishments, than to have such as excite contempt throughout Europe. The £500 per annum, which was given for our wretched nautical almanack, would have purchased one equal to that now published at Berlin, and half the expense which Greenwich costs would command for us the services of the greatest genius alive—as to the national disgrace from such a system, why that too, as it cannot be expressed in pounds, shillings, and pence, may safely be neglected by government. Their own individual reputation the philosophers of England will always maintain. Unsupported by the expectation of reward or emolument, it is the love of science alone that can stimulate their exertions; and rendered more eminent on that very account, while they are a living libel on their government, they will excite the admiration of the rest of Europe.

*Antiquities.*—A human mole who has burrowed during the last eight or nine years into no less than forty-six ancient tumuli, upon the range of Southdown hills, and been rewarded for his pains with the discovery that they had been previously ransacked, at the end of July last, after opening what appeared to be a barrow, upon Laning hill, about eight miles from Brighton, and four from Worthing, found the remains of a small Roman temple; the pavement was of the most coarse description, but several coins of Constantine, Trajan, others of the Roman Emperors, as well as a few conjectured to be Saxon, together with numerous brooches, and some rings, were all in the highest state of preservation; the various urns, however, in which they were contained, unfortunately crumbled to pieces.

*Cheap and valuable Manure.*—Raise a platform of earth, eight feet wide, one foot high, and of any length, according to the quantity wanted, on the head land of a field. On the first stratum of earth lay a thin stratum of lime fresh from the kiln; dissolve or slake this with salt brine or sea-water from the nose of a watering-pot; add immediately another layer of earth, then lime, and brine as before, carrying it to any convenient height. In a week it should be turned over, carefully broken and mixed, so that the mass may be thoroughly incorporated. This compost has been used in Ireland, has doubled the crops of potatoes and cabbages, and is said to be far superior to stable dung.

*Novel Artillery.*—A gentleman of the name of Sievier has recently invented a method of projecting shot, which consists in making the shot with a cylindrical chamber, so as to pass freely on to a maundid or bar, fixed on trunnions, a powder chamber being formed at the bottom of the cylindrical cavity in the shot. The powder is inflamed by means of a touch-hole in the shot in the usual way. A charge of powder thus used

is found to produce effects very much surpassing those of a shot of equal weight thrown from a cannon, and this is accounted for by supposing that the force of recoil, which in a cannon is so great as to throw it a considerable distance backwards, is added in the new form of shot to the usual quantity of projectile force. The experiments made with shot weighing up to twenty-five pounds, were successful both as to force and direction, and the advantage gained as to lightness in the apparatus is extraordinary.

*Discovery of a MS. of Ediesi.*—A discovery has been made in the royal library of Paris, of a manuscript of the Geography of Ediesi. Hitherto only an abridgment of this Arabian geographer has been known, than which, the work in question is five times more voluminous. Ediesi wrote at Almeira, of which he was a native, about the year 734 of the Hegira (1345 of our era). His Geography affords some extremely curious details on the state of places at the time he wrote. Many extracts have been made from it, but fragments only have come down to us. The new MS. affords many different readings of names, which have not been always correctly written in the passages which have as yet appeared; indeed, the errors have been multiplied with the number of copies, so that the present MS., more than 200 years old, will in this respect afford some valuable information.

*Waste of Food.*—From an experiment recently made of the loss sustained by the usual process of cooking rice, and throwing away the water in which it has been boiled, it has been ascertained that about one-thirtieth part of the rice is lost: in other words, food enough for one day in every month is habitually thrown away; and a country which, like Bengal, maintains nearly 30,000,000 of people fed with rice, might nourish one million more from the same tillage and produce, which now support a less number.

*Improved Mariner's Compass.*—An improvement in the disposal and hanging of the mariner's compass on shipboard has been made in America. It dispenses with the use of the binnacle; a hole is cut in the deck, within this hole the compass box is placed, and at top covered by a very thick glass; the bottom of the box is also made of glass, the compass card is made semi-transparent, and the whole lighted from below. By these means the use of a tell-tale is dispensed with, and the compass rendered much more secure than in its former position, as it is as firm as the deck.

*Brazilian Tea.*—The tea plant has within the last few years been cultivated in Brazil on a very large scale, and with great success. It was originally brought from China about the year 1816, when a number of Chinese, accustomed to its cultivation and preparation, were at the same time conveyed to Rio de Janeiro, for the purpose of

naturalizing it. It was at first planted at the royal estate at Santa Cruz, formerly belonging to the Jesuits, and, eventually, it was spread to several of the provinces. In that of Saint Paul, where the soil and climate have been found peculiarly congenial, the plantations are on an extensive scale; and the Brazilians are said already to grow sufficient for their own consumption. In five years it is expected they will be able to export a considerable quantity. Some scientific persons in London, who have been furnished with samples of Brazilian tea, have found it on infusion stronger than that of China, usually drank, which may perhaps be owing to its being of last year's growth, while the Chinese tea consumed in England is generally three or four years old.

*Solution of affected Quadratic Equations.*

—Whatever be the original form of quadratic equation, it must always be reduced to this formula of three terms:  $x^2 + px + q = 0$ , in which  $p$  is the sum of the roots, and  $q$  is their product. Now having their sum, and substituting  $d$  for their difference, we have, by a well-known theorem, the two roots in their expression:  $\frac{-p \pm d}{2}$ ; in which the

sign of  $p$  is always contrary to what it is in the above formula. Also we have  $\frac{p+d}{2} \times$

$\frac{p-d}{2} = \pm q$ . In which equation  $d = \pm$

$\sqrt{p^2 \mp 4q}$ : here the sign of  $q$  is contrary to what is in the formula. Hence,

$\frac{-p \pm d}{2} = \frac{-p \pm \sqrt{p^2 \mp 4q}}{2}$ ; an expres-

sion containing the two roots of the given equation in terms of known quantities.

*Archæology.*—In the village of Voorburg, near the Hague, there is a country-house, called Arensburg, where the ruins of a Roman edifice have been discovered, of which the bricks bear the marks of the 10th, 16th, and 30th legions, as well as those of the army of Lower Germany; numerous fragments of wine and oil jars, furniture, ornaments, &c. have been found. The structure appears to resemble the Roman villas which have been met with in England. It is certain that the Roman fortress at the mouth of the Rhine was swallowed up by the sea, and which was commonly called *Het Huiste Britten*, did not at all resemble the edifice at Voorburg, but was much smaller. The remains are very spacious, and extend beyond the domain above mentioned. M. Renvens, professor of Archæology at Leyden, has the charge of superintending the excavations.

*Human Salamander.*—A Spaniard, by name Francisco Martinez, has been astonishing the Parisians, as much by his assumed title of an *incombustible man*, as by exposing himself to a degree of heat thirty

degrees above that of boiling water, and capable of roasting in a few minutes the flesh of animals deprived of life. In this, however, there is nothing new. Dr. Blagden, secretary to the Royal Society about thirty years since, remained, accompanied by a female dog, during eight minutes in an oven heated to  $100^{\circ}$  of Reaumur,  $20^{\circ}$  above the point at which water boils. Water, although covered with oil, boiled close to him, and in thirteen minutes, the hot air being concentrated by a pair of bellows, some beef was dressed in the same place. Two French academicians of the last century saw at Larochevoucault, a man who from habit supported during ten minutes the heat of an oven, in which fruits and meats were cooked; they found the heat to be  $112^{\circ}$  of Reaumur,  $32^{\circ}$  above that of boiling water. The rarity of the air, its weak conducting power, and its small capacity for caloric serve to explain how a person can exist in so warm an atmosphere. It is by its action upon the skin, and the consequences which ensue from that that fire becomes injurious. Now the Spaniard who has been exhibiting himself in Paris, is wrapped up in wide pantaloons, *en molleton*, of red wool, a loose mantle also of wool, and wears on his head a great quilted felt cap—and the wool being a bad conductor of heat, this wonder-working genius, like the Monsieur Velocipede recently imported into this country, should awaken the astonishment of the ignorant alone.

**Fossil Whale Rib.**—A short time since a fossil bone, which has been considered the sternal portion of a rib of a whale, was extracted from the base of the cliff under Kemp-town, Brighton. This fragment, for it evidently was but a small portion of the original, measured nine feet in length, the piece destroyed by the workmen, who first saw it, was estimated at about three feet, and from its slight degree of curvature, it could not have been less than thirty feet when entire. The circumference of the largest extremity was thirty-four inches, and the bone gradually diminished in size, terminating obtusely. Unfortunately, in attempting to remove it, it fell to pieces—one fragment, however, has been preserved of the length of five feet.

**Useful Cement.**—In a late number of the Franklin (North American) Journal, a cement is mentioned, which has been applied with good effect to ships' bottoms, and which, it is suggested, might be substituted for the costly Roman or Dutch water cements in fresh water works. The composition of it is this: take best barrelled stone lime, slake it, by the affusion of as much fresh water as is just necessary to produce that effect, and cause it to fall into a dry white powder; when cooled sift it through a fine wire sieve into a trough like a bread trough, then add common fish oil, sufficient to bring it to the consistence of soft putty, so as to work with ease under the

trowel. No water is to be used except for slaking the lime in the first instance. After it is prepared for use, it is kept in covered vessels, to preserve it from the rain or other moisture.

**The Cherokees.**—The following account of the present state of a once powerful tribe of North American Indians, is too curious to be omitted in a Miscellany in which it has been endeavoured to concentrate whatever is most worthy of notice. The Cherokees, hemmed in on all sides by the white population, and unable to subsist any longer by the chase, or by fishing, have been forced to have recourse to agriculture and the mechanical arts, in which, within the last twenty years, they have made surprising advances. They inhabit commodious houses, united into villages, and many of them possess farms of thirty or forty acres, highly cultivated, and abundantly provided with horses and cattle of every description. The Baptist, however, and other missionaries, have converted many of them to Christianity. They have now schools where 500 of their children learn to read, write, and cypher; they will soon possess a library and museum. A printing press has also been established in their capital, where an Indian publishes, in his native tongue, with an English translation on the opposite page, a weekly paper, entitled the Cherokee Phoenix. The territory occupied by the Cherokees contains about 1,400 square miles, and comprises the north-west angle of Georgia, the north-east of the State of Alabama, and the south-east of that of Tennessee. Their population amounts to 15,060 individuals, of whom 13,563 are natives, 147 white men, 73 white females, and 1,277 slaves. New Echota is the name of their principal town. July 26, 1826, they adopted a form of government nearly resembling that of the states of the American Union.

**Improvement in Road-making.**—The mire of the roads near the metropolis in wet weather, and their dustiness in times of drought, have often been complained of as both inconvenient and expensive. The matter that caused these inconveniences has been found not to be the powder worn from the gravel, or flints, or broken stone used in making the road; but from the rising of the matter, which is in the whole district mostly or partly clay, and therefore very retentive of moisture. To cure the evil, two things are wanted—a better drainage of the water, and a harder foundation on which to lay the broken stone. The drainage is always a matter of mere engineering and expense; but the improvement of the foundation is a good deal more difficult, at least involves an additional expense. A pavement of large stones would be the best foundation, if those stones could be cheaply obtained of sufficient size, and regular shape; but in the districts in question there is no native stone, nor any to be had, the carriage of which would not make

a serious addition to the expense. An experiment for the obviating of both difficulties has been tried with every chance of success, upon a very bad part of the Archway road, a little beyond Highgate. The ground has been cut to some depth in the centre; a complete set of under-drains has been put in, at the sides of the carriage way, and also across. Then the middle has been laid with a pavement of artificial stone—formed of

pebbles, Roman cement, and sand, in blocks of regular size; and the broken stones have been laid over that. The experiment is yet hardly completed, and the upper surface of the road is not consolidated; but in as far as we can judge, it will render the road far more economical, both in the wear of cattle, and in repairs. Mr. Mac Neill, civil engineer, the inventor, has taken out a patent for the artificial stone.

## WORKS IN THE PRESS AND NEW PUBLICATIONS.

### WORKS IN PREPARATION.

Mr. Gleig, Author of the *Subaltern*, has in the press a Series of Tales of Military Life and Adventure, entitled, "The Chelsea Pensioners."

The Story of the Cock and the Hen, a Spanish Romance. By Mr. Southey.

Another Volume of Mr. Buckingham's *Travels in the East*, and through regions of great general interest.

Sir Walter Scott's next Novel is founded on certain incidents in the History of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, and will include, on dit, his final conflict with the Swiss.

Three new Volumes of *Tales of a Grandfather* will be ready by Christmas: they will bring down the Scottish History to the Rebellion in 1745. By Sir Walter Scott.

Captain Basil Hall has finished his walk of 16,000 miles in the United States, in fifteen months, and is now engaged in preparing an Account of his Observations.

*Tales of the Cottage: a Series of Tales for Youth.* By the Author of "Keeper's Travels."

A new edition of *The Memoirs of the Life and Character of Miss Sarah Savage*, eldest daughter of the Rev. P. Henry, A.M. With additions. By J. B. Williams, Esq. F.S.A. And a Recommendatory Preface by the Rev. W. Jay, of Bath. In 12mo.

An Essay on the Operation of Poison upon the living Body. By Mr. Morgan and Dr. Addison, of Guy's Hospital.

A Treatise on the Diseases and Injuries of the Spine; being the Substance of an Essay to which the Jacksonian Prize was adjudged, by a Committee of the Royal College of Surgeons, in the year 1826.

Two Letters in Reply to the Bishop of Salisbury, on 1 John, v. 7. By the Rev. J. Oxlee, Curate of Stonegrave.

A Letter to the Right Hon. Robert Peel, on some of the Impediments, Defects, and Abuses existing in the Present System of Medical Education, with Suggestions for their Removal and Correction. By Henry Wm. Dewhurst, Surgeon, &c.

Literary Remains of the late Henry Neele, Esq. consisting of Lectures on English Poetry, Tales, and Miscellaneous Pieces in Prose and Verse, never before published.

The Dissertation on the Priesthood of

Christ. By the Rev. John Wilson, of Montrose.

St. Petersburg at the Close of 1827; a Journal of Travels to and from that Capital, through Flanders, along the Banks of the Rhine, through Prussia, Russia, Poland, Saxony, Bavaria, and France. By A. R. Granville, M.D.

A Refutation of the Doctrines of the Hypostatical Union of the two Natures in Jesus Christ, and of his Eternal Sonship; as both these doctrines are advocated by the Rev. Richard Watson, and the former by Dr. Adam Clarke: with critical remarks on the most popular errors relative to the mode of the divine existence by a Trinity in Unity; and a development of the true identification of the Divine Logos with human nature, as revealed in the Scriptures, in a Series of Letters addressed to the President of the Wesleyan Conference. By Samuel Tucker, V.D.M.

Mr. B. R. Green is preparing for publication a Numismatic Chart, comprising a series of 350 Grecian Coins of Kings, arranged in chronological order, from their earliest period to the beginning of the 4th century; executed in outline on stone, the gold and bronze will be coloured. The object of the undertaking will be the elucidation of Grecian History through the medium of Coins. The selection will chiefly comprise the series of the Macedonian and Sicilian Kings, the various kingdoms of Asia-Minor, those of Egypt and Numidia, of Syria, Parthia, and Armenia. The work will be accompanied with descriptive letter-press, and dedicated by permission to the Earl of Aberdeen.

An Inquiry into the popular notion of an Unoriginated, Infinite, and Eternal Pre-science, for the purpose of ascertaining whether that doctrine be supported by the dictates of reason and the writings of the Old and New Testaments. With a Preface, containing a Dialogue between the Author and one of his Readers. By the Rev. James Jones.

The Last Autumn at a Favourite Residence, with other Poems. By a Lady.

A Universal Prayer, a Poem; Death; a Vision of Hell, and a Vision of Heaven. By Robert Montgomery, Author of "The Omnipresence of the Deity."

We understand "The Juvenile Forget-

*Me Not*," for the Year 1829, is in a state of considerable forwardness. It will contain a number of Engravings on Steel, and several exquisite Wood-cuts. Its principal feature of attraction in this department will be an Engraving by Thompson, from Behnes' Bust of her Royal Highness the Princess Victoria. The literary portion of the volume is formed of the Contributions of Mrs. Hannah More, Mrs. Opie, Mrs. Hemans, the Author of "*Selwyn in Search of a Daughter*," James Montgomery, William and Mary Howitt, the Author of "*My Early Days*," &c. Rev. Dr. Walsh, Miss Mitford, Mrs. Hofland, Richard Howitt, Miss Jewsbury, the Author of "*Solitary Hours*," Allan Cunningham, &c.

We understand that "*The Amulet*" for the year 1829 will be published early in November, with attractions, both literary and pictorial, greatly exceeding either of its predecessors, and will contain articles from a number of the most distinguished writers of the age, among whom are many who have not heretofore contributed either to this work, or to those of a similar character; that its illustrations will be of the highest order of art, both with reference to the productions of the painter and the engraver; and that there will be several other improvements of a novel and important character.

*The Last of the Plantagenets*, an Historical Romance, chiefly illustrative of the public events and domestic manners of the 15th century.

*The Musical Souvenir for 1829*. This work, in which the first talent is combined, will afford in the most neat and finished style, a pocket volume of new Vocal and Instrumental Music, with a beautiful vignette title and frontispiece.

*Medical Essays on Fever, Inflammation, Rheumatism, Diseases of the Heart, &c.* By Joseph Brown, M.D. of the Royal College of Physicians, of the Royal Medical Society of Edinburgh, and one of the Physicians to the Sunderland and Bishopwearmouth Infirmary. 1 vol. 8vo.

#### LIST OF NEW WORKS.

##### BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

*The Life of Theobald Wolfe Tone*, written by Himself, and extracted from his Journals. The American edition of his Life and Works. 18mo. 3s. 6d. boards.

*The Memoirs of the Life, Character, and Writings of the Rev. Matthew Henry*. By J. B. Williams, Esq., F.S.A., with a portrait. 1 vol. 8vo. 8s. boards.

*Parriana; or, Notices of Rev. Samuel Parr, LL.D.*, collected from various sources, printed and manuscript. By E. H. Barker, Esq. 8vo. Vol. 1. 16s.

The Second and concluding Volume of the Memoirs and Correspondence of the late Dr. Parr. By Rev. W. Field. 8vo. 14s. boards.

*The Collected Works of the Rev. S. Parr, LL.D.*, Prebendary of St. Paul's, and Curate of Hatton, &c. The whole preceded by Memoirs of his Life and Writings. By John Johnstone, M.D. 8 vols. 8vo. 7l. 7s.; large paper, 12l. 12s. boards.

*Transactions of the Society of the Antiquaries of Scotland*. Vol. III. Part I. 4to. 16s. sewed.

*History of England*. By a Clergyman. 12mo. Vol. 1. 6s. boards.

##### MEDICAL AND SURGICAL.

*The Second Volume of Researches into the Causes, Nature, and Treatment, of the more prevalent Diseases of India, and of Warm Climates generally*. Illustrated with Cases, Post Mortem Examinations, and numerous coloured Engravings of Morbid Strictures. By James Annesley, Esq., of the Madras Medical Establishment, late Surgeon to the Madras General Hospital, M.R.C.S. and M.R.A.S. Imperial 4to. 7l. 7s.

*A Series of Observations on Strictures of the Urethra; with an Account of a New Method of Treatment, successfully adopted in cases of the most obstinate and aggravated form of that Complaint; illustrated by Cases and a Plate*. By Rich. Anthony Stafford. 8vo. 6s. boards.

*Monrow on the Brain*. Vol. 1. 8vo. 12s. boards.

##### MISCELLANEOUS.

*Plain Advice to the Public to facilitate the Making of their own Wills; with Forms of Wills, simple and elaborate, adapted as far as possible to the circumstances of persons of all ranks, and containing almost every description of Bequest; especially the various Modes of Settling Property for the sole Use and Benefit of Married Women for their Lives, with Powers of Appointment to them by Deed or Will*. By John H. Brady, author of "*Plain Instruction to Executors and Administrators*," &c. &c. Second Edition, greatly Improved. 4s.

*A Popular Sketch of Electro-Magnetism; or, Electro-Dynamics: with Outlines of the Parent Sciences, Electricity and Magnetism*. By Francis Watkins. 8vo. 3s. boards.

*Conversations on Geology: with Embellishments*. 12mo. 7s. 6d. boards.

*The Picture of Birmingham; being a Concise Description of that Place, and most Complete Guide to Residents and Visitors. With a Plan and Twelve Views*. 18mo. 3s. boards.

*Tales of the Affections; being Sketches from Real Life*. By Mrs. Caddick. 18mo. 7s. boards.

*Dictionary of the Gaelic Language*. By the Highland Society. 2 vols. 4to. 7l. 7s.; royal 4to. 10l. 10s. boards.

*Mitchell on the Ergot of Rye*. 8vo. 6s. boards.

*Hansard's Parliamentary Debates*. Volume XVIII. royal 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d. boards.

*The Motherless Family; or, Maternal Influence Displayed*. By Esther Copley

(late Hewlett), author of "Cottage Comforts," &c. 18mo. 1s.

An Appendix to the First Volume of an Introduction to Practical Astronomy. By the Rev. W. Pearson, LL.D., F.R.S., Treasurer to the Astron. Soc. 4to. 10s. 6d. boards.

Index Testaceologicus; or, a Catalogue of Shells, British and Foreign, arranged according to the Linnæan System; with Latin and English Names, References to Authors, and Places where found. Illustrated with 2,300 figures. 1 vol. 8vo. 2l. 12s. 6d.; coloured, 5l. 5s. Second Edition. By W. Wood, F.R.S.

Historical Sketch of the Native Irish, with regard to Literature, Education, and Oral Instruction. 12mo. 5s. 6d. boards.

Guesses at Truth. By Two Brothers. 12mo.

Marcella; or, the Missionary Abroad and at Home: containing Sketches and Incidents from Life. 2 vols. 12mo.

On the Landscape Architecture of the Great Painters of Italy. By Gilbert Laing Meason, Esq. 4to.

#### POETRY.

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## BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

## MISS TOMLINS.

Elizabeth Sophia Tomlins, daughter of Thomas Tomlins, Esq., a solicitor of good practice in the city of London, and well known in political circles at the close of the last century, was born on the 27th of February, 1763. Her vivacity and tenderness of disposition—distinguishing features of her character—were fostered by the correct taste of an excellent mother. The poetical talent, which entitles her to notice here, manifested itself at an early age, in several "Tributes of Affection," published under that title, by her brother.

Without any particular advantages of situation, she soon became acquainted with many persons of talent, of that period, who, through their intercourse with her father, professionally, were introduced to her so-

ciety, and attracted by her intellectual superiority. In the warm and generous feelings of youth, she, with many others, hailed the dawn, as it was then regarded, of a better and more refined age; and, subsequently, she mourned the demolition of her hopes, by the mock champions of liberty, in numerous miscellaneous effusions, yet extant in the periodical publications of the time. Turning her attention to the composition of tales and novels, she gave successively, and in most instances successfully, several volumes to the press. The most popular of these performances was, "The Victim of Fancy," founded on the model of Goëthe's "Werther." It evinced much of the pathos of the original, without the objectionable tendency of its moral. Her original productions consist, further, of "The Baroness

D'Alunton;" two other novels; "Connell and Mary," a ballad, in Dr. Langhorne's selection; and many fugitive pieces, contributed to nearly every respectable periodical work, from the year 1780 to the present time. Miss Tomlins was also the translator of the first History of Napoleon Buonaparte, that ever appeared in this country; part of the works of Anquetil, &c.

In the noble spirit of devotion to a father, whose severe notions of duty led him to receive the sacrifice only as a right, Miss Tomlins resigned the advantages attendant on beauty and talent. To educate his numerous family, and to perform the labours of his desk, she overcame the fascinations of literature; and, amidst the scoffs of the vulgar, and the high regards of the noble-minded, she actually superintended his professional concerns for seven years previously to his death, in 1815. Though anxiously and almost incessantly employed, her poetical talent was occasionally exercised in the production of slight pieces, contributed to the periodical press. On her father's decease, she retired to an isolated cottage, which, for forty years, had been in the occupation of the family; and there, in the society of her revered mother and three beloved sisters, she continued to pursue "the peaceful tenor of her way." At the time of her premature death, she is understood to have had a poem of considerable length in preparation. On the 7th of August, Miss Tomlins had the misfortune to be thrown from a pony. By this accident she received bruises, which, though not perceptibly mortal, proved unexpectedly so on the following morning, when, in an apparent fainting fit, she expired without a struggle, in the 66th year of her age.

#### CAPTAIN CLAPPERTON.

The family of Clapperton is ancient, and not without celebrity, in the north of Scotland. The name has been distinguished in the church and in the field; and it has acquired new fame by the dauntless and persevering spirit of enterprise with which, at the sacrifice of his valuable life, the subject of this brief and inadequate notice has pursued the track of African discovery. A Bishop Clapperton lies buried at Inch Colm, in the Frith of Forth; and another individual of the name is remembered, in the history of Sweden, as a field-marshal in the army. At a later date, the family resided in Teviotdale, on the border of Scotland. The grandfather of Captain Clapperton studied medicine in Edinburgh, and at Paris—was an antiquary of some note—and collected coins, songs, genealogies, &c., illustrating the history of the border countries. Having married a cousin of Archibald Campbell, of Glenlyon, Perthshire, he settled as a physician at Lochmaben, in Dumfriesshire. His eldest son, George, the father of Captain Clapperton, was a surgeon in Annan. Hugh Clapperton, the African traveller, was the

youngest of six sons, by his father's first marriage. The boy's education was not classical; but, when he could read and write, he was placed under the care of a Mr. Bryce Downie, under whom he acquired a knowledge of practical mathematics, including navigation, trigonometry, &c.

Born in the year 1788, Hugh Clapperton, at an early age, served in different trading vessels. In 1806, he went out to Gibraltar in a navy transport. There, with some of his shipmates, he got on board the *Renommé* frigate, commanded by Sir Thomas Livingstone. Discovering that his uncle was serving as Captain of Royal Marines, on board of his Majesty's ship *Saturn*, then also at Gibraltar, he fortunately succeeded in obtaining a midshipman's berth in the same ship. After the *Saturn* had been paid off on her return to England, the youth was some time on board his Majesty's ship *St. Domingo*, with Captain King. Unable to procure his discharge in time to sail to the East Indies with Captain Briggs, in the *Clorinde*, he followed that gentleman in another vessel as a passenger. In a gale of wind he risked his life in saving some of the crew—a circumstance which strongly recommended him to notice on his arrival in India. There he joined Captain Briggs.

In 1813, after his return to England, Clapperton, and a few other clever midshipmen, were ordered to Portsmouth dock-yard, to receive instructions in the cutlass exercise from the celebrated fencing-master, Angelo. These young men, when perfect in the art, were distributed as teachers throughout the fleet. Clapperton's classroom was the deck of the *Asia*, the flag-ship of Vice-Admiral, Sir Alexander Cochrane, then lying at Spithead, where she remained till the end of January, 1814. Clapperton then accompanied Sir Alexander, who was appointed to the command of our naval force on the coast of North America. His manly form—he stood at least six feet high, had great breadth of chest, and expansion of shoulders—fixed the attention, and tended to improve the patriotic spirit of the crew. He was an excellent table-companion; he painted scenes for the ship's theatricals, sketched views, drew caricatures, and was a universal favourite. The lakes of Canada, however, were on the point of becoming the scene of important naval operations. Punting for distinction, Clapperton, in consequence, procured a passage to Halifax—bade adieu to the flag-ship—proceeded to Upper Canada—was made lieutenant—and appointed to the *Confiance*, schooner; a vessel which, under his command, soon became as proverbial for its excellence, as it had previously been for its laxity of discipline.

In 1817, the British flotilla on the lakes having been dismantled, Lieutenant Clapperton returned to England—was placed on half-pay—and retired to Lochmaben, where he remained three years. Thence he removed to Edinburgh, and became acquainted

with Dr. Oudney, by whom his attention was first directed towards discoveries in Africa. Dr. Oudney was appointed, in 1821, Consul to Bornou. He took Captain Clapperton with him, as a friend and companion. As it was intended that researches should be made from Bornou, as the fixed residence of the Consul, to the east and to the west, Lieutenant (now Major) Denham was added to the expedition. Dr. Oudney, in an early stage of the journey, caught a severe cold, which fell on his lungs, and he died on the 12th of January, 1824. Captain Clapperton attended him with fraternal affection in his dying moments; and he saw his remains decently interred, having himself read over them the funeral service of the church of England.

Captain Clapperton and Major Denham returned to their native country, and the narratives of their expedition were published in a handsome quarto volume, which, we doubt not, has met the perusal of nearly all our readers. To accompany the travellers is not within our limits.

At Sackatoo, the capital of the Fetatah empire, Bello, the sultan, was exceedingly anxious for the establishment of a friendly intercourse with England, and for the appointment of a British consul and physician. On the latter point, he addressed a letter to the King of England. A reply to the request was entrusted to Captain Clapperton, who, with his friend, Dr. Dickson, Captain Pearce, of the navy, and Dr. Morrison, a surgeon in the navy and a skilful naturalist, was despatched to Sackatoo. Captain Pearce, Dr. Morrison, and an English servant died from the effects of the climate. Dr. Dickson was sent in another direction; but he has not been heard of since the month of November, 1825, when he was at Khydah, on his way to Dahomey, in company with M. De Sousa, a Portuguese, who had lived for many years at that court.

Captain Clapperton died at Sackatoo, on the 13th of April, 1827. He had been detained five months in that capital; the Sultan Bello not permitting him to proceed, on account of his war with Bornou. Hoping to obtain leave to go to Timbuctoo, he had lived in a small circular clay hut, belonging to the sultan's brother. He was attacked with dysentery: in the latter stages of the disease, he declined rapidly, and became much emaciated. Lander, his faithful servant, who, after his death, got permission to return to England, states that, two days before Captain Clapperton died, he requested to be shaved, as he was too weak to sit up. After the operation, he asked for a looking-glass, remarked that he was "doing better," and should certainly "get over it." The morning on which he died, he breathed loud, became restless, and shortly afterwards expired in Lander's arms. His remains were buried by him, at Jungali, a village five miles south-east from Sackatoo. The corpse was conveyed by a camel, and

the place of interment was marked by a small square house of clay, erected by Lander, who, with five slaves, followed his master to the grave.

Lander, after encountering many difficulties and dangers, arrived in England early in the spring of the present year; having contrived to conceal a watch of his late master's, which had been originally meant to be presented by Captain Clapperton to Bello, on his taking leave of that prince.

Major Denham, should he have the good fortune to return safe, will be the only surviving officer of the three expeditions sent out by government, since the year 1821, for penetrating the interior of Africa: viz. one to Bornou, by Oudney, Denham, and Clapperton; one to Timbuctoo, by Major Laing; and one to Sackatoo, by Clapperton and his companions. A Narrative of Captain Clapperton's Second Journey is now in the press; with the Adventures of Lander, his servant, from April, 1827, to January, 1828.

#### M. CHORIS.

M. Choris, painter of natural history, was born in Yekatenoslaw, in Lesser Russia, March 22, 1795, of German parents. He commenced his studies at the gymnasium of Kharkoff, where he early displayed a talent for design and painting: he, besides, acquired an astonishing facility for portrait painting; and his taste for voyages gained upon him an influence which he never lost sight of, in consequence of a disposition which he had for delineating objects of natural history. This talent procured him the advantage of accompanying that celebrated botanist, the Marshal Baron Ribertstein, in his travels to Mount Caucasus, in which he designed the plants which ornament the *Flora Caucasiana*. In 1814, he became a member of the Academy of Fine Arts at Petersburg, and the same year he was chosen by Count Romanzoff to accompany the expedition round the world, on board the Rurik, commanded by Captain Otto Kotzebue, son of the celebrated dramatic writer. In this voyage, he delineated with the greatest skill every thing that could give an exact idea of the savages of America and the Grand Pacific Ocean; and after passing four years in this voyage, he arrived in France in 1819, where he was warmly received by the most distinguished savans of the capital. It was by their advice he learned the art of lithography, on purpose that his designs should not lose any of their originality. He there published his "*Picturesque Voyage round the World*," with portraits of the savages of America, Asia, Africa, and the islands of the Pacific, &c.; and numerous other plates descriptive of their arms, habiliments, ornaments, utensils, canoes, boats, houses, dances and amusements, music and musical instruments, landscapes and maritime views; a variety of objects relative to natural history, mamiferous and ornithologic; accompanied with

descriptions, by Baron Cuvier, and M. Chamisso; with examples and observations on craniology, by Dr. Gall; in twenty-two livraisons, in folio—which was finally completed in 1823. It is generally acknowledged, that no other traveller has so faithfully expressed the characteristic physiology of the natives of the South Sea Islands; for, during the eighteenth century, it was too much the mania to represent these children of nature (particularly of the island of Otaheite) as so many Apollos, Venuses, Dianas, &c. &c. His portrait of the King Tameama is alone distinguished among the inhabitants of these isles for a character of intelligence, finesse, and calm; which is the more to be wondered at, as this prince in his youth had been remarked for almost ungovernable rage and ferocity; and, in regarding his physiognomy with the greatest attention, one is convinced that this extraordinary man had first learned the consummate art of governing himself before that of governing his subjects. In 1826, M. Choris published his "Views and Landscapes in the Equinoctial Regions, collected in his Voyage round the World." It was a supplement to the former work, and consisted of twenty-four plates, in folio; in which his principal object was to characterize the physiognomy of plants and vegetables in the different countries he had passed through.

In 1827 M. Choris left France for the purpose of exploring the vast regions of South America; and, after having successively visited most of the islands belonging to the Archipelago of the Antilles, and Cuba, and New Orleans, he finally landed on the coast of Mexico, where he unfortunately became a victim to the wretched police that governs that country. The following extract of a letter, written by Messrs. Adone et Plantevigne, of Vera Cruz, dated April 5, 1828, to Messrs. Eyriés, of Havre-de-Grace, relate the melancholy catastrophe:—

"M. Choris arrived here the 19th of March last, on board the *Eclipse*, of New Orleans: we received him with every attention. Two days after his arrival, he left us for Jalapa, with a letter to our correspondent there. The day after his departure we learnt, with the most profound affliction, that M. Choris and an English gentleman, his fellow-companion, had been assassinated by four robbers. M. Choris was killed by a musket-ball, and by a sabre-cut; Mr. Henderson (the Englishman) received a ball in the thigh, and another in the lungs. This afflicting event took place between Puente-Nacional and Plan-del-Rio. Notwithstanding his wounds, Mr. Henderson continued his route to Jalapa; and, at Plan-del-Rio, informed the mayor of the circumstances, begging him to make every research for M. Choris, as he was then ignorant whether he

was alive or dead. Nor was it till the next day the mayor was enabled to find his body in the woods, as the robbers had carefully covered it with the branches of trees. It was brought to Plan-del-Rio, where it has been interred."

The loss of M. Choris will not be felt solely by his friends and acquaintance; their affliction will be partaken by every friend to science, who naturally expected much from him\*—when it is considered that, at twenty years of age, he had been selected to accompany M. Kotzebue in his voyage round the world, and had given the public the relation of that voyage, and that he had since employed several years in maturing his talents, under Messrs. Regnault and Gerard, solely for the purpose of exploring and describing that America in which he found such an unforeseen and melancholy end!

#### LORD FORESTER.

Cecil Weld Forester, Lord Forester, of Willey Park, Shropshire, so created on the 17th of July 1821, was the descendant of an ancient and much-respected family. Sir William Forester, of Dothill, Knight, his lordship's great grandfather, born in the year 1665, married Lady Mary Cecil, daughter of James, third earl of Salisbury, by his countess, Margaret Manners, fifth daughter of John, eighth earl of Rutland. It was through an intermarriage with the family of Weld, of Willey Park, that his lordship derived the bulk of his property in Shropshire. He married, in the year 1800, the Right Honourable Lady Katharine Mary Manners, daughter of the late, and sister of the present, Duke of Rutland; with whose family that of the Foresters appears to have been long connected. His lordship was in possession of a grant made by Henry the Eighth to one of his ancestors—John Forester, of Watling-street, in the county of Salop, Esq.—to wear his hat in the presence of the king. He was created a peer on the coronation of his present majesty, with whose personal friendship he was honoured. His lordship had a family of six sons and five daughters. After great and protracted suffering, from the gout, he expired, at his house in Belgrave-square, Pimlico, on the 23d of May. His lordship is succeeded in his title and estates by his eldest son, John George, by whose accession to the peerage a vacancy was caused in the representation of the borough of Wenlock, for which he was one of the members.

\* M. Choris had announced, but which was unfortunately never published, a "*Recueil de Têtes et Costumes des Habitans de la Russie, avec des Vues du Mont Caucase et de ses Environs*." It was intended to consist of fifty plates. We trust this work will some day see the light.

## MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

On the 22d instant, we had a most remarkably heavy storm of wind and rain, indeed severe enough to warrant the appellation of an English *tornado*. The rain descended in torrents, the puddles of water bubbling like a boiling pot. This storm, from its violence, was, in course, of short duration, and partial throughout the country. It has been followed by two beautiful drying harvest days, worth a king's ransom; and we may hope will prove the efficient cause of dispersing the *matériel* of rain and storm, and of inducing the atmospheric balance of a long series of fine weather. This speculation, however rational, is yet in the style of ancient weather-wisdom; which, to the bitter disappointment, and heavy loss of us farmers, has, throughout the past and passing season, proved mere fallacy and folly. We have, in a former report, excepted the summer of 1799, which will never be out of our recollection: with that exception, the present harvest has been the most embarrassing and expensive of all the very many that we have known. The difficulty, more especially, in distant northern counties, has extended equally to latter haysel, as to the corn harvest. The flattering sunshine of two or three hours, has encouraged and urged the anxious farmer to break the cocks of hay, and prepare for carrying to the stack; when suddenly, momentarily, the flood-gates of heaven would open, and a second deluge descend, drenching the supposed thorough-made hay, and putting an immediate stop to the expected pleasing labour of securing it. Then came the disheartening task of once more spreading and drying; and when dry, the farmer's next comfort was to see his hay dispersed, and blown half over his farm, the sport of furious winds! Too many hundreds of farmers know this to be no exaggeration; yet is this nothing, the mere tender mercy of fortune, put in comparison of flooded lands and general havock, destruction, and ruin.

The corn harvest, some time finished in the southern counties, is now at its height in the northern and in Scotland; in the south, considerable breadths of beans have been cut, and should the weather improve, this latter and finishing business of the season, will make some amends for its former inauspicious course. The new wheats, our grand national object, will fill the bushel; will have more bulk than weight, and will tell far more for quantity than quality. In fact, really fine and dry wheat, from its extreme scarcity, will command almost any price. We do not refer to wheat that has been sodden with repeated rains in the sheaf, and afterwards bleached and sun-dried; they who grind for the bakers, know too well the difference. Full three-fourths of the crop of wheat has received damage, little or much, from a continually varying temperature, and from excess of humidity; and good old dry wheats, without the admixture with which the new will not grind, must be indispensable, even in the spring. With some favourable exceptions, the continental harvests have been nearly as unfavourable as our own. It is curious that, in the rainy climate of Ireland, the farmers are reported to have been more fortunate; and, as a proof of the actual ascendancy of that hitherto degraded and impoverished country, the rural labourers have, during the present year, found more employment and better pay at home, than in any former season within memory.

The golden crop, conjoining quantity and quality, and including the whole island, will probably fall short of a fair average, by four bushels per acre; a loss which must chiefly fall upon the consumer. The late advance in the price of wheat, may be stated at about nine shillings per quarter. In addition to the difficulties of the present harvest, labourers in some parts were scarce; chiefly by the absence of the Irish, comparatively few of whom have arrived during the present season. This circumstance, together with a blameable tardiness in too many parts, kept much wheat abroad which might have been safe in the stack. When once wheat is ripe, in a catching season, it is very hazardous policy to aim at carrying it perfectly dry. The fortunate cultivators of good sound, dry, and well sheltered lands, where the corn has not been much beaten down, will make a good hand of the present, to others, unfortunate season. Wheat, in general, had caught a blight previous to the flowering season, before the completion of which, the rains set in. There will assuredly be much black or *smutted* wheat, which is always attended with this ludicrous circumstance—our ultra and infallible seed steepers will never allow that they have any smut, restricting their mishaps, if any, to mildew, and cautiously avoiding all mention of the monosyllable. Considering the quantity of corn beat out and strewed about the land, the harvest of shack for animals, and of gleaning, must indeed be a plentiful one.

Barley, oats, beans, peas, tares, are, at any rate, in the first instance, great in straw, and will, doubtless, be found considerably so in quantity of produce; but with the drawback of great injury to the barley particularly, in point of quality. Of that grain, there will be plenty of the discoloured, the green, the sprouted, and the mow-burnt; and old malts are likely to be in equal request with old wheats; all root crops are large, but the turnips are too forward, and full of moisture, to stand a rigorous winter (which may well be expected); and those cattle feeders will act the wisest part, who draw and store the largest portion of them. It has been a bad season for saving either turnip or grass seeds. The naked fallows

are in a backward and foul state. In the fruit districts, there is an unusual quantity of wind-fall apples, and the general quality of that most useful fruit is defective. Sheep, and stores generally, indeed both lean and fat stock are in demand, at good prices. Pigs hold their price, and it is said that species of stock is short in the country. Horses are of more ready sale than usual at this season, and the best at high prices; importations, for draught, continue. A few weeks since, the rot, in sheep, was supposed to have made considerable progress, in the fens and low lands, but we have had no late report thereon.

*Smithfield.*—Beef, 3s. 6d. to 4s. 6d.—Mutton, 3s. 8d. to 4s. 8d.—Veal, 4s. 8d. to 5s. 6d.—Lamb, 4s. 6d. to 5s. 6d.—Pork, 4s. 8d. to 6s.—Raw fat, 2s. 4d.

*Corn Exchange.*—Wheat, 60s. to 84s.—Barley, 29s. to 40s.—Oats, 21s. to 33s.—Bread, London loaf of 4 lb. 10d.—Hay 70s. to 105s.—Clover ditto, 80s. to 120s.—Straw 30s. to 42s.

Coals in the Pool, 29s. 9d. to 37s. 3d. per chaldron.

*Middlesex, 22d August, 1828.*

### MONTHLY COMMERCIAL REPORT.

*Sugar.*—The demand for Muscavadoes has continued general and extensive all the week: the prices are gradually improving. At the close of the market this afternoon the estimated sales for the week, were 4,500 hogsheads and tierces. The transactions in refined goods have not been on such an extensive scale as during the preceding week; yet still the market is firm, and there is a steady demand. We cannot state any alteration in prices.

*Coffee.*—The public sales this week (plantation coffee) went off heavily, but without variation in the prices; scarcely any Foreign description have lately been sold.

*Rum, Brandy, and Hollands.*—The demand for Rum continues, and the late prices are fully maintained: the sales of this week consists of Jamaicas, 34 over proof, 4s. 3d. per gallon; 30 ditto 4s. 0d.; 27 ditto 3s. 9d., and some Leewards 7 ditto 2s. 4d. per gallon. Brandy is held with much firmness; but there are few transactions to report. Geneva is unvaried.

*Hemp, Flax, and Tallow.*—The demand for tallow continues improving; an average of 6d. to 9d. per cwt. has again taken place; and the market is firm at the improved prices. Hemp is rather heavy here. Flax is unvaried.

*Course of Foreign Exchange.*—Amsterdam, 12. 3.—Rotterdam, 12. 3.—Antwerp, 12. 3½.—Hamburg, 13. 14.—Allona, 13. 14½.—Paris, 25. 35.—Bordeaux, 25. 65.—Frankfort, 151½.—Petersburgh, 10.—Vienna, 10. 3.—Trieste, 10. 3.—Madrid, 36.—Cadiz, 36½.—Bilboa, 36.—Barcelona, 35½.—Seville, 35½.—Gibraltar, 46.—Leghorn, 18.—Genoa, 25. 40.—Venice, 46.—Naples, 37½.—Palermo, 118½.—Lisbon, 45.—Oporto, 46½.—Rio Janeiro, 20½.—Bahia, 317.—Dublin, 17½.—Cork, 17½.

*Bullion per Oz.*—Portugal Gold in Coin, £0. 0s. 0d.—In Bars, £3. 17s. 6d.—New Doubloons, £0. 0s.—New Dollars, 4s. 9½d.—Silver in Bars, standard, £0. 0s. 0d.

*Premiums on Shares and Canals, and Joint Stock Companies, at the Office of WOLFE, Brothers, 23, Change Alley, Cornhill.*—Birmingham CANAL, 292½.—Coventry, 1,080½.—Ellesmere and Chester, 106½.—Grand Junction, 306½.—Kennet and Avon, 29¾.—Leeds and Liverpool, 407½.—Oxford, 700½.—Regent's, 26½.—Trent and Mersey, (¼ sh.), 805½.—Warwick and Birmingham, 260½.—London DOCKS (Stock), 87¾.—West India (Stock), 215½.—East London WATER WORKS, 117½.—Grand Junction, 56½.—West Middlesex, 66½.—Alliance British and Foreign INSURANCE, 9½.—Globe, 159½.—Guardian, 20½.—Hope Life, 5½.—Imperial Fire, 100½.—GAS-LIGHT Westminster Chartered Company, 53½.—City, 0½.—British, 8 dis.—Leeds, 195½.

## ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES,

*Announced from the 23d of July to the 23d of August 1828; extracted from the London Gazette.*

## BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

W. Nallett, Northumberland-street, Mary-le-bone, bill-broker  
 J. Buckmaster, and W. Buckmaster, Old Bond-street, tailors  
 J. Spencer, Royton, Lancashire, cotton-spinner  
 G. Holbrook, Bristol, plane-maker  
 M. W. M'Laughlan, Manchester, publican  
 J. Hobbs, Gloucester, corn-dealer  
 T. Pike, Paddington-street, stone-mason  
 J. Powell, Bishopsgate-street, grocer  
 E. Chimley, Nottingham, miller  
 S. C. Higgins, Gloucester, upholsterer  
 S. Beswick, Kennington, bricklayer  
 C. Hobson, Leeds, publican  
 Whiteley, R. Salford, Lancashire, grocer.

## BANKRUPTCIES. [This Month, 55.]

*Solicitors' Names are in Brackets.*

Adamson, S. and G. Earnshaw, Thurston, York, corn-dealer. [Preston, Tokenhouse-yard; Pickard, Wakefield]  
 Aston, W. Toll-end and Coseley Iron Works, Salford, iron-master. [Alexander and Son, Carey-street; Corrie, Birmingham]  
 Abraham, R. New Bond-street, picture-dealer. [Vallance, Earl-street]  
 Adams, J. T. P. Brighton, wine-merchant. [Hyde, Ely-place]  
 Briggs, J. Tintern-abbey, iron-master. [White, Lincoln's-inn; Evans, Chepstow; M'Donnell and Mostyn, Risk]  
 Barlow, J. Gainsborough, grocer. [Spurr and Leach, Warrford-court, Throgmorton-street; Spurr, Gainsborough]  
 Braithwaite, T. Kegworth, Leicester, wine-merchant. [Long and Co., Gray's-inn; Snelson, Castle Donnington]  
 Brown, H. Old London-street, malt-factor. [Beverley, Temple]  
 Beaman, E. Winnington, Cheshire, cheese-factor. [Cole, Serjeant's-inn; Saxon, Norwich]  
 Bowen, W. S. St. Albans, surgeon. [Alexander and Son, Carey-street]  
 Battey, R. Norwich, merchant. [Austin, Gray's-inn; Nash, Norwich]  
 Clark, T. Calthwaite, Cumberland, cattle-dealer. [Mounsey and Gray, Staple-inn; Dixon, Nordone, Penrith]  
 Cleworth, R. Westleigh, Lancashire, cotton-spinner. [Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Gaskell, Wigan]  
 Cunningham, C. Bryanstone-street, money-scrivener. [Wills, Ely-place]  
 Cox, C. St. Martin's-lane, tailor. [Tanner, New Basinghall-street]  
 Collins, T. Avebury-street, Hoxton, victualler. [Norton, New-street, Bishopsgate]  
 Clarke, S. Barlborough, Derby, grocer. [Battye and Co., Chancery-lane; Dixon, Sheffield]  
 Cayme, R. Yeovil, socking-manufacturer. [Darke, Red-lion-square; Terrell and Son, Exeter]  
 Clively, E. Horsham, woollen-draper. [Warne and Son, Leadenhall-street]  
 Crofton, P. Cromer-street, upholsterer. [Nias, Prince's-street, Bank]  
 Edgar, R. Hart-street, Crutched-friars, wine-merchant. [Osbaldeston and Murray, London-street, Fenchurch-street]  
 Evans, D. Mincing-lane, broker. [Kirkman and Co., Cannon-street]  
 Fowler, D. Euston-square and Camberwell, builder. [Sharpe and Field, Bread-street]  
 Ford G. Wells-street, jeweller. [Norton, Jewin-street]  
 Fox, R. Coningsby, Lincoln, grocer. [Sharpe and Field, Bread-street]  
 Harris, J. Gracechurch-street, auctioneer. [Mahew, Chancery-lane]  
 Hopkinson, J. Loughborough, liquor-merchant. [Woolston, Furnival's-inn; Toone, Loughborough]  
 Horrocks, G. and R. Martin, Ardwick, Manchester, dyers. [Potter, Manchester; Milne and Parry, Temple]  
 Humbert, D. J. Foley-street, coal-merchant. [Constable and Kirk, Symond's-inn]  
 Inns, S. Towcester, ironmonger. [Holme and Co., New-inn; Barlett, Birmingham]  
 Jones, B. Tipton, Stafford, cordwainer. [Collins, Great-knight Rider-street; Baylis, Kidderminster]  
 Jenns, G. James-street, Oxford-street, coach-ironmonger. [Hunt, Craven-street]  
 Jacques, J. B. Bristol, biscuit-baker. [Langley, Bristol; Rosser and Son, Gray's-inn-place]  
 Jay, W. Cheltenham, architect. [White, Lincoln's-inn; Goodwin, Cheltenham]  
 Leach, H. S. Wimbledon, baker. [Binns, Clement's-inn]  
 Lilley, R. Mile-end-road, victualler. [Argill and Maddison, Whitechapel-road]  
 Moore, J. Macclesfield, silk-manufacturer. [Harding and Arlett, Gray's-inn]  
 Morris, L. Bristol, tobacconist. [Smith and Buckfield, Red-lion-square; Franklyn, Bristol]  
 Manwaring, W. Birmingham, surgeon. [Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Claye and Thompson, Manchester]  
 Neilson, A. Ashford, Kent, draper. [Perkins and Co., Gray's-inn; Lewtas, Manchester]  
 Orchard, J. Wilmington-square, money-scrivener. [Swan, Doctor's Commons]  
 Parkinson, J. Louth, grocer. [Edmunds, Exchequer-office; Lucas, Louth]  
 Potter, T. H. and W. Gardner, Manchester, engravers and calico-printers. [Milne and Parry, London; Kay and Darbishine, Manchester]  
 Perryman, W. Windsor, stationer. [Watson and Son, Bouverie-street]  
 Quick, J. and F. I. Chown, Stonehouse, Devon. [Brutton and Clipperton, New Bond-street; Brutton, Exeter]  
 Salmon, J. Stoke's-bottom, Somerset, victualler. [Holme and Co., New-inn; Bush and Prideaux, Bristol]  
 Smith, S. Northleach, Gloucester, victualler. [Vizard and Blower, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Pruen and Co., Cheltenham]  
 Smith, B. Birmingham, steel-toy-maker. [Norton and Chaplin, Gray's-inn; Wills, Birmingham]  
 Street, S. Liverpool, tailor. [Norris and Co., John-street, Bedford-row; Silcock, Liverpool]  
 Thompson, J. New York, America, merchant. [Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Radcliffe and Duncan, Liverpool]  
 Tuck, G. Great Yarmouth, shipwright. [Swain and Co., Frederick-place; Palmer, Yarmouth]  
 Waldener, J. O. Air-street, victualler. [Vandercom and Co., Bush-lane]  
 Webb, J. Little Warner-street, cheesemonger. [Church, Great James-street]  
 White, J. Sheffield, table-knife-manufacturer. [Duncan, Gray's-inn; Broomhead, Sheffield]  
 White, T. Manchester, hotel-keeper. [Wood, Manchester]

## ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

Rev. S. J. I. Lockhart, to the Cure of Binsted and Kingsley, Hants.—Rev. F. Gottwaltz, to the Vicarage of Coughton, Warwick.—Rev. H. E. Head, to the Rectory of Feniton, Devon.—Rev. E. G. Monk, to the Vicarage of Newport, Essex.—Rev. T. Corser, to the Vicarage of Norton by Daventry Northampton.—Rev. J. Gordon, to the Precentership of Devon Cathedral, and Rectory of Loughlin Island, vacant by the promotion of Rev. J. Alexander, to the Parish of Kellucan, Meath.—Rev. B. Scott, to the Vicarage of Prior's Salford and Bidford, Warwick.—Rev. H. C. Wilson, to the Vicarage of Tunstall.—Rev. C. H. Hodgson, to the Chaplaincy of the County Gaol, Wilts.—Rev. J. L. Crosbie, to be Chaplain to H. R. Duke of Cumberland.—Rev. J. Maule, to be a Prebendary of Lincoln Cathedral.—Rev. A. Grenfell, to the Endowed Chapel of Torquay, Devon.—Rev. G. F. Arthur, to the Chapel of Penryn, Devon.—Rev. J. Turner, to the Vicarage of Hennoek, Devon.—Rev. H. Cholmeley, to the Rectory of Troston, Suffolk.—Rev. Dr. Hunt, to be Master of St. John's Hospital, Bedford.—Rev. F. Custance, to be Evening Lecturer of St. Mary, Worcester.—Rev. M. Dillon, to be Morning

Preacher to the Asylum, Westminster.—Right Rev. Dr. W. Howley, to be Archbishop of Canterbury.—Right Rev. Dr. Blomfield, to be Bishop of London.—Rev. R. Messiter, to the Rectory of Cerendale Marsh, Dorset.—Rev. H. Stevens, to the Vicarage of Buckland, Berks.—Rev. H. Pruett, to the Rectory of Child's Wickham, Gloucester.—Rev. W. Williamson, to be Head Master of Westminster School.—Rev. R. B. Radcliffe, to the Vicarage of Ashby-de-la Zouch, Leicester.—Rev. W. Wasse, to the Vicarage of Preston, with Hedon annexed, Yorkshire.—Rev. J. Barker, to the Vicarage of Longstock, Hants.—Rev. R. Battersby, to be Chaplain to Lord Skelmersdale.—Rev. M. Jones, to the Consolidated Livings of St. Margaret's and Michael Church, Hereford.—Rev. J. Bush, to the Rectory of South Luffenham, Rutland.—Rev. S. Barker, to be Chaplain to the Duke of Cambridge.—Rev. W. C. Cruttenden, to the Prime Curacy of Macclesfield.—Rev. T. Steele, Domestic Chaplain to Earl Glasgow.—Rev. G. M. Jukes, to be Minister of the English Protestant Chapel at Havre-de-Grace.—Rev. C. Cobley, to the Vicarage of Winscombe, Somerset.

## POLITICAL APPOINTMENTS.

Robert Adair, Esq., sworn of H.M.'s Privy Council.—Spencer Perceval, Esq., to be Clerk of

the Ordnance.—Lord Chesterfield, to be a Lord of the Bedchamber.

## INCIDENTS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS, IN AND NEAR LONDON, ETC.

## CHRONOLOGY.

July 23.—A numerous meeting of persons interested in the silk trade, was held at the London Tavern, when it was stated, that the ministry had consented to institute an inquiry respecting the state of that manufacture; and it was agreed to appoint a committee to communicate with ministers on that subject.

24.—House of Lords confirmed the judgment of the Court of King's Bench, that lands formed by the retreating of the sea, are the property of the owners of the adjoining lands, and not of the crown.

28.—Parliament prorogued by commission, after the Lord Chancellor had delivered the king's speech.

29.—Earl Amherst, late Governor-General of India, arrived at Portsmouth.

August 4.—Upon the Lord Chancellor's threatening to take Mr. Bruce (a suitor) into custody, he used the following remarkable answer. "There is nothing your Lordship can do that I care one farthing for. I am in the pursuit of justice, and deliverance from the most grievous oppression and injustice inflicted upon myself and family for the last fifteen years, and nothing shall deter me in the continuance of that pursuit!"

M.M. *New Series*.—VOL. VI. No. 33.

Aug. 4.—London Mechanical Institution visited by M. Lemaine, Professor of Practical Geometry at Ghent, sent by the government of the Netherlands, to acquire information respecting our methods of giving instruction to the working classes. He stated that the King of the Netherlands is deeply interested in the education of his people.

August 12.—Kensington Canal opened; it runs from the Thames, near Battersea bridge, to within half a mile of Kensington Palace; is 100 feet broad, and carries craft of 100 tons burthen; it has cost £40,000.

—His Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence resigned his office of Lord High Admiral.

—Report of Commissioners for building additional churches in populous parishes, states that 46 new churches and chapels are now building; plans approved for 14 others; and plans for 33 more are under consideration.

13.—The Minister for Foreign Affairs gave notice to the Chairman at Lloyd's, that an effective blockade of the port of Funchal, Madeira, has been declared by the government existing in Portugal.

14.—The Duke of Cumberland, and his son Prince George, embarked at Woolwich, on board the steam-packet, for the continent.

Aug. 14.—Despatches arrived at the Colonial Office from Demerara; the colony is in a flourishing state.

—The new church at Hammersmith consecrated.

16.—A deputation from Lloyd's had an audience with Lord Aberdeen, Minister of Foreign Affairs, relative to the detention and imprisonment of Mr. Young, at Lisbon, when his lordship said remonstrances had been made already both in the case of Mr. Young and Sir John Doyle, without effect, but he had notified to the *de facto* government of Portugal, that if the proper steps were not immediately taken in respect to those gentlemen, it must be prepared for consequences of the most serious nature; as in a case like this, where the liberty and rights of British subjects are invaded, His Majesty's government were determined that they would not be trifled with.

20.—Viscount Strangford left town on a mission to the Emperor of Brazil.

#### MARRIAGES.

The Earl of Chichester to Lady Mary Brudenell, fourth daughter of the Earl of Cardigan.—Earl Brownlow to the Lady Emma Edgumbe, daughter of Earl of Mount Edgumbe.—Captain H. Hope to Jane Sophia, daughter of Admiral Sir H. Sawyer.—T. M. Goodluke, esq., to Emilia Maria, sister to Sir E. Baker, bart., and niece to the Duke of Leinster.—J. C. Hobhouse, esq., M.P. Westminster, to Lady Julia Hay, sister to the Marquis of Tweeddale.—Hon. and Rev. E. S. Keppel, third son of Earl of Albemarle, to Lady Maria Clements, eldest daughter of Earl of Leinster.—Captain Temple, second son of Sir Grenville Temple, bart., to Jane Dorothea, daughter of J. Marshall, esq., M.P. York.—W. A. Broadhead, esq., to Louisa, second daughter of the Hon. Sir C. Paget.—Digby Neave, esq., eldest son of Sir T. Neave, bart., to the Hon. Mary Arundell, daughter to the late Lord Arundell.—R. J. Palk, esq., second son of the late Sir Lawrence Palk, bart., to Harriette, daughter of G. Hibbert, esq.—J. E. Willis, esq., to Sophia Stuart, fourth

daughter of the late Lieut.-General R. Bruce.—Rev. W. D. Veitch to Miss Rait, grand-daughter of W. Jolliffe, esq., M.P.—J. R. Majendie, esq., youngest son of the Bishop of Bangor, to Miss H. M. Dering.—Hon. J. Shoolbred to Harriet, daughter of Sir H. Loud, bart.—T. T. Gurdon, esq., to Henrietta, eldest daughter of N. W. R. Colburne, esq., M.P.

#### DEATHS.

Sir James Wynne B. de Bathe, bart.—Right Hon. Dennis Browne, uncle to the Marquis of Sligo.—83, Rev. T. Hillyard; who was more than 45 years pastor of the Independent Church at Olney.—Sir Patrick Macgregor, vice-president of the College of Surgeons, serjeant surgeon to the King, and to the late Duke of York.—Jacob Bosanquet, esq., of Broxbourne, many years a Director of the East-India Company.—At Chislehurst, Elizabeth, wife of Sir H. Jenner, advocate-general.—Colonel the Hon. E. Acheson, brother to Earl of Gosford.—Sir F. T. Morshead, bart.—Mr. Horne, of the Golden Cross, Charing Cross, the principal coach-proprietor in the kingdom; he employed at one time upwards of 1,200 horses in that speculation.—In the Regent's-park, by a fall from his horse, Simon Taylor, esq., one of the Bank Directors.—Mrs. Benfield, relict of the late Paul Benfield, esq.—Hon. J. C. Parsons, second son of the Earl of Ross.—A. Whitehead, esq., formerly secretary to the Transport Board.—Major-General R. Douglas.

#### DEATHS ABROAD.

At the Hague, 113, Mrs. Tierney; her father lived to the age of 105, and her uncle to 113.—At Missery (France) a woman aged 100.—At St. Omers, G. Allan, esq., M.A., F.S.A., and late M.P. for Durham.—At Paris, the Duke de San Carlos, ambassador from Spain to France.—At Neuville, near Paris, the Duke of Penthièvre, son of the Duke of Orleans.—Lately, at Sierra Leone, the enterprising traveller Major Denham.—On his passage from the West Indies, J. C. Mills, esq., late president of the island of Nevis.

### MONTHLY PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES; WITH THE MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

#### NORTHUMBERLAND AND DURHAM.

An Act of Parliament has just been passed for establishing a new harbour on the north-east coast at Seaham, within five miles of Sunderland.

A fine specimen of the *Sphinx Atropos*, or Death's-head Hawk Moth, was caught in Old Elvet, in Durham, a few days ago. It measures between the extremities of the wings 5 inches, and the length of the body is 2½ inches. It is covered with a kind of down, and on the back is a mark resembling a death's head, from which it derives its name.

In removing the old battlement of the Framwellgate Bridge, at Durham, a few days ago, a large living toad was found in the very middle of the wall, where it must have been confined for a long series of years. The bridge is of a very ancient date; but how long the late battlement had been erected we are unable to state.

At Durham assizes, Mr. Justice Bayley congratulated the grand jury on the favourable state of the calendar, which was calculated to give them little trouble.\* The criminal business was unusually trifling, there being only 7 prisoners.

At the Northumberland assizes, 6 prisoners were recorded for death; one of them a young woman of 17 for house-breaking; a few transported and imprisoned.

On the 4th of August, a meeting was held in

\* The present summer assizes have presented, at the different courts, a considerable diminution in the average quantity of crime. There has not been for some years a general gaol delivery, at which the judges congratulated the grand juries so generally on the diminished number of criminals, although in some parts of the country the proportion has been greater of heinous offences, such as murder, and the most depravedly atrocious assaults upon females of the tenderest age!!!!

the City of Durham, C. Ellison, Esq., M.P., high sheriff, in the chair, at which it was resolved to erect a monument in Durham Cathedral to the memory of the late Bishop Barrington.

There were interred, at Hexham, between June 26th and July 29th, inclusive, 8 persons, the ages of seven of whom averaged 80 years each.

**Married.]** At Stanhope, E. Hunter, esq., to Miss Bainbridge.—At Egghingham, the Rev. H. Barker to Miss Howey.—At Billingham, Mr. G. Thompson to Miss Dobing.—At Monkwearmouth, Mr. J. W. Hill to Miss J. Walker; Mr. Robert Jewitt, aged 84, to Miss Brown, of Southwick, aged 62.

**Died.]** At Durham, Mrs. Hudson; 96, Mrs. Ibbotson.—At Newcastle, Mr. A. Bone; Miss Edgcombe; Dr. Steavenson.—At West Auckland, Mr. G. Addison.—At Brancepeth, the Rev. Wm. Nesfield.—At Hartlepool, 87, Mr. W. Yeal.—At Oswrotherley, the Rev. T. Marshall.—At Bishopwearmouth, J. Robinson, esq.

#### CUMBERLAND AND WESTMORELAND.

The trial against the owners of the long staiths, brought by the keelmen of the Tyne, has taken place at Carlisle, and its results may be supposed a verdict in favour of the plaintiffs as far as the staiths themselves are concerned; but there is a clause appended to that part of the verdict which would require another verdict to show why it was appended at all, and what it means. "We find that the navigation of the channel of the river opposite Wallsend has been narrowed, straightened, lessened, and obstructed by the gears erected by the defendants as described in the indictment, and that the trade of the town and port of Newcastle has notwithstanding increased." Baron Hullock said to the jury, "You mean it as a special verdict, and leave it to the Court above to decide whether it is a finding guilty or an acquittal under this indictment." To this the jury assented, and his Lordship said he would take the verdict down in their own words. It will probably be discussed and determined in the Court of King's Bench.

#### YORKSHIRE.

On the 29th of July, the splendid mansion of G. L. Fox, esq., at Bramham-park, near Tadcaster, was destroyed by fire. The fire was discovered by a servant, between twelve and one o'clock in the morning; and of course it was some time before any effective assistance could be procured; as engines had to be procured from Tadcaster, Abberford, Leeds, &c. For nearly two hours there was no other engine playing than the private one belonging to the house; and the flames gained great ascendancy, sweeping nearly over the whole building. The engines from Tadcaster and Darlington arrived a little after two o'clock (the roof of the grand entrance hall having fallen in just before); and about three o'clock three engines from Leeds arrived. It was six o'clock before the flames were got under. The damage done is immense—probably between £80,000 and £100,000. Mr. Fox was from home. Providentially no lives were lost.

A fine gold coin, of the Emperor Honorius, was lately found at Thirsk. The letters DN HONORIVS PF. AVC., are round the head on the obverse, and are very legible. On the reverse is a warrior, with a standard in his right hand, and his other a Victory, with a chaplet in her hand;

his foot is placed on a fallen foe: underneath are the letters COMOD, and around it VICTORIA AVE, and M on the right side of the warrior, and D on the left. Its value, as old gold, is 16s.

On the 3d of August a new church was opened at Redcar.

A new sickle has been invented by Mr. Ibbotson, of Sheffield, which is far superior to the common one for reaping. It is made of the best tempered steel, strengthened by a narrow rim of iron, riveted, as a back. It is much lighter than the common sickle, cuts the stalk of the grain readily, instead of sawing it, and keeps longer in good order.

A Medical Society has been formed at Leeds, for the support of the widows and children of deceased medical men; and also for the assistance of poorer members of the profession.

An ingenious plan for increasing the power of the voice has been carried into execution at Attercliffe Church. A concave sounding board is erected between the desk and the pulpit, the speaker's voice being near the focus. The effect is to increase the power of the voice five times beyond its ordinary volume.

At the assizes for this county, 22 prisoners received sentence of death, a few imprisoned, some discharged, and 29 remain in gaol upon their several former orders and commitments.

A meeting has been held at Knaresborough, and a subscription entered into, for the purpose of erecting a new prison there. It was acknowledged by all present that the prison for debtors was a scandal to the town, and that no expression could be too strong for its reprobation; let it be then proclaimed to the country, this boasted country for good laws, decency, and prison discipline, that, in this famous era for improvements, Knaresborough prison for debtors consists of only one apartment, scarcely *nine feet square*, without the smallest yard or outlet for exercise; that it is built over the common sewer of the town, with only one opening, grated over the sewer with iron bars, for every purpose of nature; and that *women* were subject to be confined in this filthy place along with the men!!! that during the greatest part of last winter there were three inmates in it!!! and that at the present moment there was a prisoner upwards of 70 years of age in it, who had been confined already upwards of eight months!!!!

At the last meeting of the Leeds' Mechanic Institution, it was resolved that works of general literature should be admitted, in addition to those of a mere mechanical or scientific nature, as tending to spread a taste for knowledge, would greatly add to the happiness, and improve the moral character of the working classes.

**Married.]** At Hull, W. G. Todd, esq., to Miss Stickney.—At Fulford, B. Rotch, esq., to Miss Judd.—At Leeds, H. Ridsdale, esq., to Miss Heaton.—At Bramham, J. Allen, esq., to Miss Whalley.—At Overton, Major Loring to Miss Smith.—At Welurek, Captain T. Mead to Miss Marwood.—At Ackworth, the Rev. F. F. P. Hawkins to Miss Hay.—At Conisbro', J. Drabwell, esq., to Miss E. Wilkinson.

**Died.]** At Hull, 93, L. Horner, esq.—At Holbeck, T. Jaques, esq.—At Skipton, C. Abbotson, esq.—At Brompton, the Dowager Lady Cayley.—At Clifford, J. Paddey, esq.—At York, Miss Wolstenholme.

## CAMBRIDGE AND HUNTINGDON.

At Cambridge, 2 culprits imprisoned, and 2 acquitted, being all the prisoners for trial!

At Huntingdon, 2 recorded for death.

At Wisbeach, only 7 prisoners for trial.

## NOTTINGHAM AND LINCOLN.

At Lincoln, judgment of death was recorded against a woman (Frances Stephenson, 21) for stealing a mare.

The assizes at Nottingham were not distinguished by any trial of importance; not one prisoner received sentence of death.

## DERBY.

At the assizes for this county, 7 culprits were recorded for death, a few transported and imprisoned.

## LANCASHIRE.

The Bolton and Leigh Railway was opened August 21, in a very grand style, at which upwards of 40,000 persons attended. In the procession a coach was seen carrying nearly 60 ladies and gentlemen, with favours of all colours, banners, &c. &c., 6 waggons laden with coal, 2 tons each, were attached to the coach, besides 13 other waggons, 6 in front and 7 behind. They started at Pendlebury Point, conveyed by the steam carriage to the stationary engine, about a mile and a half from Bolton. Several experiments were made of the capabilities of the locomotive engine, christened *The Lancashire Witch*, and on one occasion it travelled twelve miles an hour, but it was unladen at the time.

The first stone of the new Custom-house at Liverpool, has been recently laid by the mayor, in the presence of myriads of spectators. When completed, it will probably be the noblest custom-house in the world. The site on which it is erecting is that space formerly called the Old Dock. It will have four splendid fronts: the north and the south will be 430 feet each in length, and every other part will be equal in grandeur and effect. Over the centre will rise a beautiful dome 127 feet high; the crown of which will be supported by a tasteful circle of Corinthian columns, between which will be placed a number of perpendicular windows, admitting a body of light in the largest room in the building.

## CHESHIRE.

An idea of the violence of the rain and hail in the late storms at Chester, may be formed from the fact, that an impetuous torrent of water, almost sufficient to float a boat, flowed from the High Cross through the East Gate. The river rose to an unusual height. The ancient ramparts themselves, that resisted the repeated assaults of the Puritans, have yielded to the "pelt-ing of the pitiless storm;" a part near the Phoenix Tower (from the summit of which Charles I. witnessed the defeat of his army) gave way with a tremendous crash, the foundation having been undermined by the heavy rains. At Sealand, the water rose higher than the great flood in 1795, the greatest in the memory of man in this part of the kingdom.\*

\* Similar accounts have been sent us from all parts of the kingdom, but more particularly the north and west, where several deaths have happened from the dreadful effects of the lightning.

*Died.*] At the Parsonage, 63, Rev. L. Heapy; he had been Prime Curate of Macclesfield for the last 35 years. A melodious organ, a reformed psalmody, extensive accommodation for schools, numerous free pews for adults, structure of a parsonage, rebuilding of great part of the parochial chapel, remodelling of the whole beautiful interior—these be his works, so, that on surveying these his works, it may truly be said of him, as of a great architect, in justice to his influence, his taste, and his devotion "Would you see his monument?—look around!" Yet his parishioners, as a mark of their esteem, have entered into a subscription for the erection of a monument to his memory.—*Macclesfield Courier*—At Chester, Miss Wilson.

## SALOP AND STAFFORD.

Staffordshire county rate has been reduced to three farthings in the pound.

At the assizes only one culprit was left for execution: it was for forgery.

The interest usually excited by the fate of ordinary felons has been wholly absorbed at Shrewsbury, in that of the murderers from Drayton and Old Bury, by which 6 miserable wretches were condemned to death. The former had something very remarkable about its history—Pugh, the father, was called to convict his son; Ellison to convict his own mother, father-in-law, and brothers-in-law; his wife corroborated his evidence against her father and brothers; and the evidence of Mary Blakeman, the daughter of Ann Harris, tended to confirm the testimony which fixed the guilt on her mother!

*Married.*] At Wolverhampton, S. Tayler, esq., to Mrs. Hartshorn.—At Swinnerton-park, P. Fitzherbert, esq., to Miss Maria Teresa Gandolfi.

*Died.*] 70, Mrs. Walter Waring, of Church Stretton.—At the Iron Bridge, Salop, 91, Mrs. Jukes.

## LEICESTER AND RUTLAND.

Chief Justice Best in his charge to the grand jury of Leicestershire, congratulated them on the considerable diminution of crime. He said, "he was glad that the law with respect to capital charges had been altered, and he was certain, from his own knowledge, that the alteration had already proved very beneficial." We trust, therefore, that our law-menders will proceed, and entirely do away the common observation of foreigners, that the great fault in the jurisprudence of England lies in not making it equal to the knowledge of the times we live in; "all the English establishments were made in days of ignorance (say they); and so true is this, that one of their ministers (Peel) has at length dared to enter the arena, and boldly annihilated near 200 acts, by putting one or two of common sense in their place!!!" Nine prisoners were recorded for death, and a few transported and imprisoned.

At Oakham assizes nothing of importance occurred.

## WARWICK AND NORTHAMPTON.

At Northampton assizes, 6 culprits were recorded for death, 7 transported, and 8 imprisoned. Near £900, it appears, were expended in the criminal jurisprudence, goals, &c. &c., from Michaelmas 1826, to Easter 1828, in the town of Northampton alone.

At Warwick sessions, there were 105 prisoners

for trial; 30 of whom had been tried before, and returned to prison for similar offences committed since they had been liberated!!! At the Warwick assizes, 28 were recorded for death, 17 transported, and several imprisoned.

The Committee of the Birmingham Society of Arts have given notice in their Address (prefixed to their Catalogue of Pictures by Ancient Masters) that "their next exhibition, in 1829, will be of Modern Pictures; and that they hope for valuable assistance, not merely upon the principle of pecuniary recompense, but from the more elevated consideration of benefit to the community, by the wider diffusion of works of taste and genius."

At Coventry assizes, few cases for trial, and only one of importance: it was for horse stealing, and the sentence transportation for life.

#### WORCESTER AND HEREFORD.

At two o'clock this morning, July 26, the college of this city, Hereford, was discovered to be on fire, and in a few minutes hundreds were around the college walls. The building forms a quadrangle, the sides of which are nearly one hundred feet each. The entire of the south-east angle was in a mass of flame. A quarter past six o'clock the fire was extinguished. The plate, the deeds, and other papers, and the library of the college, escaped uninjured; but the private library of the Rev. H. Munday suffered considerable damage, as also the furniture of several other members. The cause is involved in mystery. This is the fourth time within these last five years that the college has been on fire; but this last conflagration has been more destructive than the preceding ones. The loss is estimated at £1,500.

At Worcester assizes, 2 culprits recorded for death, 3 transported, and a few imprisoned.

At Hereford, sentence of death was recorded against 8 culprits.

The iron trade appears now rapidly tending to that state of extreme depression, which the most ordinary foresight might have anticipated as consequent upon the high prices of 1821.—*Hereford Journal*.

*Married.*] At Donnington, Rev. W. Borrodale to Miss A. S. B. Shaw.—At Abberley, T. J. Maling, esq., to Miss Jemima Bromley.

*Died.*] At Hereford, 44, Mr. J. Constable, butler to Hereford College, in consequence of the injury he sustained at the destructive fire at that building.—At Mount Craig, Ross, 89, J. Lloyd, esq.

#### GLOUCESTER AND MONMOUTH.

A meeting was held at Bristol (which was adjourned for a second day's discussion) for the establishment of a Reformation Society, when it was proposed, "That the committee should report to the next general meeting, whether there still remains in the Liturgy of the Church of England any relics of Popery, and what are the best means of securing the expulsion of such relics." This proposition threw the meeting into a scene of uproar and confusion, when it was finally rejected.

Baron Vaughan complimented the grand jury at Gloucester assizes, on seeing such a diminution

of crime (41 prisoners), and said "that the redundancies and excrescences of the criminal code had been cut off, and that the Augman stable had been cleansed by three or four acts, which repeal the unintelligible acts of former times!!!!" Ten were recorded for death.

#### DEVON AND SOMERSET.

There is nothing recorded in the annals of Mineralogy of this kingdom or of Europe, that will bear comparison with the extraordinary exuberance of the curious Calcedonies recently discovered in the Haytor Iron Mine, Devon. From this small spot there have been collected of this mineral, by Mr. Woolmer, of Exeter, 300 varieties, every one of which is entitled to a distinct description in colour, formation, or singularity, and many of them are of exquisite beauty, elegance, and delicacy.—*Taunton Journal*.

The Royal Adelaide, 120 guns, was launched at Plymouth July 28, the ceremony of naming having been performed by the Duchess of Clarence, in the presence of the Lord High Admiral, and many thousand spectators: she is a beautiful ship, and has been nine years in building.

At the assizes for Somerset, the calendar was extremely light, the number of prisoners being only 30, yet some were of the deepest dye, and 15 were recorded for death. Mr. Justice Park complained of the small number of magistrates in attendance, and their delay in returning the depositions, &c. The mayor of Bridgewater was fined 40s. for non-attendance.

Four prisoners were recorded for death at Devon assizes, 6 transported, and a few imprisoned.

A new market is about to be built at Dartmouth.

During the performance of morning service at Compton Pauncefort, on Sunday last, the rain fell in such torrents, and descended from the neighbouring hills so rapidly, that the water rose in the immediate vicinity of the church to a height which prevented the congregation from reaching their houses otherwise than in carts, which were sent for them.

*Married.*] At Exeter, T. T. Gillett, esq., of Brussels, to Miss Ann Sparks.

*Died.*] At Wells, 88, Mr. J. Evi.—At Taunton, 89, T. Woodforde, esq.

#### DORSET AND WILTS.

The Act of Parliament for disfranchising Cranbourne Chase has passed, and the gradual destruction or removal of the deer already commenced. Their increase of late years has been so much, and the winters so favourable, that there are 12,000 in number. So many fawns have recently been shot, that they have been disposed of at the low prices of 5s. or 6s. a piece. By the Act, it appears that Lord Rivers's franchise expires on the 10th of October, 1830, by which time the deer of all ages will be sold.

At the Dorset assizes, 2 recorded for death, and 2 transported.

At Wilts, 7 received sentence of death (2 for murder), and a few transported and imprisoned.

*Married.*] At Dorchester, J. C. Clive, esq., to Miss E. J. Park.

*Died.*] 72, George Bingham, well known for his harmless eccentricities at Sherborne.

together as man and wife, having been married on the coronation day of George III.

#### OXFORD AND BERKS.

At the Third Annual Court of the University Life Assurance Society, established by royal charter, which was lately held, the report laid before the proprietors was of the most satisfactory description. The income of the Society already exceeds £20,000 a year, whilst the number of deaths among the assured, during the whole period of its establishment, is only four. It is remarkable that the assurers from the two Universities of Oxford and Cambridge are nearly equal both in number and in the amount assured.

We are sorry that some of the London papers give credit and insertion to exaggerated and false reports of the destruction of the corn crops in various parts of this county, averring that they are very light and indifferent. This is not the case, for they are generally good, particularly the barley.—*Oxford Herald*.

The state of the Oxford County Goal furnishes a most melancholy proof of the dreadful effects produced by the Game Laws on the morals of the country. The prisoners confined there under sentences of last Epiphany Session, are 12 in number; larceny, 1—assault, 1—poaching, 10! These are not the only inmates of the goal whose only crime is poaching. These ten persons were sent there from one single session; and there are, beside them, nine others, also imprisoned in this goal for poaching, who were sent there by magistrates, &c. Such a state of things ought never to be allowed to exist in a civilized country, and it really does behove the ministers to turn their attention to this dreadful evil, and to bring in a bill for the eradication of a system of laws which is found to be so very pernicious to the moral state of the kingdom; for it has been not only acknowledged by magistrates, but proved by fact in the criminal courts, that imprisonment for poaching is the precursor not only of other crimes, but frequently of murder.

*Married.*] G. F. Rich, esq., of Sonning, to Miss Agnes Frazer.

*Died.*] At Oxford, 66, John Gilpin; for the last 25 days, previous to his death, he lay in a profound sleep, from which he could not be roused without much difficulty, and then sank again into the same state of torpor.

#### BUCKS AND BEDFORDSHIRE.

The expenses for the county of Bedford for the year, from Easter Sessions, 1827, to Easter Sessions, 1828, amount to £9,366. 4s. 7d. The greater part of the charges were for criminal jurisprudence; about £2,000 were spent in additional works, &c. for the Lunatic Asylum.

Lord Nugent wishing to settle some "historic doubts" respecting the wounds of which the patriot Hampden died, procured leave of the clergyman of the parish of Hampden to search for his remains in that church, and, July 21, after several coffins had been examined, one was selected, and made the object of particular investigation by his lordship. It has been since stated, that the body examined was not that of John Hampden, but of some other person!

*Died.*] At Akeley, Mrs. Massey, and on the following day Mr. Massey; their united ages amounted to 185 years, 68 of which they had lived

#### NORFOLK AND SUFFOLK.

The Society of Artists at Norwich have opened their 22d exhibition in their new gallery. It consists of 279 subjects, presenting specimens in the different departments of portrait, landscape, domestic scenes, still life, architectural compositions, and fruit and flower subjects, well calculated to gratify the lovers of art. No. 245, "Disturbed by the Night Mare," tending to evince knowledge of *chiaro oscuro*, and fondness for *furo*, is a little relie of poor Theodore Lane, the highly-endowed young man, who so recently lost his life by falling through the sky light at the Horse Bazaar in Gray's-Inn-lane.

At Norwich assizes, 12 prisoners were recorded for death.

At the assizes at Bury St. Edmund's, the public attention was solely fixed upon the fate of William Corder, who was condemned to death for the atrocious murder of Maria Marten, whom he had previously seduced, and by whom he had a child. He inveigled her into Polstead Red Barn, and there shot, stabbed, and strangled her, and afterwards buried her in the barn! He turned out to be one of the advertisers for wives in the public newspapers; and he has left an unfortunate wife (whom he obtained by this plan) to lament the folly of having attended to such means. The monster advertised himself as "every way qualified to render the marriage state desirable!"

*Married.*] At Lynn, Rev. G. Numford to Miss Edwards.—B. Gurdon, esq., eldest son of T. T. Gurdon, esq., of Letton, to Henrietta, eldest daughter of N. W. R. Colburne, esq., M.P.

*Died.*] At Cromer. Mrs. Tyssen.—At Norwich, 77, Mr. C. Elsegood; and the same day his son, W. Elsegood, 51; 83, Rev. Dr. J. Turner, Dean of Norwich.—Rev. W. Haward, of Rendham.—Mr. D. Chamberlayne, of Great Dunham.—At Yarmouth, 85, Mr. W. Warden.

#### HANTS AND SUSSEX.

At the assizes at Winchester, Mr. Justice Park reprobated the practice of some of the barristers there puffing off attorneys. "Such conduct," he said, "was a most grievous waste of the public time; it was injurious to the parties whose interests were concerned in the issue of the proceedings; and in the gentlemen who so conducted themselves, he must say it was a gross prostitution of their abilities and character!"

*Married.*] At Brighton, N. B. F. F. Bean, esq., to Frances, eldest daughter of J. Walker, esq., M.P.—At Milton, Rev. W. Jones, to Miss C. Dampier.

*Died.*] At Southampton, 97, the Hon. Helen Colt, widow of the late O. Colt, esq., and daughter of Lord Blantyre.

#### CORNWALL.

The pilchard fishery has been very successful; the drift boats of St. Ives have brought in from 6,000 to 10,000 each; one had as many as 25,000. The Mount's Bay boats took from two to eight hogsheds of pilchards each. The fish were remarkably fine, and were met with about four leagues north-west off the head of the bay. They sell at St. Ives at 2s. per hundred.

The new church of St. Day, and two new chapels, have been consecrated by the bishop—one at Truro, and the other at Falmouth.

Mr. Justice Park congratulated the grand jury at Bodmin on the calendar being so light; he thanked God that the law had lately been altered relative to the murder of illegitimate children, &c. Death recorded against 3 prisoners.

*Married.* At Marham, Mr. Forester to Miss Ann Charter.—At Penryn, Rev. R. Newstead, late of Ceylon, to Miss S. M. Richards.

*Died.* At Boyton, 83, H. Spree, esq; he had been surveyor to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales for upwards of 30 years for Cornwall and Devon.—At Larrigan, 82, Mrs. Honor Pascoe.

#### WALES.

The monument erected to the memory of the late General Sir Thomas Picton, at Carmarthen, was opened to public view July 29, with grand ceremony, 60 Waterloo veterans walking in the procession, carrying banners, on which were inscribed, Badajoz, Ciudad Rodrigo, Vittoria, Pyrenees, Les Quatre Bras, Picton, and Waterloo. The structure in its general design, particularly the shaft and entablature, resembles Trajan's Pillar in Rome, and is of block marble.

A letter to the Lord Chancellor, on the administration of justice in Wales, has been published by Earl Cawdor, in which he displays the inconveniences of the local courts of the principality in a striking light, shewing that the present system of Welsh judicature is as bad as can be. We copy from his lordship's letter a bit of *law and equity*, as practised in the principality; it is a Welsh county court notice to a labouring man, to procure payment of *one shilling*, due for the mending of a pair of shoes:—"Sir, Having been directed by a A. B. to apply to you for £0. 1s. 0d. due to him, I have to request that you will pay me that sum, together with my charge of 5s., on or before Saturday next, as I shall otherwise be obliged to commence an action against you for the recovery thereof without further notice. I am your obedient servant, C. D."

*Died.* At Aberystwith, 105, Mrs. Elizabeth Newman.—In Llandovery, 76, Mrs. Jones, relict of the late Theophilus Jones, author of the "History of Brecknockshire."

#### SCOTLAND.

By the 24th Report of the Commissioners of the Caledonian Canal just published, it appears that since January 1, 1828, the tonnage rate has been reduced to one farthing per ton per mile. The produce of rates for one year ending in May last, was £2,870; the expense of keeping up the canal, £4,173! The number of passages made by ships through the canal, have been in the last three years, 944,766, and 882 respectively. The depth of water at present is 15 feet, and the sum of £41,000 is required to increase it to 20 feet, as originally intended. £977,524 have been expended on the canal.

In consequence of the want of employment, arising from a redundancy of population, and other causes, hundreds of our poorer countrymen on the western coast, are now quitting their native shores for North America. A brig went off lately from the Isle of Harris, freighted with passengers for Upper Canada; and two vessels sailed from Loch Maddy, in North Uist, with no less than 600 souls on board. Another is daily expected to sail from Canna; and as fresh exportations will follow whenever opportunities occur,

a check will be given, for at least some time, to the effects of our rapidly increasing population.

The silk trade continues to make great progress in the west of Scotland. The number of looms has of late greatly increased in this vicinity; and the business, though only of recent introduction, promises soon to be one of the most important trades in Scotland. The weavers' earnings average from 15s. to 20s. week. The trade has also taken firm root in the western country; in Kilwinning, Johnstone, and other places. Besides the ordinary description of goods, the manufacture of silk velvet has been recently introduced, and a very superior article has been produced. The demand for tartan manufactures has of late greatly improved in the neighbourhood of Stirling. Most of the manufacturers are employing their full number of hands; and in consequence of some large orders having been received, the goods are sent off as they are finished.—*Greenock Advertiser*.

During the thunder-storm on Monday night, a shoal of young whales, of the grampus kind, which had entered the Dornoch Firth in pursuit of herring, made a hideous noise in the water, terrified, it is supposed, by the vivid flashes of lightning. About 30 of them came on shore during the night at Ardjachay Point, and about as many more farther up the Firth, also on the Rosshire side; and next morning, a considerable number came on shore about a mile farther down, near Morangie. A number of men and horses were employed in dragging them to land, and about 80 have been secured. They measure from 15 to 21 feet in length, and from 12 to 18 feet in circumference, and the flubber is from 3 to 4 inches in depth.—*Inverness Journal*.

*Married.* At Calder-house, W. R. Ramsay, of Barnton, esq., to the Hon. Mary Sandilands, only daughter of Lord Torpichen.

*Died.* At Edinburgh, Samuel Neil, esq., surgeon in the royal navy, and late of the Hecla discovery ship.

#### IRELAND.

The Catholic Association of Ireland have taken decided steps for purifying the representation of that country. They have determined that all candidates for counties, cities, and open boroughs in that part of the United Kingdom, shall be called upon to give solemnly and publicly the following pledges:—1st. Not to support the administration of the Duke of Wellington or Mr. Peel, until after total, unqualified, and unconditional emancipation.—2d. To make strenuous exertions to repeal the subletting act.—3d. To support every measure having any tendency to promote perfect freedom of conscience.—4th. To support every measure having any tendency to promote constitutional reform of parliament, and in particular to extend the elective franchise, and shorten the duration of each parliament.—Resolved, That every candidate for representation in Ireland, who shall refuse or neglect to give the above pledges in the most public and unequivocal manner, shall meet with the direct and active opposition of all the members of the Catholic Association in Ireland.—*Catholic Journal*.

*Died.* At Newport-house, Sir Hugh O'Donel, bart.—J. Cuff, of Deel-castle, esq., M.P., governor and custos rotulorum of Mayo county, and colonel of its militia.

## DAILY PRICES OF STOCKS,

From the 26th of July to the 25th of August, 1828.

July.	Bank Stock.	3 Pr. Ct. Red.	3 Pr. Ct. Consols.	3½ Pr. Ct. Consols.	3½ Pr. Ct. Red.	N4 Pr. Ct. Ann.	Long Annuities.	India Stock.	India Bonds.	Exch. Bills.	Consols for Acc.
26	210½	86½ 87½	86½ 87½	—	94½ 95½	101½	19½ 13-16	243	11½ 12p	72 73p	86½
27	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
28	—	87½ 88½	86½ 87½	—	95½ 96½	101½	19½ 13-16	—	110 12p	71 73p	86½ 87½
29	—	87½ 88½	86½ 87½	95½	95½ 96½	101½	19½ 15-16	243½	112p	72 73p	86½ 87½
30	213	87½ 88½	86½ 87½	96	95½ 96½	101½	19 15-16 20	—	111 12p	72 73p	86½ 87½
31	212½ 13½	88	87½ 88½	96½	96½ 97½	101½	20	245½	11½ 12p	72 73p	87½
Aug 1	212½	87½ 88½	86½ 87½	95½	95½ 96½	101½	19 15-16 20	—	112 14p	72 73p	86½ 87½
2	212½	88½	86½ 87½	—	95½ 96½	101½	19 15-16 20	244	—	71 73p	86½ 87½
3	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
4	—	87½ 88	86½ 87½	—	95½ 96½	101½	19 15-16 20	243½ 4	112p	71 73p	86½ 87½
5	212½ 13½	87½ 88½	86½ 87½	95½	95½ 96½	101½	19 15-16 20	244	114p	72 73p	86½ 87½
6	213 14	87½ 88½	86½ 87½	96	95½ 96½	101½	19 15-16 20	243½ ½	112p	72 73p	86½ 87½
7	—	87½ 88½	86½ 87½	95½ 96½	95½ 96½	101½	19½ 20	—	—	71 73p	86½ 87½
8	213½ 14	87½ 88½	86½ 87½	96	95½ 96½	101½	19 15-16	243½	113p	71 72p	86½ 87½
9	—	88½	87½ 88½	—	96½ 97½	101½	20 1-16	—	114p	71 72p	87½
10	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
11	—	88½ 89½	87½ 88½	—	96½ 97½	101½	20 1-16	—	112 14p	71 72p	87½
12	—	88½ 89½	87½ 88½	96½	96½ 97½	101½	20 1-16	243½	114p	71 72p	87½
13	—	88½ 89½	87½ 88½	96½	96½ 97½	101½	20 1-16	—	—	71 73p	87½
14	214	87½ 88½	86½ 87½	96½	96½ 97½	101½	20 1-16	243½ ½	—	72 73p	86½ 87½
15	213½	87½ 88½	86½ 87½	96½	96½ 97½	101½	20 1-16	—	113 15p	71 72p	87½
16	—	88½	87½ 88½	—	96½ 97½	101½	20	—	113p	71 72p	87½
17	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
18	213½	87½ 88½	87½ 88½	—	96½ 97½	101½	20 1-16	—	113 15p	71 72p	87½
19	213	87½ 88½	87½ 88½	96½	96½ 97½	101½	20 1-16	242	113 15p	71 72p	87½
20	213½	87½ 88½	87½ 88½	96½	96½ 97½	101½	20 1-16	243	112 13p	71 72p	87½
21	213	87½ 88½	87½ 88½	96½	96½ 97½	101½	20 1-16	—	112 06p	71 72p	87½
22	—	87½ 88½	87½ 88½	96½	96½ 97½	101½	19 15-16 20	—	107 05p	72 73p	87½
23	—	88½	87½ 88½	—	96½ 97½	101½	20 1-16	242½	100 03p	72 73p	87½
24	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
25	213½ 14½	88½	87½ 88½	—	96½ 97½	101½	20 1-16	—	98 103	72 73p	87½ ½

E. EYTON, Stock Broker, 2, Cornhill and Lombard Street.

## MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL REPORT,

From July 20th to August 19th, 1828.

By WILLIAM HARRIS and Co. 50, High Holborn.

July.	Rain Gauge.	Moon.	Therm.			Barometer.		De Luc's Hygro.		Winds.		Atmospheric Variations.		
			9 A. M.	Max.	Min.	9 A. M.	10 P. M.	9 A. M.	10 P. M.	9 A. M.	10 P. M.	9 A. M.	2 P. M.	10 P. M.
20	98	☾	66	64	56	29 30	29 34	49	49	SE	NNE	Rain	Rain	Rain
21	95	☾	62	69	55	29 36	29 34	50	50	W	S	Fine	—	—
22	0	☾	62	68	59	29 40	29 50	49	50	NNW	NW	Clo.	—	Fair
23	9	☾	69	72	60	29 59	29 57	50	50	W	W	Fine	—	—
24	28	☾	67	68	60	29 54	29 46	49	49	W	W	Rain	—	—
25	14	☾	66	72	60	29 43	29 50	50	50	W	W	Fine	—	—
26	11	☾	66	70	56	29 61	29 62	50	50	WNW	WNW	—	—	—
27	6	☾	66	71	54	29 64	29 68	50	50	NW	NW	—	—	—
28	—	☾	65	68	56	29 85	29 84	50	49	NE	N	Clo.	Fair	Fine
29	6	☾	68	56	49	29 80	29 74	47	46	NNE	ESE	Fine	Rain	—
30	—	☾	56	65	51	29 76	29 83	46	45	NNE	NNW	—	Fine	—
31	—	☾	64	66	58	29 90	29 89	45	45	NW	NW	—	—	—
Aug 1	—	☾	64	69	61	29 89	29 80	45	46	NW	SW	Fair	Clo.	Rain
2	8	☾	69	66	56	29 62	29 50	45	47	SW	W	Clo.	Rain	Fine
3	52	☾	62	59	56	29 51	29 42	48	49	W	W	Fine	—	—
4	0	☾	61	69	56	29 42	29 45	49	49	NW	W	—	Fair	Rain
5	8	☾	70	71	69	29 46	29 51	49	49	NW	W	Fine	Rain	—
6	32	☾	71	65	59	29 40	29 20	49	49	WNW	NW	Clo.	—	—
7	41	☾	63	72	61	29 31	29 40	49	50	WNW	NW	—	—	—
8	—	☾	65	74	59	29 48	29 32	50	50	W	W	—	Fine	Fine
9	6	☾	73	68	59	29 40	29 30	50	50	SW	W	Rain	Fair	Fair
10	—	☾	66	68	56	29 50	29 58	50	50	W	W	Fine	Show.	—
11	21	☾	62	68	58	29 60	29 54	49	48	W	WSW	—	—	Rain
12	03	☾	61	69	56	29 64	29 72	48	48	WNW	W	Clo.	Rain	Fine
13	9	☾	62	65	56	29 72	29 61	49	49	W	SSE	Fair	—	Rain
14	4	☾	59	56	55	29 43	29 50	49	50	E	ESE	Rain	—	—
15	—	☾	52	56	53	29 70	29 72	50	50	NNE	NW	Fine	Fine	Fine
16	—	☾	61	66	56	29 82	29 84	50	49	NW	W	—	—	—
17	5	☾	60	68	55	29 80	29 71	49	50	W	NW	Rain	Rain	Rain
18	—	☾	62	69	54	29 82	29 89	50	50	NW	NW	Fine	Fine	Fine
19	—	☾	66	69	57	30 0	30 1	50	50	NW	NW	—	—	—

The Quantity of Rain fallen in the Month of July was 5 inches and 36 100ths.